

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION



HENRY CABOT LODGE

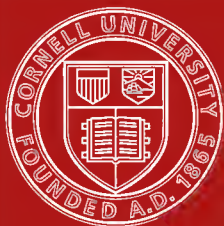
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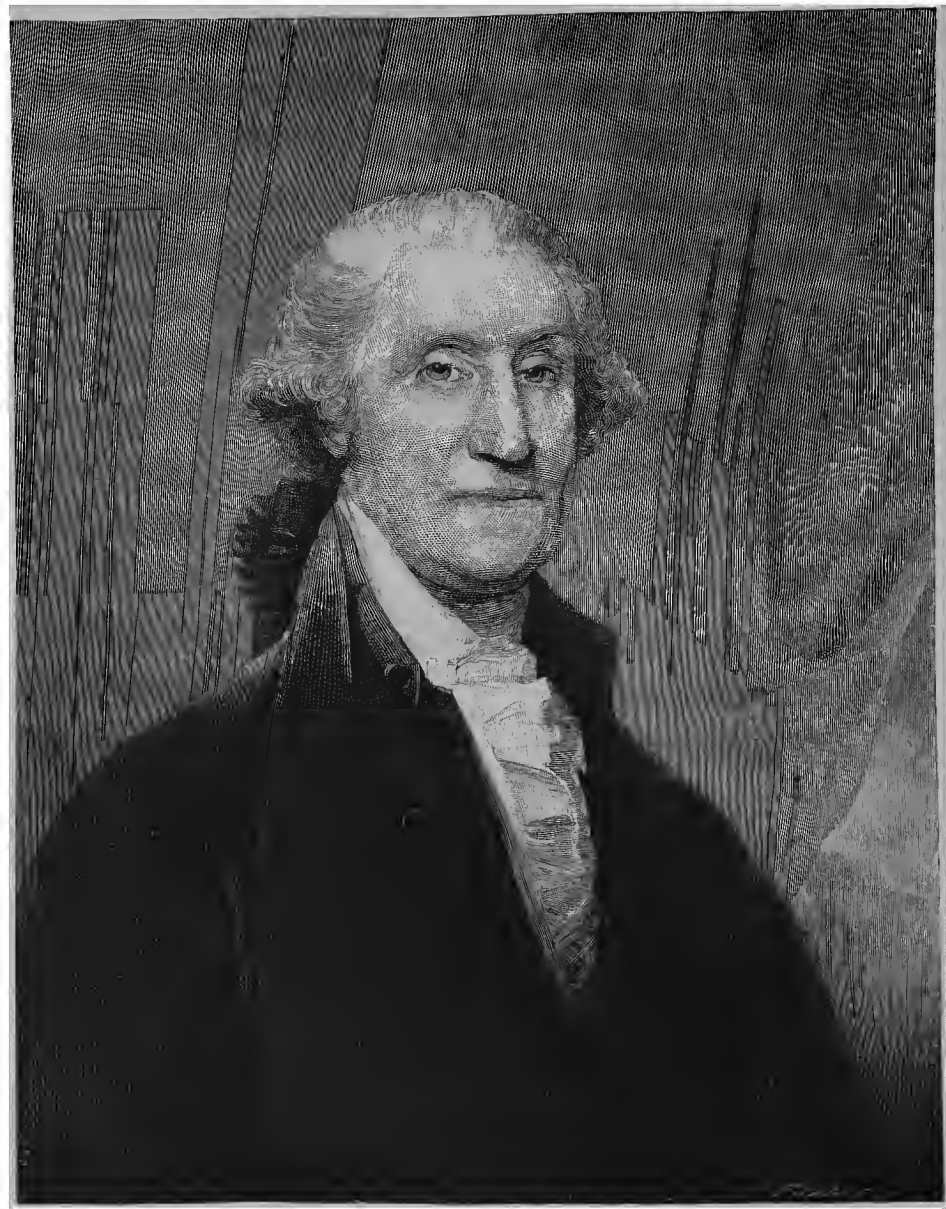


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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY
HENRY CABOT LODGE

VOLUME I

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1898



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TROW DIRECTORY
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NEW YORK

TO
THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES,
VICTORS OF
MANILA, SANTIAGO AND PORTO RICO,
WORTHY SUCCESSORS OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
WHO UNDER THE LEAD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON
WON AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
THIS STORY OF THE REVOLUTION
IS DEDICATED.

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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

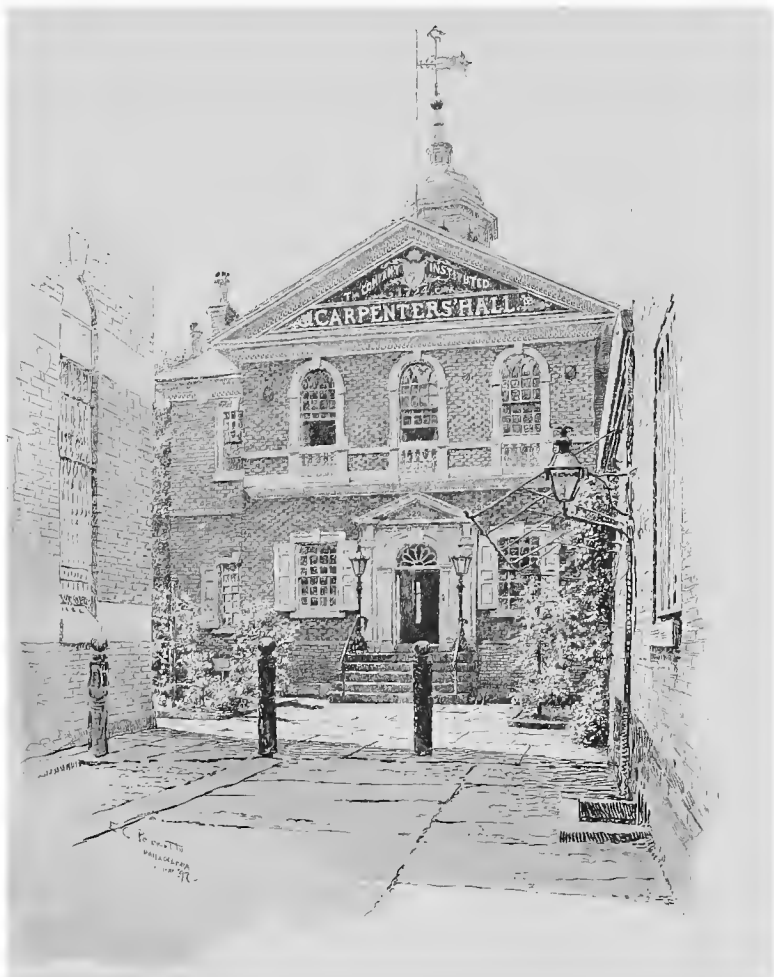
THE FIRST STEP

IN 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American Colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 30,000. A single city now has a larger population than all the colonies possessed in 1774, and there are in the United States to-day 104 cities and towns of over 30,000 inhabitants. Figures alone, however, cannot express the difference between those days and our own. Now a town of 30,000 people is reached by railroads and telegraphs. It is in close touch with all the rest of the world. Business brings strangers to it constantly, who come like shadows and so depart, unnoticed, except by those with whom they are immediately concerned. This was not the case in 1774, not even in Philadelphia, which was as nearly as possible the central point of the colonies as well as the most populous city. Thanks to the energy and genius of Franklin, Philadelphia was paved, lighted, and ordered in a way almost unknown in any other town of that period. It was

well built and thriving. Business was active and the people, who were thrifty and prosperous, lived well. Yet, despite all these good qualities, we must make an effort of the imagination to realize how quietly and slowly life moved then in comparison to the pace of to-day. There in Philadelphia was the centre of the postal system of the continent, and the recently established mail-coach called the "Flying Machine," not in jest but in praise, performed the journey to New York in the hitherto unequalled time of two days. Another mail at longer intervals crept more slowly to the South. Vessels of the coastwise traffic, or from beyond seas, came into port at uncertain times, and after long and still more uncertain voyages. The daily round of life was so regular and so uneventful that any incident or any novelty drew interest and attention in a way which would now be impossible.

In this thriving, well-conditioned, prosperous colonial town, strangers, like events, were not common, and their appearance was sure to attract notice, especially if they gave evidence of distinction or were known to come with an important purpose. We can guess easily, therefore, at the interest which was felt by the people of Philadelphia in the strangers from other colonies who began to appear on their streets in the late summer of 1774, although these visitors were neither unexpected nor uninvited. They were received, too, with the utmost kindness and with open arms. We can read in the diary of John Adams how he and his companions from Massachusetts were fêted and dined, and we can learn from the same authority how generous were the tables and how much richer was the living among the followers of William Penn than among the descendants of the Puritans.

But these men from Massachusetts and from the other colonies had not travelled over rough roads and long dis-



CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

tances simply to try the liberal hospitality of the Quakers of Philadelphia. They had come there on far more serious business and with a grave responsibility resting upon them.



JOHN JAY.

The earliest known portrait of him, engraved, in 1783, from a pencil drawing by Du Simitière, made in 1779.

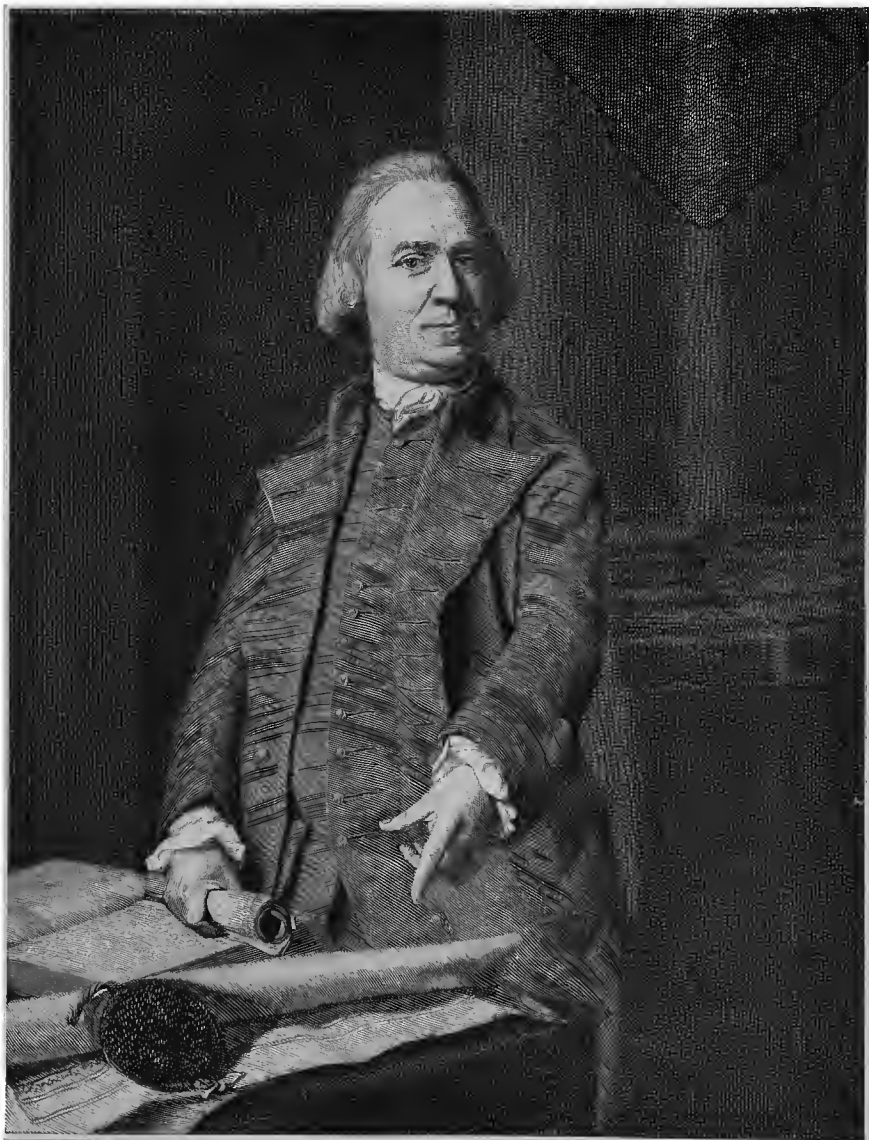
On September 5th they assembled at the City Tavern, and went thence together to the hall of the Carpenters, where they determined to hold their meetings. We can readily imagine how the little town was stirred and interested as these men passed along its streets that September morning from the tavern to the hall. The bystanders who were watching them as they walked by were trying, no doubt, after the fashion of human nature, to pick out and identify those whose names were already familiar. We may be sure that they noticed Christopher Gadsden and the two Rutledges from South Carolina; they must have marked John Jay's calm, high-bred face, and the venerable figure of Hopkins of Rhode Island, while Roger Sherman of Connecticut, tall, grave, impressive, with his strong, handsome features, could have been readily identified. They certainly looked with especial eagerness for the Massachusetts delegates, their curiosity, we may believe, mingled with something of the suspicion and dread which these particular men then inspired in slow-moving, conserv-

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JOHN ADAMS.

From a painting by Blyth, 1765.



SAMUEL ADAMS.

Engraved from the portrait painted by Copley in 1773. Now in possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

ative Pennsylvania. When the Boston men came along, there must have been plenty of people to point out a short, sturdy, full-blooded man, clearly of a restless, impetuous, and ardent temperament, and to tell each other that there was John Adams, the distinguished lawyer and brilliant debater, whose fame in the last few years had spread far from his native town. With him was to be seen an older man, one still better known, and regarded as still more dangerous, whose fame had gone even across the water to England, Samuel Adams of Boston. He was taller than his cousin, with a somewhat stern, set face of the Puritan type. He was plainly dressed, very likely in dark-brown cloth, as Copley painted him, and yet his friends had almost by force fitted him out with clothes suitable for this occasion, simple as they were, for if left to himself he would have come as carelessly and roughly clad as was his habit at home. A man not much given to speech, an organizer, a manager and master of men, relentless in purpose, a planner of revolution, with schemes and outlooks far beyond most of those about him. Yes, on the whole, here was a dangerous man to people in high places whom he meant to disturb or oppose.

And after the bystanders had watched curiously the New England group, they looked next for those who came from the great colony of Virginia, which, with Massachusetts, was to sway the Congress and carry it forward to stronger measures than the other colonies then desired. Conspicuous among the Virginians they saw an eminent member of the Randolph family, and those who were well informed no doubt wondered why they did not see by Randolph's side the slight figure and keen face of Richard Henry Lee, a fit representative of the great Virginian



PEYTON RANDOLPH, OF VIRGINIA,
THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE
CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

From a painting by C. W. Peale, 1774.

name, who had come to Philadelphia, but did not appear in Congress until the second day. All these Virginian delegates, indeed, were well known, by reputation at least, and there could have been no difficulty in singling out among them the man whose fiery eloquence had brought the cry of "Treason" ringing about his ears in the House of Burgesses. The name of Patrick Henry had been sent across the water, like that of Samuel Adams, and we

may be sure that the crowd was looking with intense curiosity for a sight of the already famous orator. When they found him they saw a tall, spare man, nearly forty years of age, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a strong, well-cut face, and keen, penetrating eyes deeply set beneath a broad high forehead on which the furrows of thought had already come. They must have noted, too, that he was negligently dressed, and that he had a very grave, almost severe, look, until a smile came, which lighted up his face and showed all the kindliness and sympathy of an emotional nature.



RICHARD HENRY LEE, OF VIR-
GINIA.

Painting by C. W. Peale, 1791.

The names of Henry and of Adams were more familiar just at that moment than those of any others. They were the men who by speech and pen had done more than anyone else to touch the heart and imagination of the people in the progress of those events which had caused



GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

Painted by Charles Willson Peale, 1772. This picture shows Washington in the uniform of a Virginian Colonel.

this gathering in Philadelphia. Yet there was one man there that day who had made no speeches and drawn no resolutions, but who, nevertheless, was better known than any of them, and who, alone, among them all, had a soldier's fame won on hard-fought fields. There was not much need to point him out, for he was the type of man that commands attention and does not need identification.

Very tall and large, admirably proportioned, with every sign of great physical strength; a fine head and face of power, with a strong jaw and a mouth accurately closed; calm and silent with a dignity which impressed everyone who ever entered his presence, there was no need to tell the onlookers that here was Colonel Washington. What he had done they knew. What he was yet to do no one dreamed, but such was the impression he made upon all who came near him that we may easily believe that the people who gazed at him in the streets felt dumbly what Patrick Henry said for those who met him in the Congress: "Washington is unquestionably the greatest of them all." Thus he came to the opening scene of the Revolution as he went back to Mount Vernon at the war's close, quietly and silently, the great figure of the time, the doer of deeds to whom Congress and people turned as by instinct. On the way to Philadelphia, Pendleton and Henry had joined him at Mount Vernon and passed the night there, hospitably received in the Virginian fashion both by their host and by Mrs. Washington, who was a woman of pronounced views and had the full courage of her convictions. To Pendleton and Henry she said: "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will." It is a delightful speech to have been spared to us through the century, with its knowledge of her husband's character and its touch of wifely command. Only a few years before, a mother across the water had been saying to her son, "George, be a king," and the worthy, stubborn man with his limited intelligence was trying now to obey that mother in his own blundering fashion. How far apart they seem, the German Princess and the Virginian lady, with their commands to husband

and to son. And yet the great forces of the time were bringing the two men steadily together in a conflict which was to settle the fate of a nation. They were beginning to draw very near to each other on that September morning; the king by accident of birth, and the king who would never wear a crown, but who was appointed to lead



THE ASSEMBLY ROOM, CARPENTERS' HALL, WHERE THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS FIRST MET.

men by the divine right of the greatness of mind and will which was in him.

George Washington, ascending the steps of Carpenters' Hall, knew all about the other George, and had been proud to call himself the loyal subject of his namesake. The British George, with no English blood in his veins, except the little drop which came to him from the poor Winter Queen, had probably never heard even the name of the American soldier, although he was destined to learn

a great deal about him in the next few years. Yet Washington was much the best-known man in America, with the single exception of Franklin, whose scientific work and whose missions to England had given him a European reputation. Washington had commanded the troops in that little action in the wilderness when the first shot of the Seven Years' War was fired, a war in which Frederick of Prussia had made certain famous campaigns and which had cost France her hold on North America. Later he had saved the wretched remnants of Braddock's army, his name had figured in gazettes, and had been embalmed in Horace Walpole's letters. That, however, was all twenty years before, and was probably quite forgotten in 1774 outside America. Samuel Adams was known in England, as Percy was known to the Prince of Wales, for a "very valiant rebel of that name." Possibly John Adams and Patrick Henry had been heard of in similar fashion. But as a whole, the members of the first American Congress were unknown outside the colonies, and many of them were not known beyond the limits of the particular colony they represented. To England and her ministers and people these forty or fifty grave gentlemen, lawyers, merchants, and planters, were merely a body of obscure colonial persons who were meeting in an unauthorized manner for distinctly treasonable and objectionable purposes. To the courts of Europe, engaged at the moment in meaningless intrigues, either foreign or domestic, and all alike grown quite dim now, this Colonial Congress was not even obscure, it was not visible at all. Yet, thoughtfully regarded, it deserved consideration much better than anything which just then engaged the attention of Europe. Fifteen years later its utterances were to be

quoted as authority, and its example emulated in Paris when an ancient monarchy was tottering to its fall. It was the start of a great movement which was to sweep on until checked at Waterloo. This same movement was to begin its march again in 1830 in the streets of Paris and carry the reform of the British Parliament two years later. It was to break forth once more in 1848 and keep steadily on advancing and conquering, although its work is still incomplete even among the nations of Western civilization. Yet, no one in Europe heeded it at the moment, and they failed to see that it meant not simply a colonial quarrel, not merely the coming of a new nation, but the rising of the people to take their share in the governments of the earth. It was in fact the first step in the great democratic movement which has made history ever since. The columns were even then beginning to move, and the beat of the drums could be heard faintly in the quiet Philadelphia streets. They were still distant, but they were ever drawing nearer, and their roll went on rising louder and louder, until at last they sounded in the ears of men from Concord Bridge to Moscow.

Why did this come about? Why was it that the first step in a world Revolution destined to wrest her colonies from England, bring a reign of terror to France, and make over the map of Europe before it passed away, was taken in the peaceful town of Philadelphia? There was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution, considered by itself. The colonies were very loyal, very proud to be a part of the great British Empire. If the second-rate men who governed England at that time had held to the maxim of their great predecessor, Sir Robert Walpole, *quieta non movere*, and like him had let the col-

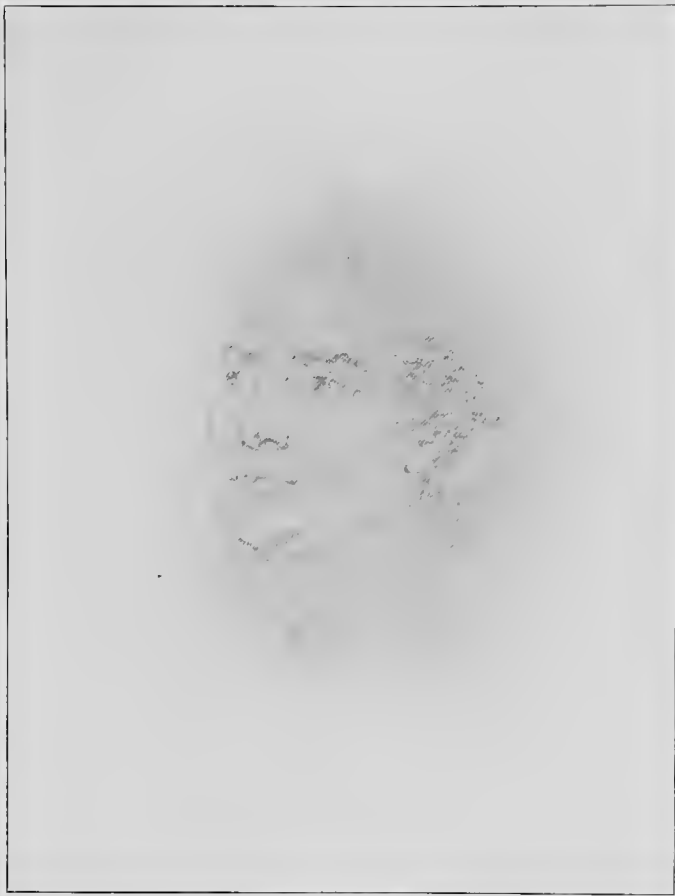
onies carefully alone; or if they had been ruled by the genius of Pitt and had called upon the colonies as part of the empire to share in its glories and add to its greatness, there would have been no American Revolution. But they insisted on meddling, and so the trouble began with the abandonment of Walpole's policy. They added to this blunder by abusing and sneering at the colonists instead of appealing, like Pitt, to their loyalty and patriotism. Even then, after all their mistakes, they still might have saved the situation which they had themselves created. A few concessions, a return to the old policies, and all would have been well. They made every concession finally, but each one came just too late, and so the colonies were lost by sheer stupidity and blundering on the part of the king and his ministers.

From this point of view, then, there was nothing inevitable about the American Revolution. It was created by a series of ministerial mistakes, each one of which could have been easily avoided. From another point of view, however, it was absolutely inevitable, the inexorable result of the great social and political forces which had long been gathering and now were beginning to move forward. The first resistance to the personal monarchies which grew up from the ruins of the feudal system came in England, the freest and best-governed country in the world of the seventeenth century. The people rose and destroyed the personal government which Charles I. tried to set up, not because they were oppressed and crushed by tyranny, nor because they had grievances too heavy to be borne, but because they were a free people, jealous of their rights, with the instinct of liberty strong within them. In the same way when the great democratic movement started, at the

close of the eighteenth century, it began in England, where there was no despotic personal monarchy, where personal liberty was most assured, and where freedom existed in the largest measure. The abuses of aristocracy and monarchy in England were as nothing to what they were on the continent. The subjects of George III. were not ground down by taxes, were not sold to military service, were not trampled on by an aristocracy and crushed by their king. They were the freest, best-governed people on earth, faulty as their government no doubt was in many respects. Yet it was among the English-speaking people that we detect the first signs of the democratic movement, for, as they were the least oppressed, so they were the most sensitive to any abuse or to any infringement upon the liberties they both prized and understood. The entire English people, both at home and abroad, were thus affected. The Middlesex elections, the career of Wilkes, the letters of Junius, the resolution of Burke against the increasing power of the Crown, the rising demand for Parliamentary reform, the growing hostility to the corrupt system of bargain and intrigue, by which the great families parcelled out offices and seats and controlled Parliament, all pointed in the same direction, all were signs of an approaching storm. If the revolution had not come in the American colonies, it would have come in England itself. The storm broke in the colonies for the same reason which had made the English strike down at its very inception the personal monarchy of the seventeenth century, and which forced them to be the first to exhibit signs of deep political unrest in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The colonies were the least-governed, the best-governed, and the freest part of the dominion of Great Britain. A people who for

a hundred and fifty years had practically governed themselves, and who, like all other English-speaking people, understood the value of their liberties, were the quickest to feel and to resent any change which seemed to signify a loss of absolute freedom, and were sure to be the most jealous of anything like outside interference. America rebelled, not because the colonies were oppressed, but because their inhabitants were the freest people then in the world, and did not mean to suffer oppression. They did not enter upon resistance to England to redress intolerable grievances, but because they saw a policy adopted which they rightly believed threatened the freedom they possessed. As Burke said, they judged "the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle," and "snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze." They were the most dangerous people in the world to meddle with, because they were ready to fight, not to avenge wrongs which indeed they had not suffered, but to maintain principles upon which their rights and liberty rested. The English ministry had begun to assail those principles; they were making clumsy and hesitating attempts to take money from the colonies without leave of the people; and George, in a belated way, was trying to be a king and revive an image of the dead and gone personal monarchy of Charles I. Hence came resistance, very acute in one colony, shared more or less by all. Hence the Congress in Philadelphia and the great popular movement starting as if inevitably in that quiet colonial town among the freest portion of the liberty-loving English race.

It was these great forces which, moving silently and irresistibly, had brought these English colonists from their plantations and offices, and sent them along the streets of



GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

From the original pencil-sketch made by John Trumbull, at Exeter, N. H., in 1790. Now published, for the first time, by the permission of his grandson, in whose possession the original now is.

Philadelphia to Carpenters' Hall. The deepest causes of the movement, stretching far out among the nations of the West, were quite unrecognized then, but nevertheless the men were there to carry on the work, forty-four of them in all, and representing eleven colonies. In a few days North Carolina's delegates appeared, and one by one others

who had been delayed, until fifty-five members were present, and all the colonies represented but Georgia. (They went to work after the orderly fashion of their race, elected Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, President, and Charles Thomson, a patriotic citizen of Philadelphia, Secretary. Then they turned to the practical and very far-reaching question of how they should vote, whether by colonies or by population. "A little colony," said John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, "has its all at stake as well as a great one." "Let us rest on a representation of men," said Henry. "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; the distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." Two contending principles on which American history was to turn were thus announced at the very outset. Sullivan's was the voice of the time, of separation and State rights. Henry's was the voice of the distant future, of union and of nationality. It took more than eighty years of union, and a great civil war, to establish the new principle proclaimed by Henry. At the moment it had no chance, and the doctrine of Sullivan, in harmony with every prejudice as well as every habit of thought, prevailed, and they decided to vote by colonies, each colony having one vote.)

Then they appointed committees and fell to work. There was much debate, much discussion, many wide differences of opinion, but these lovers of freedom sat with closed doors, and the result, which alone reached the world, went forth with all the force of unanimous action. We know now what the debates and the differences were, and they are not of much moment. The results are the important things, as the Congress wisely thought at the time.



THE
ASSOCIATION, &c.

Rich^d. Smithy
Oct^r 22^d 1774.

WE, his Majesty's most loyal subjects, the Delegates of the several Colonies of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Three Lower Counties of Newcastle, Kent, and Suffex, on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, and South-Carolina, deputed to represent them in a continental Congress, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the fifth day of September, 1774, avowing our allegiance to his Majesty, our affection and regard for our fellow-subjects in Great-Britain and elsewhere, affected with the

THE foregoing Association being determined upon by the CONGRESS, was ordered to be subscribed by the several Members thereof; and thereupon we have hereunto set our respective names accordingly.

In Congress. Philadelphia, October 20, 1774.

Jayson Randolph President

<i>J^o Sullivan</i>	} New Hampshire
<i>Nath^l. Folsom</i>	
<i>Thomas Cushing</i>	} Massachusetts Bay
<i>Samuel Adams</i>	
<i>John Adams</i>	
<i>Rob^t. Treat Paine</i>	

THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION AND RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE FIRST CONGRESS AT PHILADELPHIA, October 20, 1774.

This plate shows sections of the first and last pages of printed matter, the latter with the first few signatures. A note at the end of the book sets forth the following facts: "Messrs. Patrick Henry, Esq., and Edmund Pendleton, Esqrs., signed the original Association, but were absent at the signing of this—Messrs. Philip Livingston, John Starbuck, John D. Hart, Samuel Rhoads, George Ross and Robert Goldborough did not sign the original, being then absent, Caesar Rodney, Esq., was absent at the time of signing the original, but his name was written by his order."

Reproduced, by permission, from the original document, now in the Lenox Library.

True to the traditions and instincts of their race, they decided to rest their case upon historic rather than natural rights. They adopted a Declaration of Rights, an address to the people of Great Britain drawn by Jay, and an address to the King by John Dickinson. Both Jay and Dickinson were moderate men, and the tone of the addresses was fair and conciliatory. On the motion of the dangerous



JOHN DICKINSON, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

From a painting by C. W. Peale, 1791.

John Adams, they conceded the right of the mother-country to regulate their external trade, while at the same time they firmly denied the right to tax them without their consent, or to change their form of government. The case was argued with great force and ability. It appeared when all was done and the arguments published to the world, that these obscure colonial persons, whose names were unknown in the courts of Europe, had produced some remarkable state papers. "When your lordships," said Chatham,

“look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that in all my reading—and I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—for solidity of reason, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing equal to it, and all attempts to impose servitude on such a mighty continental nation must be in vain. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract when we can; not when we must.” Pregnant words! The man who had led England to the greatest heights of glory detected a deep meaning in this little American Congress at Philadelphia. He saw that they had left the door wide open to a settlement and adjustment of all difficulties, that they wished to avert and not gain independence, that their cause was strong and the conquest of a continent impossible, and so he pleaded with England to look and learn. But Chatham had the eye of a great statesman, while the King and ministry were dull and blind. He spoke in vain; he read the writing on the wall to deaf ears. The rulers of England neither saw the open door of reconciliation nor comprehended the dangers which lurked behind. They paid no heed to arguments and pleas; they felt only irritation at the measures which went with the words of the addresses. For Congress had not only spoken but acted. Before they adjourned on October 26th, they had passed a resolve against the slave-trade; they had signed agreements to neither import nor export, exempting rice alone from the

prohibition of trade with England ; they appointed a second Congress, and they voted to sustain Massachusetts, where the conflict had begun and was now fast culminating, in her resistance to England. Not at all palatable this last vote to an honest gentleman of German parentage who was trying to be a king. It is to be feared that it had more effect on the royal mind than all the loyal addresses ever penned. George did not like people who favored resistance of any kind to what he wanted, and his ministers were engaged in sharing his likes and dislikes at that period for personal reasons very obvious to themselves. Highly offensive too was the proposition to have another Congress, inasmuch as the very existence of a Continental Congress meant union, and the ministry relied on disunion among the colonies for success. Arranging for a second Congress looked unpleasantly like a determination to persist, and as if these men were so satisfied of the goodness of their cause that they were bent on having what they wanted, even at some little cost. In that purpose, unfortunately, they were somewhat like the King himself. Yet to all men now, and to many intelligent men then, it seemed a pity to lose these great colonies, so anxious to remain loyal and to continue part of the British Empire, merely for the sake of taxing them against their will. All England had heard Chatham, and all England knew from him what this Congress meant. After he had spoken no one could plead ignorance. It only remained to see what England's rulers would do, and it soon became clear that England's rulers would do nothing except persist in their policy of force. Meantime the Congress dispersed and the members scattered to their homes to wait upon events. They had not long to wait, for they had begun the

American Revolution, loyal, peaceful, and anxious for reconciliation as they were.

The English ministry it is certain did not comprehend at all what this Congress meant. They were engaged in the congenial task of undertaking to rule a continental empire as if it were a village. This method was well adapted to their own mental calibre, but was not suited to the merciless realities of the case. Therefore they regarded the Congress as merely an audacious performance which was to be frowned upon, punished, and put down. The members of the Congress themselves took a much graver and juster view of what had happened. They realized that the mere fact of a Congress was itself of great moment, that it meant union, and that union was the first step toward an American nation which could only come from the breaking down of local barriers and the fusion of all the colonies for a common purpose. They were against independence, and yet they saw, what the King and his ministers could not understand, that it was a very near possibility if the existing situation was continued. But it is also clear that they failed to see behind the possibility of independence the deeper significance of the work in which they were engaged. This was only natural, for they were properly absorbed in the practical and pressing questions with which they were called to deal. They could not be expected to grasp and formulate the fact that they were beginning the battle of the people everywhere to secure control of their own governments for which they paid and fought. Yet the doctrine had been laid down for them twelve years before. In 1762 James Otis, with one of those flashes of deep insight which made him one of the most remarkable of all

the men who led the way to revolution, had declared in a pamphlet that "Kings were made for the good of the people, and not the people for them." This was one of the propositions on which he rested his argument. Forgotten in the passage of time, and lost in the hurly-burly of events, here was a declaration which went far beyond any question of colonial rights or even of American independence. Here was a doctrine subversive of all existing systems in the eighteenth century, and as applicable to Europe as to America. Now in 1774 a Congress had met and had acted unconsciously, but none the less efficiently, upon Otis's proposition. For, stripped of all disguises and all temporary questions, this was what the Congress meant: that the people of America did not propose to have Great Britain govern them, except as they pleased, and that they intended to control their own governments and govern themselves. Congress had taken the first step along this new road. They could still turn back. The English ministry had still time to yield. But the irrevocable decision was to be made elsewhere, not in London nor in Philadelphia, not among ministers or members of Congress, but by certain plain men with arms in their hands, far away to the North, whose action would put it beyond the power of Congress to retreat, even if they had desired to do so.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST BLOW

IN Philadelphia, then, Congress took the first step in the Revolution, and set forth, in firm and able fashion, the arguments on which they rested their case and by which they still hoped to convince the reason and appeal to the affection of the English people and the English King. They were far from convinced that they would not succeed in securing a change of the British policy which they were resolved to resist, as they had already done in the case of the Stamp Act, ten years before. They could not even yet believe that the series of measures directed against Boston and Massachusetts showed a settled determination on the part of the rulers of England to make them subject to an irresponsible government, which they never had endured and to which they never would submit.

When Congress adjourned, on October 26th, much had been done, but the question was not to be settled in the field of debate. The dread appeal from Parliaments and Ministries and Congresses was to be taken elsewhere, taken under the pressure of inexorable circumstances by the people themselves. Among those men whose ancestors had followed Pym and Hampden and Cromwell when they crushed crown and church in one common

ruin ; whose forefathers, a hundred years before, defying Charles II., had sent his commissioners, beaten and helpless, home, and later, had imprisoned and banished James II.'s governor, this new resistance to England first took on form and substance. There, in Massachusetts, that resistance had grown and culminated since the days of the Stamp Act. In that colony there was a powerful clergy determined to prevent the overthrow of the Puritan churches and the setting up of the Church of England. In the streets of Boston there had been rioting and bloodshed, and Americans had been killed by the fire of British troops. On that devoted town had fallen the punishment of an angry ministry, and her closed harbor told the story of a struggle which had already passed from words to deeds. There feeling was tense and strained, arguments were worn out, an independent provincial government was facing that of the King, and popular leaders were in danger of arrest and death. Such a situation could not last long. The only question was, when and where the break would come. When would the power of England make a move which would cause the democracy of America to strike at it with the armed hand? That once done, all would be done. Congress would then cease to argue and begin to govern, and the sword would decide whether the old forces or the new were to rule in America.

Looking at the situation now it is clear enough that the break was destined to come from some attempt by the British authorities in Massachusetts to stop military preparations on the part of the colonists by seizing their stores and munitions of war, or by arresting their leaders. That such attempts on the part of the British were reasonable enough, provided that they both expected and de-

sired hostilities, no one can deny. If one wishes to explode a powder-magazine, it is sensible to fire the train which leads to it. But if one does not desire to explode



CONCORD BRIDGE AT THE PRESENT TIME.

gunpowder, it is prudent not to throw lighted matches about in its immediate neighborhood. The British acted on the superficial aspect of the case, without considering ultimate possibilities and results. They kept lighting

matches to see whether the explosive substances under their charge were all right, and finally they dropped one in the magazine. Poor Gage and the rest of the English commanders in Massachusetts are not to be much blamed for what they did. They were a set of commonplace, mediocre men, without imagination and without knowledge, suddenly called upon to deal with what they thought was a little case of rather obstinate disorder and bad temper in a small colony, but which was really a great force just stirring into life, and destined to shake continents and empires before its course was stayed. Small wonder, then, that they dealt with a great problem in a little wrong-headed conventional way, and reached the results which are to be expected when men trifle with world-forces in that careless and stupid fashion.

Thus Gage, even before Congress had assembled, sent over to Quarry Hill, near Boston, and seized cannons and stores. Thereupon armed crowds in Cambridge next day, tumult and disorder in the streets, the Lieutenant-Governor, Oliver, forced to resign, and bloodshed prevented only by Joseph Warren, summoned in haste from Boston. Reported in Philadelphia, this affair took on the form of fighting and bloodshed near Boston, and the chaplain of Congress read from the Psalm: "Lord, how long wilt thou look on? Stir up thyself, and awake to my judgment, even unto my cause, my God and my Lord." Worth considering, this little incident, if there had been men able to do so in England at that moment. To those who had attentive ears and minds there was an echo there of the words of the great Puritan captain at Dunbar, speaking in a way very memorable to the world of England. When men of English blood side by side with the

children of the Huguenots and the sons of Scotch Covenanters and of the men of Londonderry begin to pray after that fashion, a dangerous spirit is abroad and one not lightly to be tampered with.

Gage, knowing and caring nothing about prayers or anything else at Philadelphia, but annoyed by the outbreak at Cambridge, felt in his dull way that something was wrong, and began to fortify Boston Neck. Somehow he could not get his work done very well. He had his barges sunk, his straw fired, his wagons mired, all in unexplained ways, and the works were not finished until November. At the same time his movements excited alarm and suspicion, not only in Boston, but elsewhere. In December the cannon were taken away at Newport by the Governor, so that the British could not get them. A little later the people at Portsmouth, N. H., entered the fort and carried off, for their own use and behoof, the guns and the powder.

The trouble was spreading ominously and evidently. Massachusetts for her part knew now that the continent was behind her, and the Provincial Congress in February declared their wish for peace and union, but advised preparation for war. How much effect the wishes had cannot be said, but the advice at least was eagerly followed. The people of Salem, in pursuance of the injunction, began to mount cannon, and Gage thereupon sent three hundred men to stop the work. The town was warned in time. A great crowd met the soldiers at the bridge, and Colonel Leslie, shrinking from the decisive step, withdrew. It was a narrow escape. Soldiers and people had come face to face and had looked in each others' eyes. The conflict was getting very close.

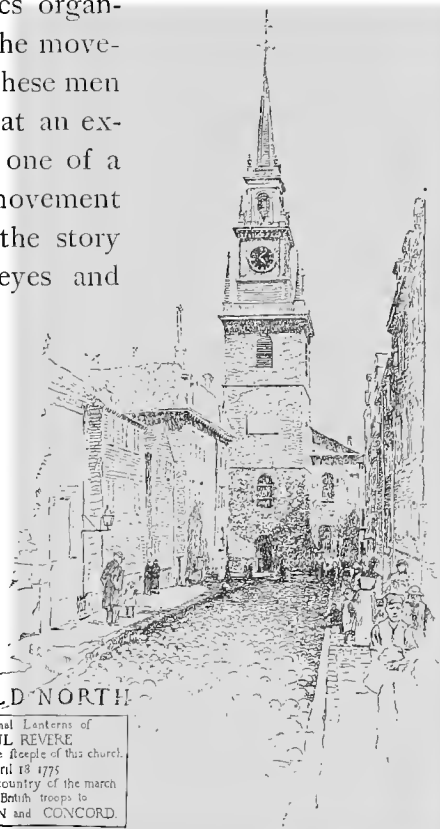


THE OLD BUCKMAN TAVERN, BUILT 1690.

Stands on the edge of Lexington Common. It was here that the Minute Men gathered after the alarm on the night before the fight.

Again, at the end of March, Gage sent out Lord Percy with some light troops, who marched as far as Jamaica Plain and returned. The Minute Men gathered, but once more the opposing forces stared in each others' faces and parted as they met. The Provincial Congress adjourned on April 15th. Still the peace was unbroken, but the storm was near at hand. British officers had been scouring the country for information, and they knew that John Hancock and Samuel Adams had taken refuge in

Lexington, and that munitions of war were stored at Concord, a few miles farther on. It was thereupon determined to seize both the rebel leaders and the munitions at Concord. Other expeditions had failed. This one must succeed. All should be done in secret, and the advantage of a surprise was to be increased by the presence of an overwhelming force. The British commander managed well, but not quite well enough. It is difficult to keep military secrets in the midst of an attentive people, and by the people themselves the discovery was made. Paul Revere had some thirty mechanics organized to watch and report the movements of the British, and these men now became convinced that an expedition was on foot, and one of a serious character. The movement of troops and boats told the story to watchers, with keen eyes and ears, who believed that their rights were in peril. They were soon satisfied that the expedition was intended for Lexington and Concord, to seize the leaders and the stores; and acting promptly on this belief they gave notice to their chiefs in Boston and determined to

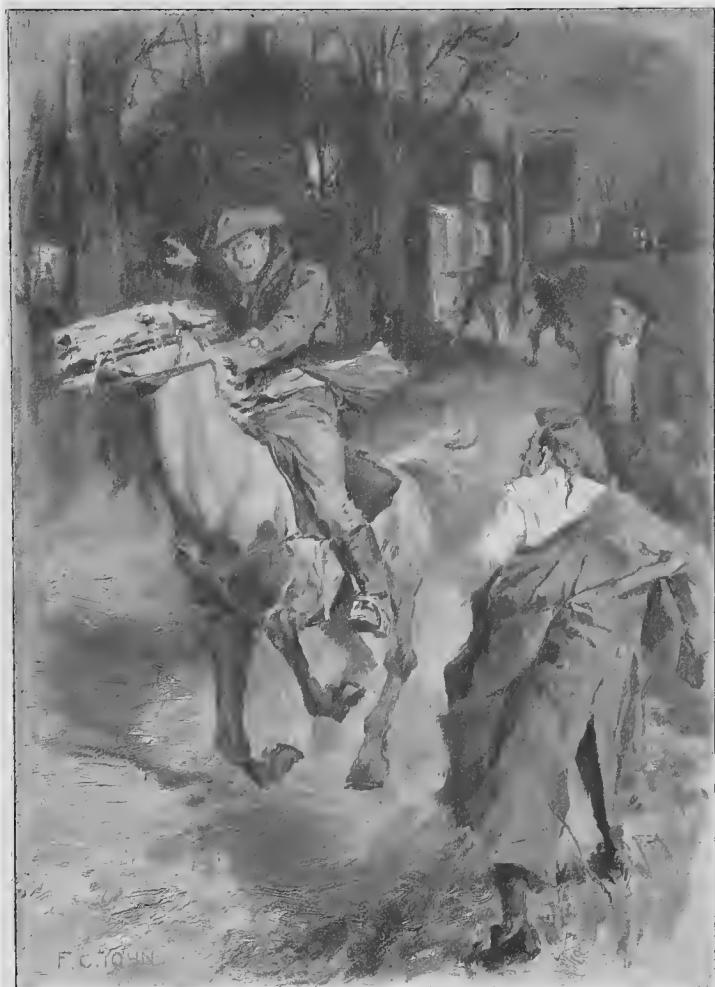


THE OLD NORTH

The Signal Lanterns of
PAUL REVERE
displayed in the steeple of this church,
April 18 1775
warned the country of the march
of the British troops to
LEXINGTON and CONCORD.

thwart the enemy's plans by warning and rousing the country.

On April 18th, Warren sent William Dawes by land over the Neck to Roxbury and thence to Lexington to carry the news. Paul Revere arranged to have lantern signals shown in the belfry of the Old North Church, "one if by land, and two if by sea," and then went home, dressed himself for a night-ride, and taking a boat rowed over to Charlestown. It was a beautiful and quiet evening. As his boat slipped along he noted that the Somerset man-of-war was just winding with the tide, then at young flood. The moon was rising and shed its peaceful light upon the scene. Arrived at Charlestown, Revere secured a horse and waited. At eleven o'clock two lights gleamed from the belfry of the Old North Church, showing that the troops were going by water to Cambridge, and Revere mounted and rode away. He crossed Charlestown Neck, and as he passed the spot where a felon had been hung in chains, he saw two British officers waiting to stop him. One tried to head him, one sought to take him. But Revere knew his country. He turned back sharply and then swung into the Medford road. His pursuer fell into a clay-pit and Revere rode swiftly to Medford, warned the captain of the Minute Men, and then galloped on, rousing every house and farm and village until he reached Lexington. There he awakened Adams and Hancock and was joined by Dawes and by Dr. Samuel Prescott. After a brief delay the three started to alarm the country between Lexington and Concord. They had ridden but a short distance when they were met by four British officers who barred the road. Prescott jumped his horse over a stone wall and escaped, carrying the alarm to



*PAUL REVERE ROUSING THE INHABITANTS ALONG THE ROAD TO
LEXINGTON.*

Concord. Revere rode toward a wood, when six more British officers appeared and he was made a prisoner and forced to return with Dawes and his captors to Lexington. There he was released, and as soon as he was free he per-

suaded Adams and Hancock to go to Woburn, and after accompanying them returned to get their papers and effects. As he was engaged in this work he heard firing,



PAUL REVERE, BY ST. MÉMIN,
1804.

and the sound told him that he had not ridden through the night in vain. A memorable ride in truth it was, one which spread alarm at the time and has been much sung and celebrated since. Perhaps the fact which is best worth remembering is that it was well done and answered its purpose. Under the April moonlight, Revere and Dawes and Prescott galloped hard and fast. Brave men, and efficient, they defeated the British plans and

warned the country. The new day, just dawning when Revere heard the firing, was to show the value of their work.

They had had, indeed, but little time to spare. As Revere was mounting his horse, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, with eight hundred men, was crossing the Back Bay from Boston to Lechmere Point. At two o'clock he had his men landed, and they set forth at once, silently and rapidly, toward Lexington. So far all had gone well, but as they marched there broke upon their ears the sound of guns and bells, some near, some distant, but in every one the note of alarm. The country was not asleep, then? On the contrary, it seemed to be wide awake. All about among the hills and meadows armed men were gathered at the

little meeting-houses, and falling into line prepared for action. Here, in the tolling of the bells and the sound of signal-guns, was much meaning and cause for anxiety. Colonel Smith became worried, sent back to Boston for reinforcements to beat these farmers at whom he and his friends had scoffed so often, and ordered Major Pitcairn forward to Lexington with six light companies, still hopeful of surprise. Major Pitcairn picks up everybody he meets, to prevent alarm being given ; but one Bowman, an active and diligent person, as it would seem, and a brave soldier of the last French war, eludes him, rides hotly to Lexington, and warns the Minute Men, who have been waiting since two o'clock, and had almost come to believe that the British were not advancing at all. So when Major Pitcairn got to Lexington Green, about half past four, thanks to Bowman's warning, there were some sixty or seventy men assembled to meet him. "Disperse, ye rebels ; disperse !" cried Major Pitcairn, and rode toward them. There was much discussion then, and there has been much more since, as to who fired first. It matters not. It is certain that the British poured in a volley and followed it up with others. The Minute Men, not yet realizing that the decisive moment had come, hesitated, some standing their ground, some scattering. They fired a few straggling shots, wounded a couple of British soldiers, and drew off. Eight Americans were killed and ten wounded. One of the eight had carried the standard



MAJOR PITCAIRN'S PISTOLS.

These pistols were taken from Pitcairn's horse, and a few days afterward were presented to Israel Putnam, who carried them throughout the war. Later they were presented to the Cary Library, and are now in the Town Hall at Lexington.

when American troops captured Louisburg, and thus redeemed for England an otherwise ineffective war. One was wounded and bayoneted afterward. One dragged himself to the door of his house and died on the threshold at his wife's feet. What matters it who fired first? The first blow had been struck, the first blood shed. The peo-



HARRINGTON HOUSE, LEXINGTON.

In the foreground, on the Common, is a large stone marking the line of the Minute Men. Jonathan Harrington, after being shot, dragged himself to his doorstep and there died at his wife's feet.

ple, in obedience to the orders of a Provincial Congress, had faced the soldiers of England in arms. They had been fired upon and had returned the fire. It was not a battle, hardly a skirmish. But it said to all the world that a people intended to govern themselves, and would die sooner than yield; a very pregnant fact, speaking much louder than words and charged with many meanings. A wholly new thing this was indeed, to have people ready to



THE FIGHT ON LEXINGTON COMMON, APRIL 19, 1775.

A drawing of the Battle of Lexington was made by Earl, a portrait painter, and engraved by Amos Doolittle (both soldiers of the Connecticut Company), from narratives of participants in the affair, within a month or two after the fight. This drawing must remain the best source of information, but it has been supplemented by careful studies of other documents.

die in battle for their rights, when a large part of the rulers of the civilized world did not recognize that they had any rights to either die or live for. A great example to be deeply considered, and destined to bear much fruit, was given by those brave men who died on Lexington Green in the fair dawn of that April morning.

The British formed after the encounter, fired a volley,



GENERAL VIEW OF LEXINGTON COMMON AT THE PRESENT TIME.

and gave three cheers for their victory. If a victory is to be judged by what it costs, it must be admitted that this one was but modestly celebrated, for it is safe to say that it was the most expensive victory ever won by England. From another point of view the celebration was premature, for the day was not over and there was still much to be done.

The English soldiers had killed some Massachusetts farmers, but they had missed the rebel leaders at Lexing-

ton. No time was to be lost if they were to carry out the second part of their mission and destroy the stores at Concord. Thither, therefore, they marched as rapidly as possible. Colonel Smith, a little disturbed by the fighting on Lexington Green, and still more anxious as to the future, not liking the looks of things, perhaps, was wonder-



LORD PERCY.

*Whose timely arrival relieved the British troops under Colonel Smith
From a print lent by W. C. Crane.*

ing, no doubt, whether they were sending from Boston the aid he had sent for. His messenger, if he could have known it, was safely in Boston at that moment, and Gage gave heed at once to the appeal. There were blunders and delays, but, nevertheless, between eight and nine o'clock, Lord Percy, with about a thousand men—soldiers and marines—was marching out of Boston. A boy named Harrison Gray Otis, destined to much distinction in later

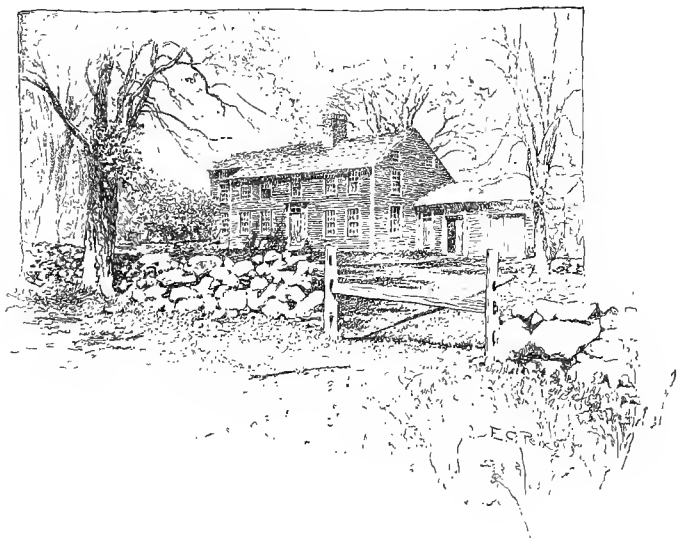
years, was delayed in getting to school that morning by the troops marching along Tremont Street. He reached the Latin School in time, however, to hear Lovell, the schoolmaster, say, "War's begun. School's done. *Dimitte libros*," and then rush out with his fellows to see the red-coats disappear in the direction of the Neck. War was in the air. No news of Lexington had yet come, but it was a popular revolution which was beginning, and the popular instinct knew that the hour had struck. When the British reached Roxbury, Williams, the schoolmaster there, like Lovell in Boston, dismissed the school, locked the door, joined the minute-men, and served for seven years in the American army before returning to his home. As Lord Percy rode along the band played "Yankee Doodle," and a boy shouted and laughed at him from the side of the road. Lord Percy asked him what he meant, and the boy replied, "To think how you will dance by and by to 'Chevy Chase.'" * The contemporary witness who chronicles this little incident for us says the repartee stuck to Lord Percy all day. One cannot help wondering whether it made certain lines like these run in his head :

"The child that is unborn shall rue
The hunting of that day."

Again it is the voice of the people, of the schoolmaster and his scholars, of the boys in the street. Very trivial seemingly all this at the moment, yet with much real meaning for those who were engaged in bringing on the con-

* There is no doubt that the band played "Yankee Doodle" in derision, but the boy's answer is so very apt, and apt for Lord Percy above all other men on earth, that it seems as if it must be an invention. Yet we have it from Dr. Gordon, a contemporary on the spot, writing down all incidents at the moment, and he was a painstaking, intelligent chronicler.

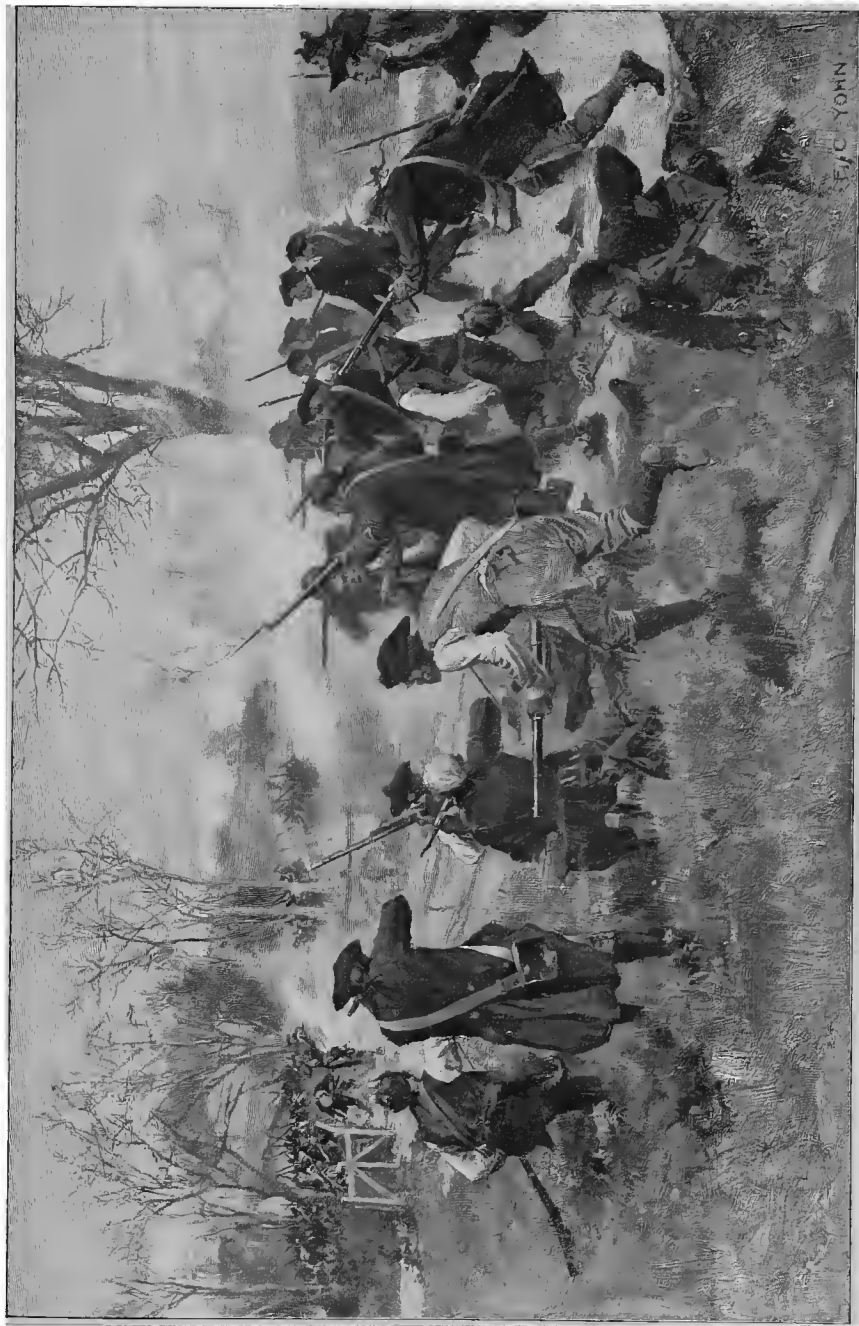
flict, if they had been able to interpret it. It certainly was not heeded or thought about at all by Lord Percy as he marched on through Roxbury, whence, swinging to the right across the meadows and marshlands, he passed over the bridge to Cambridge, and thence away to Lexington, along the route already taken by the earlier detachment.



BARRETT HOUSE, NEAR CONCORD.

Where military stores were secreted, and also one of the objective points of the expedition under Colonel Smith.

Meantime, while Lord Percy was setting out, Smith and his men got to Concord, only to find cannon and stores, for the most part, gone. A few guns to be spiked, the court-house to be set on fire, some barrels of flour to be broken open, made up the sum of what they were able to do. For this work small detachments were sent out. One went to the North Bridge, had in fact crossed over, when they perceived, on the other side, the



THE FIGHT AT CONCORD BRIDGE, APRIL 19, 1775.

Minute Men who had assembled to guard the town, and who now advanced, trailing their guns. The British withdrew to their own side of the bridge and began to take it up. Major Buttrick remonstrated against this proceeding, and ordered his men to quicken their step. As they approached the British fired, ineffectually at first, then with closer aim, and two or three Americans fell. Buttrick sprang forward, shouting, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! For God's sake fire!" The moment had come; the Americans fired, not straggling shots now, as in the surprise at Lexington, but intending serious business. Two soldiers were killed and several wounded. The Americans poured over the bridge, the British retreated, and the Concord fight was over. The shot, "heard round the world," had been fired to good purpose, both there and elsewhere. It echoed far, that shot of the Concord and Acton farmers, not because it was in defence of the principle that there must be no taxation without representation, not even because it portended the independence of America, but because it meant, as those fired on Lexington Common meant, that a people had arisen, determined to fight for the right to govern themselves. It meant that the instinct which pressed the triggers at the North Bridge was a popular instinct, that the great democratic movement had begun, that a new power had arisen in the world, destined, for weal or woe, to change in the coming century the forms of government and of society throughout the civilized nations of the West.



FLAG CARRIED
BY THE BED-
FORD MILI-
TIA COMPANY
AT CONCORD
BRIDGE.

"It was originally designed in England in 1660-70 for the three county troops of Middlesex, and became one of the accepted standards of the organized Militia of the State, and as such it was used by the Bedford Company."

WILLIAM S. APPLETON,
Mass. Hist. Society.

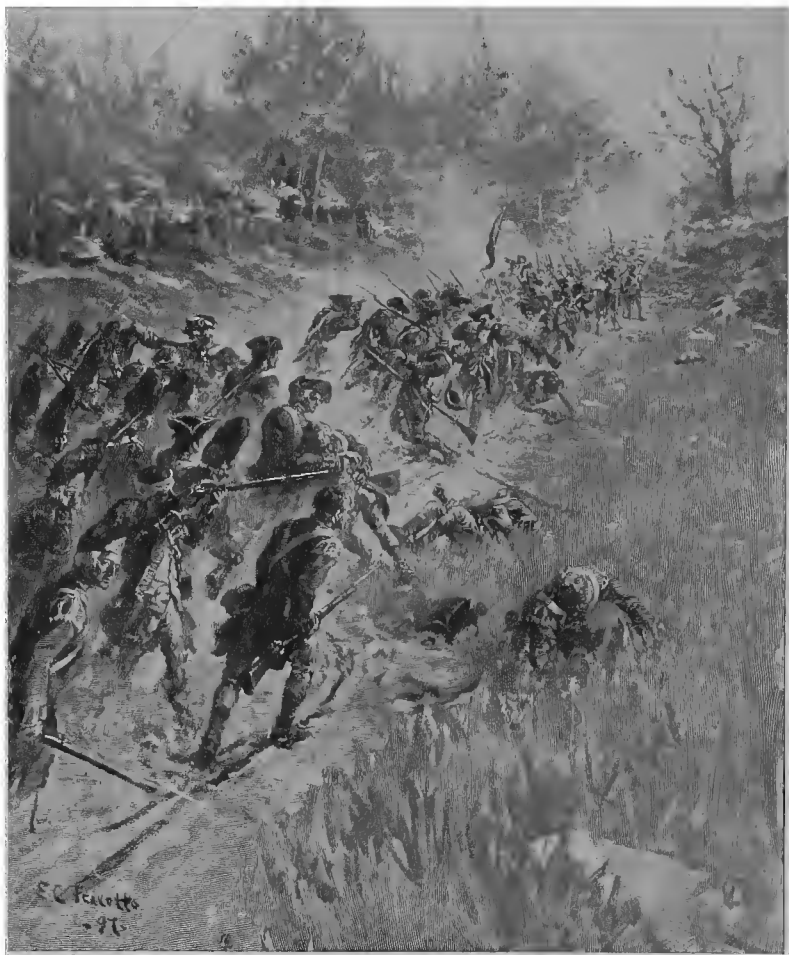


WRIGHT TAVERN, CONCORD, AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Built 1747. Here Major Pitcairn stopped to refresh himself.

After the British retreated from the bridge, the Minute Men, not quite realizing even yet what had happened, drew back to the hills and waited. Colonel Smith wasted some two hours in concentrating and resting his men, and about noon started back for Lexington. At first he threw out light detachments to keep his flanks clear, but by the time he reached Merriam's Corner they were forced by the nature of the ground back to the main line. Then the fighting began in earnest. From all the surrounding towns the Minute Men were pouring in. There was a brush with a flanking party just as Merriam's Corner was reached. Then as the British passed along the road, in most parts thickly wooded, from every copse and thicket and stone wall the shots would ring out with deadly effect, for the Americans were all trained to the use of the rifle. A de-

upon the enemy on both flanks, from the rear, and even in front. These Minute Men, in fact, were now waging the



THE RETREAT FROM CONCORD.

kind of warfare they perfectly understood. Many of them had served in the old French war; they had fought the Indians and had learned from their savage foe how to slip

from tree to tree, to advance under cover, fire, and retreat, each man acting for himself, undisturbed by the going or coming of his fellows, and free from any danger of panic. In a word, they were practising backwoods fighting with deadly effect on regular troops who could neither understand nor meet it. So the time wore on. The shots from the flanks came faster and faster, officers and men were dropping beneath the deadly fire, the ranks were breaking, and only the desperate efforts of the officers prevented a panic like that in which Braddock's army had gone down. On through the pleasant country in the bright spring sunshine they went, disorder increasing, men falling, ammunition giving out—a fine body of regular and disciplined troops going pitifully and visibly to wreck. The Lexington company, out again in force, avenged the losses of the morning, and as the British thus beset struggled on, they came again to the famous common where they had celebrated their sunrise victory. No thought of victories now, only of safety; and here, at least, was relief. Here was Lord Percy with his fresh brigade, and into the square which he had formed Smith's hunted men rushed wildly and flung themselves down on the ground, utterly exhausted, with their tongues out, says the British historian Stedman, "like dogs after a chase." Here, moreover, the Americans were at a disadvantage, for it was an open space, and Lord Percy's cannon soon cleared the ground, while his men set fire to the houses. The Americans drew off and waited. They had only to be patient, for they knew their time would come again.

Lord Percy, although he had now nearly eighteen hundred men, made no attempt to attack the Americans, who were waiting quietly just out of range. After a brief

period of rest he gave the word and the troops took up their march for Boston. As soon as they started the Americans closed in, and the fighting began again in front, behind, and on both flanks. More Minute Men had come up, more were constantly arriving. There would be heavy firing and sharp fighting, then the cannon would be swung round, then a lull would follow, then more firing and fighting, until the cannon lost their terror, while the firing grew constantly heavier and the fighting sharper. There was no time to go round by Cambridge, as they had come in the morning. Lord Percy made straight for Charlestown, the nearest point of safety, and the worst attack fell on him just before he reached his haven and got his columns, now



GRAVE OF BRITISH SOLDIERS, NEAR THE BRIDGE AT CONCORD.

broken and running, under the guns of the men-of-war. At last the day was done—Lexington and Concord had had their battles and taken their place in history.

When the story of April 19, 1775, is told, we are apt

to think only of the firing at sunrise on Lexington Green, and of the slight skirmish at the old North Bridge in Concord. We are prone to forget that apart from these two dramatic points there was a good deal of severe fighting during that memorable day. A column of regular English troops, at first 800, then 1,800 strong, had marched out to Concord and Lexington, and back to Boston, and had met some hundreds of irregular soldiers, at best militia. They retreated before these Minute Men for miles, and reached Boston in a state not far removed from rout and panic. The running fight had not been child's play by any means. The Americans lost 88 men killed and wounded; the British 247, besides 26 missing or prisoners.

These were serious figures. Evidently the British officers, who in the morning of that day thought the Americans had neither courage nor resolution, would have to revise their opinions, unless they were ready for further disasters. But more important than the views of British officers, somewhat tired and annoyed that evening in Boston, was the fact that the American fighting had been done by the people themselves, on the spur of the moment. It was every man for himself.



THE MINUTE MAN AT CONCORD BRIDGE.

(Daniel C. French, Sculptor.)

Heath and Warren had come out and rallied the Minute Men into more compact bodies here and there, but it was the Minute Men's fight. A common instinct moved those Middlesex yeomen, and it appeared that they were ready on their own account to take up arms and fight in their backwoods fashion hard and effectively. Here was a fact deserving much pondering from kings and ministers, who, it is to be feared, gave it but little heed, and certainly failed either to understand it or to fathom its deep meaning for them, their empire, and, in certain wider aspects, for mankind.

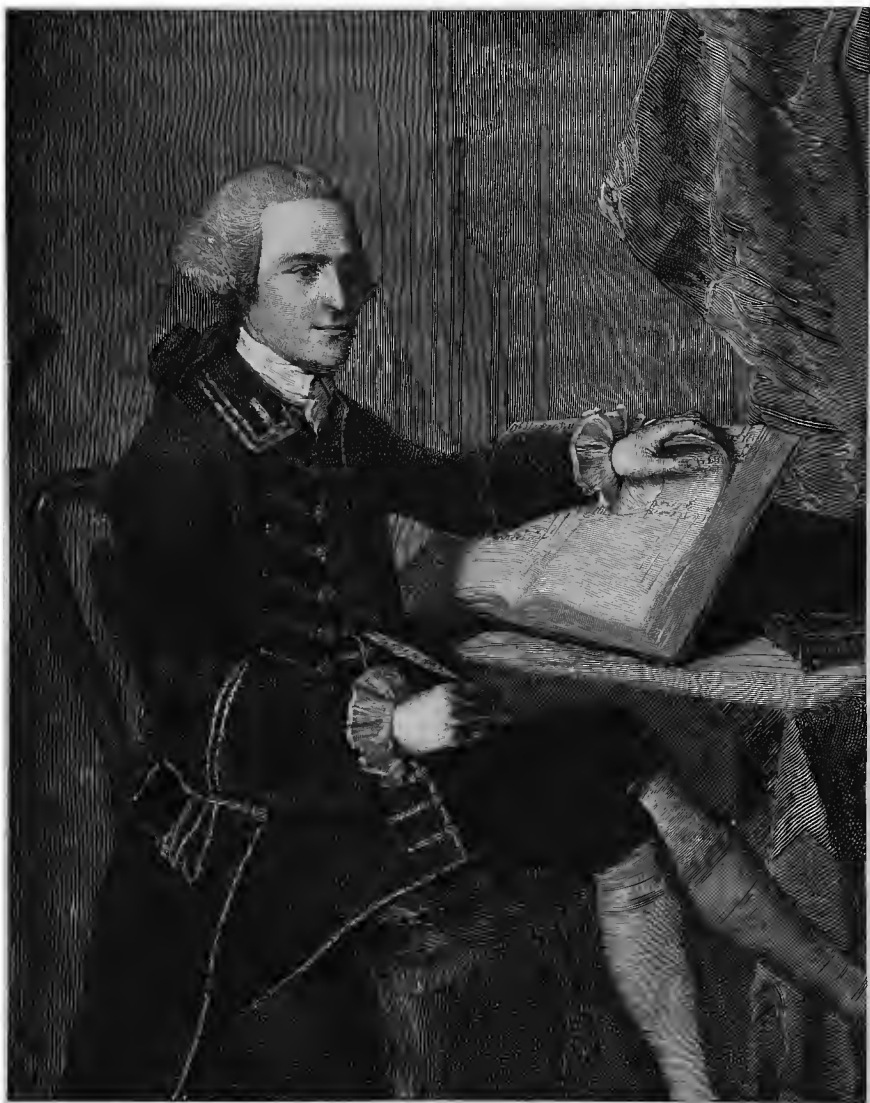
CHAPTER III

THE SECOND CONGRESS

THE Massachusetts farmers had precipitated the crisis. They had fought the British troops and now held them besieged in Boston. Connecticut and New Hampshire had sustained them with men sent to share in the perils of the time and help to lay siege to the British army. Then came the anxious question as to how the rest of the country would look upon what had been done. Hitherto the other colonies had sympathized with the Eastern people strongly, and thus far had cordially supported them; but there was a powerful party, especially in the Middle States, who disliked the actions and suspected the intentions of the New Englanders, and who were strongly averse to independence or to any breach with the mother-country. How would these other colonies act now? Would they still stand by Massachusetts, or would they recoil in alarm when blood had been shed and positive action one way or the other was no longer to be avoided? With these questions upon them the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts drew up an official account of the events of April 19th and sent one copy to England, where the news caused stocks to fall and startled Lord North, who had intelligence and perceptions denied to his master, while another was despatched by express through

all the other colonies to South Carolina. A momentous deed had been done, and the anxiety of the doers thereof is shown by the manner in which this official narrative was hurried away to the southward. The Massachusetts delegates who set out for Philadelphia within a fortnight after the Lexington and Concord fight may well have been beset with doubts and fears as to the reception which awaited them in Congress.

Samuel and John Adams again led the delegation, but to their little company was now added a man destined to become one of the best-known names of the Revolution, although as an efficient and effective actor his part was small. Rich, well-born, and generous in expense, John Hancock, almost alone among the men of wealth, family, and office who then formed the aristocracy of Boston, had espoused openly the side of opposition to Great Britain. Samuel Adams, shrewd judge and manager of men, cultivated his friendship, flattered his vanity, and employed him to excellent purpose. Here he had him now in his company as a Member of Congress, and we shall see presently how he used him there. So the Massachusetts delegates, thus reinforced, journeyed on together through Connecticut. There they already knew that all was safe and sympathetic. It was when they drew near the Hudson that the real anxiety began. But it came only to be dispelled, for as they approached New York they were met by a company of grenadiers, by a regiment of militia, by carriages, and by hundreds of men on foot. As they passed along into the town the roads and streets were lined with people who cheered them loudly, while the bells of the churches rang out a joyful peal of welcome. They were heroes, it appeared, not culprits. The people were



JOHN HANCOCK.

Engraved from the portrait painted by Copley in 1774. Now in possession of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

with them here as in New England, and when they left the city they were escorted again by the militia, and again the crowds cheered them on their way. So it was all through New Jersey to Philadelphia. Honors and rejoicings met them everywhere. The people of the sister colonies stood firmly by Massachusetts in striking the first blow.

The second Congress met on May 10th. The leaders of the first were again there—Washington, Henry, Lee, Jay, and the two Adamses. With them, too, were some new men already distinguished or destined to win reputation. Chief among these new members was Benjamin Franklin, the most famous American then living, known throughout Europe for his scientific discoveries; known in England besides as the fearless champion of the colonies; great in science and in statecraft; a statesman and diplomatist; a man of letters and a popular writer, whose wit and wisdom were read in many tongues; just returned from London, and the wisest and most influential man in the Congress. It is worth while to pause a moment to look at Franklin, standing forth now as a leader of revolution, for he was one of the great men of the century. He was then in his seventieth year, but vigorous and keen as ever in mind and body. He could have done more than any other one man to prevent colonial revolt, for he was eminently conservative and peace-loving, as well as truly loyal to the mother-country. The ministry, who would have listened to him and been guided by him, would have held America, and fastened it tighter than ever to the Empire. Instead of this, official England set her Solicitor-General to vilify and abuse him in the presence of the Privy Council and before the English people. Franklin listened in

silence to the invective then heaped upon him, and the most powerful friend to peace, union, and conciliation was lost to England. Now he had come back to guide his countrymen among the dangers which beset them, and to win allies for them from beyond seas. In the man of science, letters, and philanthropy we are apt to lose sight of the bold statesman and great diplomatist. We always think of that familiar face with the fine forehead and the expression of universal benevolence. But there was another aspect. Look at the picture of Franklin where the fur cap is pulled down over his head. The noble brow is hidden, the pervading air of soft and gentle benevolence has faded, and a face of strength and power, of vigorous will and of an astuteness rarely equalled, looks out at us and fixes our attention. This versatile genius, in whom the sternness of the Puritan mingled with the scepticism and tolerance of the eighteenth-century philosopher, was not one to be lightly reviled and abused. It would have been well for Wedderburn, who, at his death, in the words of his affectionate sovereign, "left no greater knave behind him," if he had not added to the list of ministerial blunders that of making an enemy of Franklin. All these incidents which had befallen him in London were as well known as Franklin's fame in science and his distinction in the public service, and we can easily imagine how he was looked up to in America, and how men turned to him when he appeared in Congress. He was the great figure at this second gathering, but not the only one among the new members who deserved remark. From Massachusetts came, as has been said, John Hancock, and from New York George Clinton and Robert Livingston, who were to play conspicuous parts in the Revolution and in the early years of the new nation

which sprang from it, while a little later Virginia sent Thomas Jefferson to fill a vacant place.

Never indeed was the best ability of the country more needed, for events had moved fast in the six months which had elapsed since the first Congress adjourned. War had broken out, and this second Congress found itself facing realities of the sternest kind. Yet the members were merely delegates, chosen only to represent the views and wishes of the colonies in regard to their relations with Great Britain. Beyond this they had no authority. Many of them had been irregularly elected by popular meetings. Their instructions varied, but none empowered them to form a government. They had not a square foot of territory which they could control ; they had no executive powers ; no money ; no authority to make laws, and no means to carry them out. And yet the great forces were moving, and they had to face facts which demanded a vigorous and efficient government.

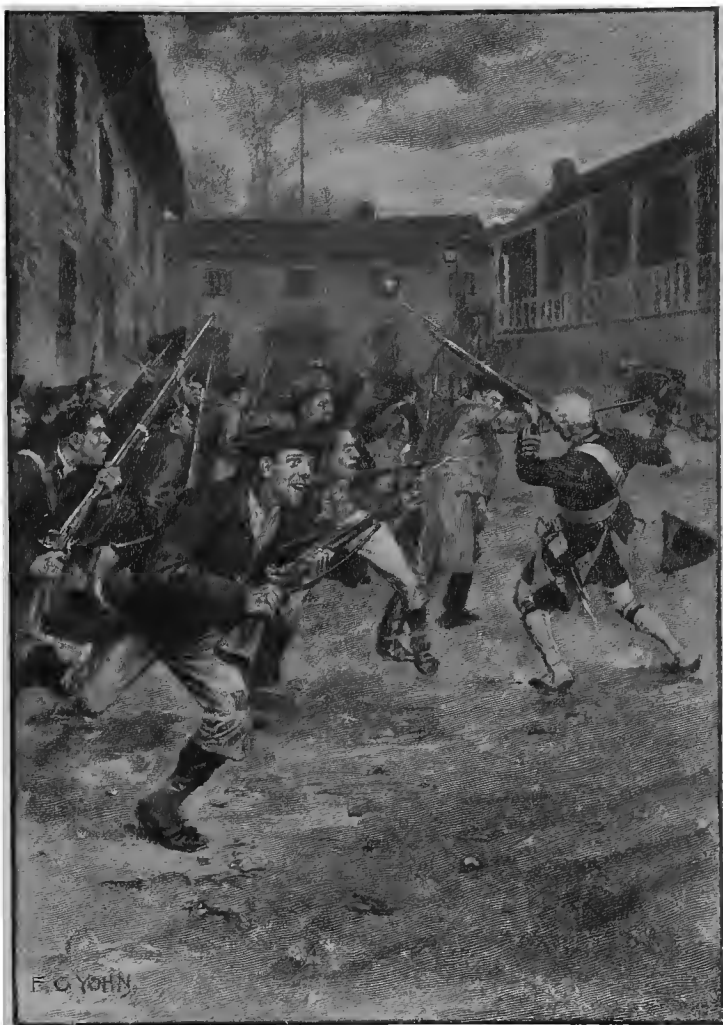
Even as they met on May 10th a British fortress had been seized by the colonists, for Lexington and Concord had set in motion a force which, once started, could neither be stayed nor limited. The first military and political object of England when actual war came obviously would be to divide New England from the middle colonies by controlling the line of the Hudson River to the lakes lying on the borders of Vermont and New York. The key of the position was the fortress at Ticonderoga which commanded the lakes, and in this way the road from Canada to New York Harbor. Very early in the troubles the New England leaders saw this situation, and when the conflict broke they moved quickly. Adams and Hancock counselled with the Governor of Connecticut and sent

an express to Ethan Allen in the Green Mountains to prepare to seize the fort. Then some fifty men went forward from Connecticut and Massachusetts and met Ethan Allen at Bennington. An alarm was sent out, about a hundred hardy men from the mountains joined the detachment from the South, Allen was chosen leader, and



THE RUINS OF TICONDEROGA, LOOKING NORTHWEST, SHOWING THE REMAINS OF THE BASTION AND BARRACKS.

on May 8th they started. The night of May 9th they were near the fort, and waited for the day to come. When the first faint flush of light appeared, Allen asked every man who was willing to go with him to poise his gun. Every gun was raised. Allen gave the word and they marched to the entrance of the fort. The gate was shut, but the wicket open. The sentry snapped his fuzee, and Allen, followed by his men, dashed in through the wicket,



THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA BY ETHAN ALLEN.

There was but little resistance, and the sentries, after one or two shots, threw down their arms.

raised the Indian war-whoop and formed on the parade, covering the barracks on each side. There was but little resistance, and the sentries, after one or two shots, threw down their arms, while Allen strode forward toward the quarters of the commandant. As he reached the door, Delaplace appeared, undressed, and Allen demanded the surrender of the fort. "By what authority?" asked Delaplace. "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," answered Allen. No stranger military summons was ever made, with its queer mingling of Puritan phrase and legal form. But it served its purpose better than many an elaborate demand framed in the best style of Louis the Great, for it was perfectly successful. The fort which had cost England several campaigns, many lives, and some millions of pounds, fell into the hands of the Americans in ten minutes. The reason was plain. The Americans were quick-witted, knew the enormous value of the position, and acted at once. Thus by a surprise they succeeded; but none the less real wisdom lay behind Allen's prompt and vigorous action. As a military exploit it was all simple enough: nerve and courage at the right moment, and the deed was done. But the foresight which planned and urged the deed to execution showed military and political sense of a high order. Nor was that all. Seth Warner seized Crown Point, and another party took possession of the harbor of Skenesboro. The road from Canada to New York was now in the hands of the Americans, a fact fruitful of consequences when a battle which has been set down as one of the decisive battles of the world was to be fought a few years later. Important, too, were the two hundred cannon taken in Ticonderoga and destined to play an essential part a few months later

in driving the British from their first military foothold in America. Altogether a brave deed, this of Allen and his mountain men; very punctually and thoroughly performed, and productive of abundant results, as is usually the case with efficient action, which, without criticism,



A NEAR VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT TICONDEROGA.

Ground Plan Showing Barracks and Officers' Quarters. The covered way by which Allen entered is also indicated.

carpings, or doubts, drives straight on at the goal to be attained.

While Ethan Allen and his men were thus hurrying events forward in their own rough-and-ready fashion that pleasant May morning, the members of the second Congress were meeting in Philadelphia. They knew nothing of what was happening far to the north, or of how the men of the Green Mountains were forcing them on to measures and responsibilities from which they still shrank, and which they had not yet put into words. They would

learn it all soon enough from messengers hurrying southward from Ticonderoga, but they already had ample food for thought without this addition. The King and his Ministers had rejected and flouted their appeals sent to England six months before, and had decided on fresh measures of coercion. Their friends in Parliament had been beaten. The farmers of Massachusetts had fought the King's troops, and now held those troops besieged in Boston with a rough, undisciplined army. Recognition, reasonable settlement, mutual concessions, had drifted a good deal farther off than when they last met. If the situation had been grave in 1774, it was infinitely graver and more difficult now. How were they to deal with it, devoid as they were of proper powers for action and still anxious to remain part of the British Empire? A very intricate question this, but they faced it manfully.

They began, as before, by electing Peyton Randolph President, and when shortly afterward he was called home, they went from Virginia to Massachusetts for his successor. The use of John Hancock now became apparent, and we can see why Samuel Adams had brought him from Boston. He had the wealth, the position, the manners which made him attractive to the delegates from the other colonies. He was free from the suspicion of being too radical and dangerous, which clung to both Samuel and John Adams, despite the fact of his association with them. He was dignified, courtly, well known. It was very important to Massachusetts, which had ventured so far in open rebellion, that Congress should stand by her. To have the President of the Congress, if Virginia, the other strongly resisting colony, did not furnish that

officer, was an important step. In itself it carried support and approbation, for John Hancock was a proscribed man, and Benjamin Harrison, as he escorted him to the chair, said they would show Great Britain how much they cared for her proscriptions. Samuel Adams could not have been elected President, John Hancock could be; and accordingly, when Randolph withdrew, he was chosen. He was an excellent presiding officer and accustomed to be governed and guided by Adams. His election meant that the party of firm resistance to England, whose bulwarks were Virginia and Massachusetts, controlled the Congress, something much more essential to them now than six months before. Be it noted also that to fill Randolph's place as delegate there shortly arrived a tall, rather awkward-looking young man, with reddish hair and a pleasant face and look. His name was Thomas Jefferson, and although he proved a silent member, he so won upon his associates that he was placed on important committees, and a little later showed that if he would not speak in public, he could write words which the world would read and future generations repeat. Among the delegates who came late we must also remark one named Lyman Hall, from the parish of St. John's in Georgia, where there was a New England settlement. His arrival completed the tale of the American Colonies. The thirteen in one way or another all had representation in the new Congress. The union of the colonies, which was so dangerous to British supremacy, was evidently growing more complete and perfect.

The work of organization done, the Congress faced the situation, and solved the question of lack of authority by boldly assuming all necessary executive powers as

events required. In committee of the whole they reviewed the proceedings in Massachusetts, and then ensued a series of contradictions very characteristic of the law-abiding English people, and reminding one strongly of a time when the Long Parliament made war on the king in the king's name. These colonial Englishmen resolved that Great Britain had begun hostilities and at the same time protested their loyalty. They declared they were for peace, advised New York to allow the British troops to be landed from the Asia, and then voted to put the colonies in a position of defence. Under the lead of John Dickinson, they agreed to again petition the king, and authorized addresses to the people of England, to the people of Ireland, and to their fellow-colonists of Canada and of Jamaica. When the news of Ticonderoga came, they decided not to invade Canada, and hesitated even about the wisdom of holding the forts they had taken. Then, pushed on by events, they proceeded to exercise the highest sovereign powers by authorizing a small loan and organizing an army. On June 15th, John Adams moved that they adopt the army then at Boston, and, representing New England, declared that the head of that army should be their distinguished colleague from Virginia, who thereupon left the room. The proposition prevailed, and two days later, on the motion of Mr. Johnson of Maryland, carrying out the suggestion of John Adams, they formally chose George Washington to command what was henceforth to be known as the Continental Army, then engaged in besieging the British in Boston. It was a noble choice, one worth remembering, for they took the absolutely greatest and fittest man in America, a feat which is seldom performed, it being too

often left to events to throw out the unfit selections made by men and put in their stead those to whom the places really belong.

Washington himself, silently watching all that happened with the keen insight which never was at fault, always free from illusions, and recognizing facts with a veracity of mind which was never clouded, knew well that the time for addresses and petitions had passed. Averse as he had been to independence as an original proposition, he was not deceived by any fond fancies in regard to the present situation, which had developed so rapidly in a few months. War had begun, and that meant, as he well knew, however men might hesitate about it, a settlement by war. He had already made up his mind fully as to his own course, and when the great responsibility came to him he accepted it at once, without shrinking, solemnly and modestly, stipulating only that he should receive no pay above his expenses, and saying that he did not feel equal to the command. Artemus Ward, then in command at Boston, Philip Schuyler, Israel Putnam, and Charles Lee, the last an English adventurer, glib of tongue and quite worthless, were chosen major-generals. Horatio Gates, another Englishman, thanks to the same natural colonial spirit which chose Lee, was appointed adjutant-general. Pomeroy, Heath, and Thomas of Massachusetts, Wooster and Spencer of Connecticut, Sullivan of New Hampshire, Montgomery of New York, and the Quaker, Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island, who proved the most brilliant of them all, were appointed brigadiers.

Thus, while they petitioned the King, shrank from independence, and sought conciliation and peace by addresses and memorials, the second American Congress at

the same time took into their service an army already in the field, and sent the greatest soldier of the time to command it and to fight the troops of the Sovereign whom they still acknowledged. Very contradictory and yet very human and natural all this, for great causes are not carried out, nor do great forces move upon the straight lines marked out by the critic or the student, but along the devious and winding paths which human nature always traces for itself when it is brought face to face with difficulties and trials which it would fain avoid and must meet.

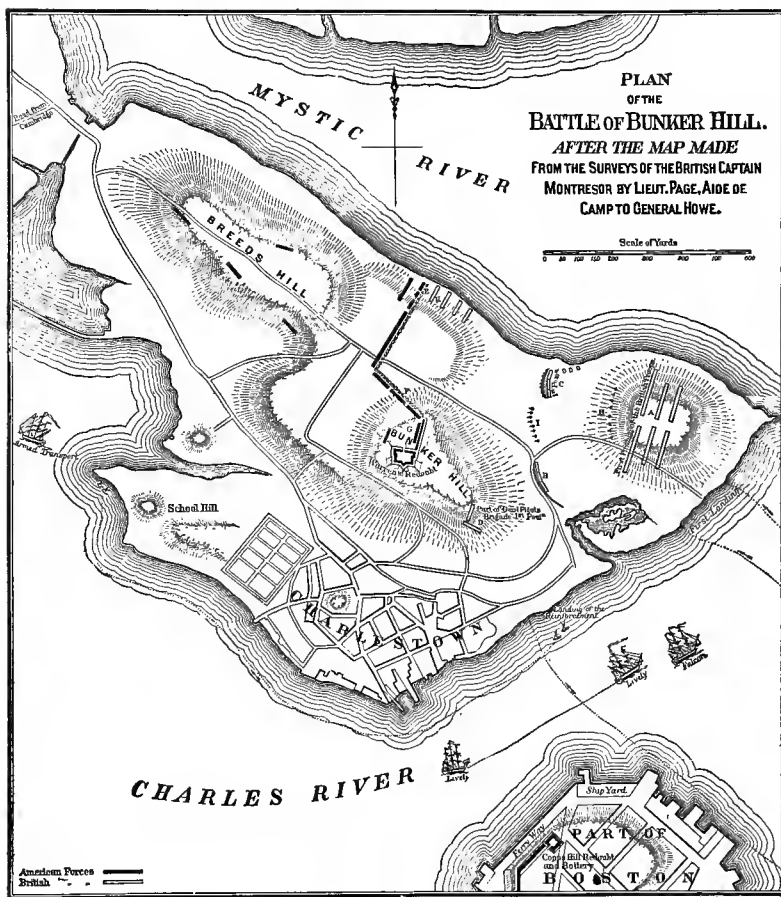
CHAPTER IV

THE REPLY TO LORD SANDWICH

WHILE Congress was thus debating and resolving, the people were acting. After the Concord fight some sixteen thousand armed men gathered about Boston and laid siege to the town. They were under different and independent commands, undisciplined, ill-armed, with no heavy guns fit for siege operations. But through their zeal in a common cause, for the time, at least, they made up in activity what they lacked in organization and equipment. They managed to cut off Boston from the surrounding country, so that actual distress began to prevail among the inhabitants, and thousands who sympathized with the patriots abandoned the town and made their way to the neighboring villages. With no regular works anywhere, the Americans still contrived to have men at all important points, and in some fashion to prevent communication with the country. In addition they swept the harbor-islands clean of cattle and sheep, and this work led to frequent skirmishes, in one of which the Americans destroyed two British vessels and drove off the royal troops. An effort to provision Boston with sheep brought from the southward was frustrated by the people of New Bedford, who fitted out two vessels, captured those of the enemy with the live-stock on board,

and beat off a British sloop-of-war. It is not easy to understand how the Americans, ill-equipped as they were, were able to thus maintain the lines around Boston and hold besieged regular troops amounting at that time to over five thousand men, and very soon afterward to more than ten thousand. The fact can only be explained by the utter incompetency of the British commander, General Gage. With the troops under him he ought at any time to have been able to break the extended American line and drive them from point to point. Indeed, he should never have permitted them to close in on him. Instead of taking vigorous action, however, he occupied himself with making treaties with the selectmen of the town for the withdrawal of the inhabitants and with issuing fierce proclamations, while he allowed the enemy to hold him a virtual prisoner. It is not to be wondered at that when Burgoyne, Clinton, and Howe arrived with reinforcements they should have been amazed that the King's troops had not long since beaten and driven off the "peasants," as they called them, who surrounded the town. Yet the new generals seem only to have added to the sum total of British incompetency. With largely increased forces they still did not attack the Americans or drive them away. On the contrary, the attack came from the "peasants," and not from the army of veterans imprisoned in Boston.

The Americans were spurred on to action by reports that the British were about to seize certain strategic points and fortify them, and that expeditions were preparing for this purpose. In order to be beforehand with them the council of war prepared a plan for a series of works and redoubts on the northern side of the city, reaching from what is now Somerville to the hills of Charlestown, which



[It will be noticed that this map, from British surveys, perpetuates the mistake which caused the name of Bunker Hill, rather than Breed's Hill, to be given to the battle. In reality, Breed's Hill, where the redoubt was, is the one nearer Boston.]

bordered on the river and harbor. General Ward and others of the commanding officers naturally opposed this plan so far as it related to the extreme point of the hills in

Charlestown, for the very excellent reason that they had but little powder and no cannon, and that without these essential aids it seemed rash in the extreme to take a position near the British lines which threatened Boston itself, and where they could be cut off by an enterprising enemy seizing the narrow neck which connected the peninsula with the main land. While they were debating this question news came from a trustworthy source that on June 18th the British intended to seize Dorchester Heights, to the south of the town, and it was clear that if they should be successful in this movement it would not only absolutely protect Boston, but would make the American positions difficult if not untenable. Considerations of prudence were therefore laid aside, and the committee of safety decided that it was necessary to at once occupy Charlestown Neck and Bunker Hill. General Ward and the others were quite right in thinking this a desperate undertaking for which they were totally unprepared, and yet the committee of safety, favored as they were by fortune, proved to be on the broadest grounds correct. It was essential to hold the British where they were in the town. If they once got possession of the commanding points outside, it would be impossible to drive them out of Boston, and one of the principal American cities would remain in the enemy's hands. If, on the other hand, the Americans seized a position close to the British lines and became the aggressors, then whether they failed or succeeded in holding their ground permanently, they would, by fighting, prevent the enemy from making an advance movement, and from so strengthening and extending his lines that he could neither be closely besieged nor forced from the town.

Thus it came about, either by sound military instinct or by equally sound reasoning, that the order was issued to occupy and fortify Bunker Hill in Charlestown, and late in the afternoon of June 16th the troops selected for this duty were ordered to parade. Three Massachusetts regiments, two hundred Connecticut men as a fatigue party, and an artillery company with two field-pieces formed the detachment. Drawn up on Cambridge Common they stood quietly in the summer twilight and listened to the fervent prayer of Samuel Langdon, the President of Harvard College, as he blessed them and bade them God-speed. Then the word was given, and with Colonel Prescott in command and at the front, and their intrenching tools in carts bringing up the rear, they started as the darkness fell and marched to Charlestown. When they reached the Neck they halted, and a small party was detached to guard and watch the town while the main body went on to Bunker Hill. Here they halted again, and a long discussion ensued as to where they should intrench. The orders said plainly Bunker Hill, but the nature of the ground said with equal plainness Breed's Hill, which was farther to the front, nearer to the river, and more threatening to the city. The dispute went on until the engineer begged for a speedy decision, and they then determined to throw up the intrenchments on Breed's Hill and fortify Bunker Hill afterward.

Then the work began. Gridley marked out the lines for the intrenchment and did it well. He was an accomplished engineer and had seen service at Louisburg and in the old French war. The redoubt he laid out in haste that night excited the admiration of the enemy the next day. The lines drawn, a thousand men set to work with



THE BUNKER HILL INTRENCHING PARTY.

Drawn up on Cambridge Common they stood quietly in the summer twilight and listened to the fervent prayer of Samuel Langdon, the President of Harvard College, as he blessed them and bade them God-speed.

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spades to raise the earthworks. These American soldiers, called hastily from their farms, lacked organization and military discipline, but they were intelligent, independent men, accustomed to turn their hand to anything. They could shoot and they could also dig. They were able to handle the spade as dexterously and effectively as the rifle. It was well for them that they could do so, for the June night was short, and quick work was vital. Close by them along the river-front lay five men-of-war and several floating batteries, all within gunshot. On the other side of the stream the British sentinels paced up and down the shore. Prescott, when the work began, sent a small detachment under Maxwell to patrol Charlestown and guard the ferry. Twice during the night he went down himself to the edge of the water and listened intently to catch the drowsy cry of "All's well" from the watch on the British ships. The work, therefore, had to be not only quick but quiet, and it is a marvel that no British sentry, and still more, no sailor on the men-of-war, detected the movement on the hill or heard the click of the spades and the hum and stir of a thousand men toiling as they never toiled before. But the Americans labored on in silence under the summer starlight, faster and faster, until the gray dawn began to show faintly in the east. When the light came, the sailors on the nearest sloop suddenly saw that intrenchments six feet high had sprung up in the night and were frowning at them from the nearest hill. The sight of the works was a complete surprise, and the captain of the *Lively*, without waiting for orders, opened fire. The sound of the guns roused Boston. British officers and townspeople alike rushed out to see what had happened. To the former that which met their eyes was not an en-

couraging sight, for with those Charlestown hills fortified and in the hands of the enemy, Boston would be untenable and they would be forced to abandon the town. Gage at once called a council of officers and they determined that the works on Breed's Hill must be taken immediately and at all hazards, and the Americans driven off. Unwilling, on account of Ward's army at Cambridge, to land on the Neck, which had been left practically unguarded, and thus assail the redoubt from behind, the one thing of all others to do, and thoroughly despising their opponents, of whom they knew nothing, they decided to make a direct attack in front, and orders went forth at once to draw out the troops and transport them by boats to Charlestown.

Meantime the battery on Copp's Hill and the water-batteries had been firing on the American works. The fire, however, was ineffective, and the Americans continued their task of finishing and perfecting their intrenchments and of building the interior platforms. Made in such haste, they were rude defences at best, but all that could be done was done. At first when a private was killed by a cannon-ball there was some alarm among the men unaccustomed to artillery fire, and Colonel Prescott therefore mounted the parapet and walked slowly up and down to show them that there was no serious danger. The sight of that tall, soldierly figure standing calmly out in full view of the enemy gave confidence at once, and there were no more murmurs of alarm, although when the tide was at flood some of the war-ships were able to enfilade the redoubt and pour in a better-directed fire. So the day wore on with its accompaniment of roaring cannon, the Americans waiting patiently under the hot sun, tired and thirsty, but ready and eager to fight.



PRESCOTT ON THE PARAPET AT BUNKER HILL.

The sight of that tall, soldierly figure standing calmly out in full view of the enemy gave confidence at once.

At noon the British troops marched through the streets of Boston, and began to embark under cover of an increased and strongly sustained fire from the ships and floating batteries. By one o'clock they had landed in good order at Moulton's Point, and formed in three lines. Not

liking the looks of the redoubt now that he was near to it, General Howe sent for reinforcements, and while he waited for them his men dined. Prescott, too, early in the morning had sent for reinforcements, and the news that the British had landed, caused a great stir in the camp at Cambridge, but owing to the lack of organization only a few fresh troops ever reached the hill. Some leaders arrived, like Warren and Pomeroy and General Putnam, who did admirable service throughout the day. John Stark came over with his New Hampshire company, declining to quicken his step across the Neck, which was swept by the British fire, and brought his men on the field in good condition. But with some few exceptions of this sort, Prescott was obliged to rely entirely on the small detachment he had himself led there the night before. Seeing a movement on the part of the British which made him believe that they were going to try to turn his position on the left, with the true military instinct and quick decision which he displayed throughout the day Prescott detached Colonel Knowlton with the Connecticut troops and the artillery to oppose the enemy's right wing. Knowlton took a position near the base of the hill, behind a stone fence with a rail on top. In front he hastily built another fence and filled the space between the two with freshly cut grass from the meadow. It was not such a work as a Vauban would have built, or foreign military experts would have praised, but the Americans of that day, instead of criticising it because it was not on the approved foreign model, made the best of it and proceeded to use it to good purpose. While Knowlton was thus engaged he was joined by Stark and the New Hampshire men, and with their aid was enabled to extend and strengthen his line.

At last the forces were in position. The long hours of quiet waiting in the burning sun were drawing to an end. The British forces were at length in line, and soon after three o'clock Howe briefly told his men that they were the finest troops in the world, and that the hill must be taken. Then he gave the word, and under cover of a very heavy fire from the ships, the batteries, and the artillery, they began to advance, marching in admirable order with all the glitter and show of highly disciplined troops. They were full of cheerful, arrogant confidence. They despised the Provincials and looked with scorn on the rude works. They had been taught to believe also that the Americans were cowards. Had not Lord Sandwich and other eminent persons, whom they were bound to credit, told them so? They expected a short, sharp rush, a straggling fire, a panic-stricken retreat of the enemy, and an easy victory to celebrate that evening in Boston.

Howe led the attack on the flank in person, aiming at the rail fence and the collection of "rustics," as he would have called them, who were gathered there. General Pigot led the assault in front upon the redoubt itself. On they marched, very fine to look upon in their brilliant uniforms and with their shining arms. Onward still they went, the artillery booming loudly over their heads. They began to draw near the works and yet the enemy gave no sign. The sun was very hot, and they had heavy knapsacks just as if they were going on a march instead of into action, which was natural from their point of view, for they expected no battle. The grass, too, was very long, and the fences were many. It was harder getting at the Americans, the heat was greater, the way longer, than they had imagined, but these things after all were trifles, and they would soon be

on the rebels now. Still all was silent in the redoubts. They came within gunshot. There were a few straggling shots from the fort, quickly suppressed, and it looked as if the officers were going round the parapet knocking up the guns. What could it all mean? Were the Provincials going to retreat without firing at all? It would seem that they were more cowardly than even the liberal estimate made by Lord Sandwich allowed. Perhaps most of them had slipped away already. In any event, it would soon be over. On then fast, for it was well within gunshot now. Forward again quickly, and the separating distance is only ten or twelve rods. Suddenly they heard from the fort the sharp order to fire. A sheet of flame sweeps down from the redoubt. It is a deadly, murderous fire. The execution is terrible. Officers fall in all directions. The British troops, and there are in truth no finer or braver in the world, return the fire sharply, but not well. The lines waver and gaps open everywhere in the ranks. Meantime the fire from the fort continues, steady, rapid, effective, evidently aimed by marksmen whose nerves are in good order.

How were they faring meanwhile at the rail fence, where General Howe was leading his men in person? Not quite so silent here. The two little American field-pieces opened effectively as the British advanced. There were some straggling shots from the fence, quickly suppressed as on the hill, but they drew the fire of the troops who came on, firing regularly as if on parade. It would not take long to dispose of this flimsy barrier. On, then, and forward. They came within gunshot, they came within ten rods, and now the rail fence flamed as the American fire ran down the line. This, too, was a deadly fire. The offi-

cers were picked off. The troops began to break, so savage was the slaughter. On hill and meadow, before redoubt and rail fence, the British columns gave way. They could not stand the execution that was being done upon them. Pigot ordered a retreat, and Howe's men broke and scattered. As the British troops recoiled and fell back, cut up by the American fire, the Americans sprang forward with cheers eager to pursue, restrained only by their officers, and shouting, "Are the Yankees cowards?" Lord Sandwich was answered. Whatever the final result, the men who had met and repulsed that onslaught were not cowards.

General Howe soon rallied his surprised and broken troops and formed them again in well-drawn lines. The British then set fire to the village of Charlestown, a perfectly wanton and utterly useless performance, as the wind carried the smoke away from the redoubt, and did not take possession of the Neck, which would have thrown the whole American force on the hills helplessly into their hands. The ships then renewed their bombardment with increased fury; the artillery was advanced on the right, where it could do much more execution upon the defenders of the rail fence, and with the little town in flames on their left, the British moved forward to a second assault. They advanced firing, their march encumbered now not only by long grass and fences, but by the bodies of their comrades fallen in the first attack. Their fire did little execution, for they aimed too high. Still they moved on with their well-ordered lines. Again the redoubt was silent. They came within gunshot, within ten rods, still silence. Now they were within six rods and now came again that sheet of flame and the deadly fire. This time they were not taken by surprise. They knew now that there were men behind

those rude earthworks who could and would shoot straight, and who had not run away at their approach. They staggered under the shock of this first volley, but rallied gallantly and came on. Could the Americans maintain their ground after one volley? It appeared that they could. Colonel Prescott said there was a "continuous stream of fire from the redoubt." So continuous, so rapid, and so steady was it, that the British never got across the short distance which remained. They struggled bravely forward, many falling within a few yards of the redoubt and on the very slopes of the embankment. Then they gave way, this time in confusion, and fled. Some ran even to the boats. It was the same at the rail fence. Despite the artillery playing on their left, the Americans stood firm and poured in their fatal volleys when the enemy came within the prescribed line. Howe's officers and aides fell all about him, so that at times he was left almost alone, a gallant figure in the thick of the slaughter, in the midst of dead and dying, his silk stockings splashed with blood and still calling to his soldiers to come on. The men who shot down his staff spared him. Perhaps the memory of the equally gallant brother whom they had followed in the Old French War, and a monument to that brother placed in Westminster Abbey by the province of Massachusetts, turned aside the guns which could have picked him off as they did his companions in arms. But at that moment no personal courage in the commander could hold the troops. They broke as the main column had broken on Breed's Hill before the sustained and fatal fire of the Americans, and swept backward almost in a panic to the shore and the boats.

This second repulse was far more serious both in losses and in moral effect than the first. So long a time elapsed



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The scene represents the second attack and is taken from the right wing of the Fifty-second Regiment, with a company of grenadiers in the foreground. The left wing of the regiment, under command of the major, has halted, and is firing a volley; the right wing is just marching past to take its position for firing. The ship-boarder firing from the middle distance is the Liberty; in the remoter distance is the smoke from the battery on Coff's Hill. The black smoke to the right is from the burning houses of Charlestown.

before the British moved again that some of the American officers thought that the enemy would not try the works a third time. The interval of delay, however, served only to disclose the inherent weakness of the American position. The men had behaved with steady courage, and fought most admirably, but they were entirely unsupported, and without support the position was untenable against repeated attacks from a superior force, and a mere trap if the British general had had the intelligence to seize the Neck. The American army at Cambridge had no real military organization, the general was without a staff, and, though a brave man, was unable to supply the deficiencies by his own energy and genius. Prescott had sent early in the day for reinforcements, but such confusion prevailed at Cambridge that none were dispatched to his assistance in an intelligent and effective manner. A number of companies, indeed, started from Cambridge for Charlestown. Some turned back, unwilling to face the fire of the ships which swept the Neck. Stark came through, as has been said, early in the day, and did splendid service with his men at the rail fence; but the others for the most part never came into action at all. Orders were disobeyed, contradictory commands issued, and men straggled away from their regiments, some to



GENERAL WILLIAM HOWE.

From an engraving after the portrait by Dodd, May 13, 1786.

retreat, some to join in desultory and independent fighting from outlying positions. Therefore, despite the great efforts of some of the officers, and especially of General Putnam, such men as really succeeded in reaching Charlestown remained in confusion on Bunker Hill in the rear of the redoubt. Even worse than the failure to support Prescott with troops, which was due to lack of discipline and leadership, was the failure to send him ammunition. He found himself forced to face a third attack, with no fresh soldiers, but only his own men who had been digging all night and fighting all day, and with scarcely any powder. Most of his men had only a single round, none more than three, and they broke up the cartridges of the cannon to get a last pitiful supply. With the shadow of certain defeat upon him, Prescott saw the British prepare for a third assault. Howe, not without difficulty, had rallied his men and reformed his ranks, while a reinforcement of four hundred marines had landed and joined him. He also had learned a lesson, and had found out that he had a dangerous enemy before him. This time the British soldiers laid aside their knapsacks, and advanced in light order. This time, too, only a feint was made at the rail fence, and the whole attack, as well as the artillery fire, was concentrated on the redoubt. Prescott knew that without powder, and with scarcely any bayonets, he could not shatter the columns before they reached the breastworks, nor repel an enemy capable of a bayonet charge once they had reached the parapet. Nevertheless, he determined to stand his ground, and make to the last the best fight he could. The British moved forward, this time in silence. "Make every shot tell," said Prescott to his men, and when the British were within twenty yards

the Americans, standing their ground firmly under the artillery fire, poured in a withering volley. The British line staggered, but came on. As they mounted the parapet another light volley did even more execution, but it was the last. The American powder was exhausted, and the Minute Men could only meet the bayonets with



JOSEPH WARREN, KILLED AT BUNKER HILL.

From a portrait painted by Copley in 1774.

clubbed muskets. It was a useless and hopeless waste of life to contend with such odds under such conditions, and Prescott gave the word to retreat. His men fell back from the redoubt, he himself going last, and parrying bayonet thrusts with his sword. Now it was that the Americans suffered most severely, and that Warren, one of the best beloved of the popular leaders, was killed. Nevertheless, the men drew off steadily and without panic. The brave

troops at the rail fence who had fought so well all day, checked the British advance and covered the retreat of the main body under Prescott; Andrew McClary, the gallant major of the New Hampshire company, being killed as he brought off his men. All that was left of the little American band retreated in good order across the Neck. They were not pursued. General Clinton, who had joined before the last attack, urged Howe to follow up his victory, but Howe and his men had had enough. They took possession of Bunker Hill with fresh reinforcements, and contented themselves with holding what they had gained, while the Americans established themselves upon the hills on the other side of Charlestown Neck. They had been driven from their advanced position, but one great result had been gained. The losses had been so severe that the British plan to take Dorchester Heights had to be given up. If the colonists could have held Breed's Hill, the British would have been compelled to abandon Boston at once; but the fact that they failed to hold it did not give the British a position which enabled them to command the American lines, or to prevent a close siege which would ultimately force evacuation.

Such was the battle of Bunker Hill. The victory was with the British, for they took the contested ground and held it. But the defeat of Bunker Hill was worth many victories to the Americans. It proved to them that British troops were not invincible, as they had been so confidently assured. It proved their own fighting capacity, and gave strength and heart to the people of every colony. Concord and Lexington had made civil war inevitable. Bunker Hill showed that the Revolution, rightly led, was certain to succeed. The story of Bunker Hill battle has

been told in prose and verse many times, and there is nothing to be added to the facts, but there was a meaning to it which was entirely overlooked at the moment, and which has never been sufficiently emphasized since. The fact that the British carried the hill is nothing, for they lost thirteen colonies in consequence. But it is in the statistics of the battle that the real lesson lay, a lesson which showed how disastrous a day it really had been for the British army, and which if taken to heart by the Ministry, a thing quite impossible under the circumstances, might have led even then to peace and concession. The price paid for that hill on June 17, 1775, was enormous, without regard to more remote results. Never had the British troops behaved with more stubborn bravery; never had they been more ruthlessly sacrificed, and never up to that time had British soldiers faced such a fire. They brought into action something over three thousand men, and not more than thirty-five hundred. The official British returns give the killed and wounded as 1,054. The Americans in Boston insisted that the British loss reached 1,500, but let us take only the official return of 1,054. That means that the British loss was a trifle over thirty per cent. The significance of these figures can only be understood by a few comparisons. The statistics of losses in Marlborough's battles are rough and inexact, but so far as we know the allies lost at Blenheim, where only 16,000 of the 55,000 were British troops, about twenty-five per cent.; at Ramillies about seven per cent.; at Malplaquet less than twenty-five per cent.; at Fontenoy, where the Duke of Cumberland, the "Martial Boy, *sans peur et sans avis*," hurled the British force at the centre of the French line in a charge as magnificent and desperate as it was wild and



A GLIMPSE OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT FROM COPPS HILL CEMETERY.

On this hill was the battery which destroyed the town of Charlestown during the battle of Bunker Hill.

foolish, there were 28,000 English soldiers in the army, and the loss in killed and wounded was somewhat over fourteen per cent. Thus we see the correctness of the statement that no English soldiers had at that time ever faced such a fire as they met at Bunker Hill. In later times the British loss at Waterloo was nearly thirty-four per cent., and the loss of the allied armies about fifteen per cent.; while at Gettysburg the Union army lost about twenty-five per cent., and these were two of the bloodiest of modern battles. Waterloo lasted all day, Gettysburg three days, Bunker Hill, an hour and a half. At Gravelotte, the most severe battle of our own time, and with modern weapons, the German loss was less than fourteen per cent. Take another significant feature at Bunker Hill. One hundred and fifty-seven British officers were killed or wounded. Wellington had four hundred and fifty-six killed or wounded at Waterloo. If the Bunker Hill propor-

tion had been maintained he should have lost nine hundred and forty-two. The American loss was less than the British, because the men fought from behind intrenchments, and it was sustained chiefly in the last hand-to-hand struggle.

Nevertheless, it was very severe. At different times the Americans appear to have had in Charlestown between two and three thousand men, but Washington, who was most accurate and had careful returns, stated that they never had more than fifteen hundred men engaged, which agrees with the best estimates that can be now made of the number of men who fought at the redoubt and behind the rail fence. The American loss was, from the best reports available, four hundred and eleven killed and wounded, at least twenty per cent. of the whole force actually engaged.

These statistics of the British loss, when analyzed, show the gallantry of the English soldiers, which no other race at that time could have equalled, and a folly on the part of their commanders in attempting to rush an earth-work held by such opponents, which it is hard to realize. Yet it is in the reasons for that very folly, which proved such a piece of good fortune to Prescott and his men, that we can find an explanation for the American Revolution, and for the disasters to the British arms which accompanied it.

Englishmen generally took the view that the people of the American Colonies were in all ways inferior to themselves, and particularly in fighting capacity. Lord Sandwich was not exceptional in his ignorance when he declared that the Yankees were cowards. Weight was given to what he said merely because he happened to be a peer, but his views were shared by most public men in England, and by most of the representatives of the English Crown in America, both military and civil. The opinion of statesmen like Chatham, Camden, or Burke, was disregarded, while that of Lord Sandwich and other

persons equally unintelligent was accepted. It was this stupidity and lack of knowledge which gave birth to the policy that resulted in colonial resistance to the Stamp Act, and later to the assembling of the first Revolutionary Congress. It seems very strange that intelligent men should have had such ideas in regard to the people of the American Colonies, when the slightest reflection would have disclosed to them the truth. The men of New England, against whom their wrath was first directed, were of almost absolutely pure English stock. They were descendants of the Puritans, and of the men who followed Cromwell and formed the famous army which he led to a series of unbroken victories. Whatever the faults of the Puritans may have been, no one ever doubted their ability in public affairs, their qualities as citizens, or, above all, their fighting capacity. In the one hundred and twenty-five years which had elapsed since that period, what had happened to make their descendants in the New World degenerate? The people of New England had made a hard fight to establish their homes in the wilderness, to gather subsistence, and, later, wealth from an ungrateful soil and from the stormy seas of the North Atlantic. They had been engaged in almost constant warfare with the Indians and French and had formed a large part of the armies with which Pitt had wrested Canada from France. Surely there was nothing in all this to weaken their fibre or to destroy their fighting qualities. Frontiersmen and pioneers whose arms were the axe and the rifle, sturdy farmers and hardy fishermen from the older settlements, of almost pure English blood, with a small infusion of Huguenots and a slight mingling, chiefly in New Hampshire, of Scotch-Irish from London-

derry, were not, on the face of things, likely to be timid or weak. Yet these were the very men Lord Sandwich and the Ministry, and England generally, set down as cowards, who would run like sheep before the British troops. While the resistance to the English policy of interference was confined to the arena of debate and of parliamentary opposition, the rulers of England found the representatives of these American people to be good lawyers, keen politicians and statesmen, able to frame state papers of the highest merit. Untaught, however, by the controversy of words, they resorted to force; and when the British generals, on the morning of June 17th, beheld the rude earthworks on Breed's Hill, their only feeling was one of scorn for the men who had raised them, and of irritation at the audacity which prompted the act. With such beliefs they undertook to march up to the redoubt as they would have paraded to check the advance of a city mob. When they came within range they were met by a fire which, in accuracy and in rapidity, surpassed anything they had ever encountered. As they fell back broken from the slopes of the hill their one feeling was that of surprise. Yet all that had happened was the most natural thing in the world. To men who had fought in the French and Indian wars, who had been bred on the farm and fishing smack, who were accustomed to arms from their youth, who, with a single bullet, could pick off a squirrel from the top of the highest tree, it was an easy matter, even though they were undisciplined, to face the British soldiers and cut them down with a fire so accurate that even stubborn British courage could not withstand it. Contempt for all persons not living in England, and profound ignorance of all people but their own, were

the reasons for the merciless slaughter which came upon the British soldiers at the battle of Bunker Hill. The lesson of that day was wasted upon England, because insular contempt for every other people on earth, even if they are kith and kin, is hard to overcome. It was, however, a good beginning, and the lesson was ultimately learned, for the same ignorance and contempt which led to the reckless charges against the Charlestown earthworks dictated the policy and sustained the war which cost England the surrender of two armies and the loss of thirteen great colonies. Perfect satisfaction with one's self, coupled with a profound ignorance and openly expressed contempt in regard to other people, no doubt tend to comfort in life, but they sometimes prove to be luxuries which it is expensive to indulge in too freely.

CHAPTER V

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

BUNKER HILL revealed at once the strength and weakness of the Americans. At Bunker Hill, as at Concord and Lexington, it was the people who had risen up and fought, just as fifteen years later it was the people of France who rose up and defied Europe, unchaining a new force which the rulers of Europe despised until it crushed them. So England despised her colonists, and when they turned against her they started the great democratic movement and let loose against the mother-country a new force, that of a whole people ready to do battle for their rights. The power which this new force had and the native fighting qualities of the American soldiers were vividly shown at Bunker Hill, and there, too, was exhibited its weakness. The popular army was unorganized, divided into separate bands quite independent of each other, undisciplined, and unled. Hence the ultimate defeat which prevision, organization, and tenacity of purpose would have so easily prevented. What the people could do fighting for themselves and their own rights was plain. Equally plain was the point where they failed. Could they redeem this failure and eradicate the cause of it? Could the popular force be organized, disciplined, trained, and made subor-

dinate to a single purpose? In other words, could it produce a leader, recognize him when found, concentrate in him all the power and meaning it had, rise out of anarchy and chaos into order and light, and follow one man through victory and defeat to ultimate triumph? These were the really great questions before the American people when the smoke had cleared and the bodies had been borne away from the slopes of Breed's Hill.

In such a time few men look below the surface of events and the actors in it must deal with the hard, insistent facts which press close against them. No one realized that the American people had been brought suddenly to a harder trial than facing British bayonets. No one understood at the moment that it must quickly be determined whether the popular movement was able to bring forth a leader, and then submit to and obey him, or whether after an outburst of brave fighting it was to fall back into weakness, confusion, and defeat.

Yet this mighty question was upon them, and even while they were still counting their dead in Boston and Cambridge, the leader was on his way to put his fortune, which was that of the American Revolution, to the test. On June 21st Washington started from Philadelphia. He had ridden barely twenty miles when he met the messengers from Bunker Hill. There had been a battle, they said. He asked but one question, "Did the militia fight?" When told how they had fought, he said, "Then the liberties of the country are safe," and rode on. Give him men who would fight and he would do the rest. Here was a leader clearly marked out. Would the people risen up in war recognize the great fact and acknowledge it?

A pause in New York long enough to put Philip



WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

On July 3, 1775, at about nine in the morning, Washington, with several of the general officers, went on foot (not mounted, as he is often represented) to the elm still standing by the edge of Cambridge Common, and there said a few words to the assembled troops, drew his sword and took command of the Continental Army.

Schuyler in charge of military affairs in that colony, and Washington pushed on through Connecticut. On July 2d he was at Watertown, where he met the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. An hour later, being little given

to talk, he rode on to Cambridge and reached headquarters. The next day the troops were all drawn out on parade, and in their presence, and that of a great concourse, Washington drew his sword and formally took command of the American army. The act performed, cheers and shouts broke forth, and the booming of cannon told the story to the enemy in Boston. The people were evidently with him. They looked upon him as he rode down the lines and were content. The popular movement had found its leader, and the popular instinct recognized him. Yet Washington came to the men of New England a stranger. They were very different from him in thought, in habits, and in modes of life, and like all strong people they were set in their own ways and disposed to be suspicious of those of others. But these men of New England none the less gave their entire confidence to Washington at once and never withdrew it. As General in the field, and later as President, he always had the loyal support of these reserved, hard-headed, and somewhat cold, people. They recognized him as a leader that morning on Cambridge Common, for there was that in his look and manner which impressed those who looked upon him with a sense of power. He was a man to be trusted and followed, and the keen intelligence of New England grasped the fact at the first glance.

Washington did not understand them quite as quickly as they understood him, for with the people it was an instinct, while with him understanding came from experience. At first, too, it was a rough experience. He found his new soldiers independent in their ways, as unaccustomed to discipline as they were averse to it, electing and deposing their officers, disposed to insubordination, and only too ready to

go off in order to attend to their domestic affairs, and return in leisurely fashion when their business was done. To a soldier like Washington this was all intolerable, and he wrote and said many severe things about them, no doubt accompanying his words sometimes when he spoke with out-



VICINITY OF THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE, AT THE PRESENT TIME.

In the background, enclosed by a fence and with a tablet marking it in front, is the historic tree under which Washington took command of the army.

bursts of wrath before which the boldest shrank. The officers and contractors troubled him even more than the men, for he found them hard bargainers, sharp, and, as it often seemed to him, utterly selfish. He dealt with these evils in the effective and rapid way with which he always met such difficulties. In his own plain language he made

“a good slam” among the wrong-doers and the faint-hearted. He broke several officers, put others under arrest, and swiftly changed the whole tone of the army. He had less trouble with the rank and file than with the officers, but all soon came straight, the criticisms of his troops disappear from his letters, and six months later he praises them in high terms. He entered on the war with an army composed wholly of New England men. He ended the revolution with an army, after seven years’ fighting, largely made up from the same New England people, and then it was that he said that there were no better troops in the world. The faults which annoyed him so much at the outset had long since vanished under his leadership, and the fine qualities of the men, their courage, intelligence, endurance, and grim tenacity of purpose had become predominant.

Washington, a great commander, had the genius for getting all that was best out of the men under him, but the work of organizing and disciplining the army at Cambridge was the least of the troubles which confronted him when he faced the situation at Boston. Moreover, he knew all the difficulties, for he not only saw them, but he was never under delusions as to either pleasant or disagreeable facts. One of his greatest qualities was his absolute veracity of mind; he always looked a fact of any sort squarely in the face, and this is what he saw when he turned to the task before him. The town of Boston, the richest, and next to Philadelphia the most populous in the colonies, was in the hands of the enemy, who had some twelve thousand regular troops, well armed, perfectly disciplined, and thoroughly supplied with every munition of war. This well-equipped force had command of the sea, and how

much the sea-power meant, Washington understood thoroughly. He knew with his broad grasp of mind what no one else appreciated at all, that in the sea-power was the key of the problem and the strength of the English. That gone, all would be easy. While England commanded the sea the struggle was certain to be long and doubtful. All the later years of the war, indeed, were devoted by Washington to a combination by which through the French alliance he could get a sea-control. When he succeeded, he swept the chief British army out of existence, and ended the war. But here at the start at Boston the enemy had control of the sea, and there was no way of getting it from them. The set task of getting the British out of Boston must be performed, therefore, while they commanded the sea, and had a powerful fleet at their backs. What means did Washington have to accomplish this formidable undertaking? An unorganized army of raw men, brave and ready to fight, but imperfectly armed, and still more imperfectly disciplined. The first thing that Washington did on taking command was to count his soldiers, and at the end of eight days he had a complete return, which he should have obtained in an hour, and that return showed him fourteen thousand men instead of the twenty thousand he had been promised. What a task it was to drive from Boston twelve thousand regular troops, supported by a fleet; and only fourteen thousand militia to do it with. How could it be done? Not by a popular uprising, for uprisings do not hold out for months with patient endurance and steady pushing toward a distant aim. No, this was work that must be done by one man, embodying and leading, it is true, the great popular force which had started into life, but still one man. It was for George Washing-

ton, with such means as he had or could create, to take the town, and the story of the siege of Boston is simply the story of how he did it.

Very rapidly discipline improved, and the militia took on the ways and habits of a regular army. The lines were extended and every strategic point covered, so that in a short time it was really impossible for the enemy to get out except by a pitched battle fought at great disadvantage. Observers in the army and on the spot could not explain just how this was all brought about, but they knew what was done, and they saw the new general on the lines every day. By the end of July the army was in good form, ready to fight and to hold their works. Then it was suddenly discovered that there was no gunpowder in the camp. An extensive line of works to be defended, a well-furnished regular army to be besieged, and only nine rounds of ammunition per man to do it with. There could hardly have been a worse situation, for if under such conditions the enemy were to make a well-supported sally, they could only be resisted for a few minutes at most. Washington faced the peril in silence and without wavering. Hard-riding couriers were despatched all over the country to every village and town to ask for, and, if need be, seize powder. A vessel was even sent to the Bermudas, where it was reported some gunpowder was to be had. By these desperate efforts enough powder was obtained to relieve the immediate strain, but all through the winter the supply continued to be dangerously low.

The anxieties and labors of the army and the siege were enough to tax the strongest will and the keenest brain to the utmost, and yet Washington was obliged to carry at the same time all the responsibility for military operations



By the KING,
A PROCLAMATION,
For suppressing Rebellion and Sedition.

GEORGE R.



WHEREAS many of Our Subjects in divers Parts of Our Colonies and Plantations in *North America*, misled by dangerous and ill-designing Men, and forgetting the Allegiance which they owe to the Power that has protected and sustained them, after various disorderly Acts committed in Disturbance of the Publick Peace, to the Obstruction of lawful Commerce, and to the Oppression of Our loyal Subjects carrying on the same, have at length proceeded to an open and avowed Rebellion, by arraying themselves in hostile Manner to withstand the Execution of the Law, and traitorously preparing, ordering, and levying War against Us. And whereas there is Reason to apprehend that such Rebellion hath been much promoted and encouraged by the traitorous Correspondence, Counsels, and Comfort of divers wicked and desperate Persons within this Realm: To the End therefore that none of Our Subjects may neglect or violate their Duty through Ignorance thereof, or through any Doubt of the Protection which the Law will afford to their Loyalty and Zeal; We have thought fit, by and with the Advice of Our Privy Council, to issue this Our Royal Proclamation, hereby declaring that not only all Our Officers Civil and Military are obliged to exert their utmost Endeavours to suppress such Rebellion, and to bring the Traitors to Justice; but that all Our Subjects of this Realm and the Dominions thereunto belonging are bound by Law to be aiding and assisting in the Suppression of such Rebellion, and to disclose and make known all traitorous Conspiracies and Attempts against Us, Our Crown and Dignity; And We do accordingly strictly charge and command all Our Officers as well Civil as Military, and all other Our obedient and loyal Subjects, to use their utmost Endeavours to withstand and suppress such Rebellion, and to disclose and make known all Treasons and traitorous Conspiracies which they shall know to be against Us, Our Crown and Dignity; and for that Purpose, that they transmit to One of Our Principal Secretaries of State, or other proper Officer, due and full Information of all Persons who shall be found carrying on Correspondence with, or in any Manner or Degree aiding or abetting the Persons now in open Arms and Rebellion against Our Government within any of Our Colonies and Plantations in *North America*, in order to bring to condign Punishment the Authors, Perpetrators, and Abettors of such traitorous Designs.

Given at Our Court at St. *James's*, the Twenty-third Day of *August*, One thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, in the Fifteenth Year of Our Reign.

God save the King.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *Charles Eyre* and *William Strahan*, Printers to the King's most Excellent Majesty. 1775.

A PROCLAMATION BY KING GEORGE III., AUGUST, 1775.

Reproduced from one of the original broadsides in Dr. Emmet's collection now in the Lenox Library.

everywhere. He was watching Johnson and his Indians in the valley of the Mohawk, and Tryon and the Tories in New York. He was urged to send troops to this place and that, and he had to consider every demand and say "no" as he did to Connecticut and Long Island when he thought that the great objects of his campaign would be injured by such a diversion. At the same time he planned and sent out expeditions aimed at a distant but really vital point which showed how he grasped the whole situation, and how true his military conceptions were. He saw that one of the essential parts of his problem was to prevent invasion from the north, and that this could be done best by taking possession of Canada. Success in this direction was possible, if at all, only by an extremely quick and early movement, for in a very short time the British would be so strong in the valley of the St. Lawrence that any attempt on their positions would be quite hopeless. He therefore sent one expedition under Montgomery by Lake Champlain to Montreal, and another under Arnold through Maine to meet the New York forces at Quebec. Montgomery met with entire success. He passed up the lake, after a siege took St. Johns, and then pressed on to Montreal, which he captured without difficulty. Meantime Arnold, with some eleven hundred men, was making his desperate march through the forests of Maine. Even now a large part of his route is still a wilderness. He encountered every obstacle and hardship that it is possible to conceive—hunger, cold, exposure, terrible marches through primeval woods, voyages down turbulent streams, where boats were sunk and upset with the drowning of men and loss of provisions and munitions. Still Arnold kept on with the reckless daring and indomitable spirit so charac-

teristic of the man. With a sadly diminished force he came out at last in the open country, and after a short rest pushed on to the St. Lawrence. When he reached Point Levi, opposite Quebec, there was no Montgomery to meet him. Nevertheless he crossed the river, but his force was too small



to attack, and he withdrew. Meantime Burr, disguised as a priest, reached Montreal from Quebec, and Montgomery came down the river and joined Arnold, but only with some three hundred men. It was now December and a Canadian winter was upon them. Nevertheless, the united forces, to the number of a thousand, made a desperate attack upon the

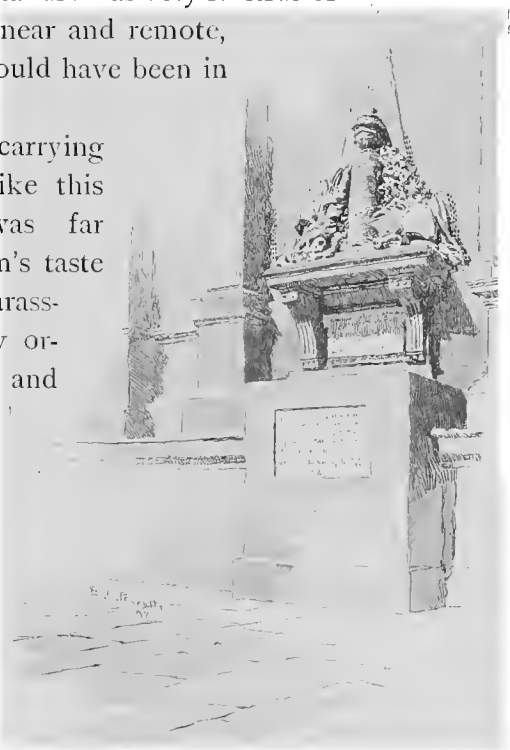


*TABLET ON THE ROCKS OF CAPE DIAMOND BEARING THE INSCRIPTION
"MONTGOMERY FELL, DEC'R 31, 1775."*

city. Montgomery was killed in the assault, and his men repulsed. Arnold penetrated into the city, was badly wounded, and forced to leave the field. Carleton, enabled by the defeat of Montgomery to concentrate his defence, forced Morgan, who had succeeded to the command after some desperate fighting in the streets, to surrender. This was really the end of the attempt on Canada, despite the fact that Arnold, with only five hundred men, held Carleton besieged in Quebec all winter. But although new

generals came, and in the spring Washington at great risk detached reinforcements from his own army to aid the men in the north, on the breaking up of the ice in the river the Americans were compelled to withdraw from Quebec and later from Montreal. The attempt had failed, the north and the valley of the St. Lawrence remained open to England, and Canada was lost to the Americans. It was a well-conceived, boldly planned expedition, defeated by a series of unforeseen obstacles here, and a little delay there; but its failure was very fruitful of consequences, both near and remote, just as its success would have been in another direction.

Planning and carrying on bold schemes, like this against Canada, was far more to Washington's taste than the grinding, harassing work of slowly organizing an army, and without proper material pressing siege-operations. Still he kept everything well in hand. He chafed under the delays of the work at Boston; he knew that at this juncture time helped England, and he wanted to



THE MONUMENT TO MONTGOMERY, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

Erected by the order of Congress, January 25, 1776.

make the fullest use of the first energy of the popular enthusiasm. Early in September he proposed an attack on Boston by boats and along Roxbury Neck, and a little later another of similar character. In both cases his council of officers went against him, and he had not reached that point of discipline where he could afford to disregard them and follow his own opinion alone, as he so often did afterward.

Councils of officers, however, were not his only trouble or hindrance. Congress wanted speed ; while his officers thought him rash, Congress thought him slow, and demanded the impossible. They wondered why he did not at once secure the harbor without ships, and urged him to set up batteries and open on the town when he had neither siege-guns nor powder. Congress had to be managed, and so did the Provincial Congresses, each unreasonable in its own way, and from them, moreover, he was compelled to procure money and supplies and men. With infinite tact and patience he succeeded with them all. Enlistments expired, and he was obliged to lose his old army and replace it with a new one—not a pleasant or easy undertaking in the presence of the enemy and in the midst of a New England winter. But it was done. Privateers began to appear, and rendered great service by their attacks on the enemy's commerce. They brought in many valuable prizes, and Washington had to be a naval department, and, in a measure, an admiralty court. Again the work was done. Gage treated American prisoners badly. With dignity, firmness, and a good deal of stern vigor, Washington brought him to terms and taught him a much-needed lesson both in humanity and manners.

So the winter wore on. Unable to attack, and with no



THE ATTACK ON QUEBEC.

The Second Division, under Arnold, attacking. Arnold, who led this part of the attack, was completely disabled by a musket-wound in the knee, and was obliged to leave the field.

material for siege-operations, he could only hold the British where they were and make their situation difficult by cutting off all supplies by land with his troops, and by water with his privateers. It was dreary work, and no real advance seemed to be made, until in February the well-directed efforts began to tell and light at last began to break. Powder by great diligence had been gathered from every corner, and the Americans now had it in sufficient quantity to justify attack. Henry Knox, sent to Ticonderoga, had brought thence on sledges over the snow the cannon captured by Ethan Allen that memorable May morning. Thus supplied, Washington determined to move. His first plan was to cross the ice with his army and storm the city. This suited his temperament, and also was the shortest way, as well as the one which would be most destructive and ruinous to the enemy. Again, however, the officers protested. They prevented the crossing on the ice, but they could no longer hold back their chief. If he could not go across the ice, then he would go by land, but attack he would. On the evening of Monday, March 4th, under cover of a heavy bombardment, he marched a large body of troops to Dorchester Heights, and began to throw up redoubts. All night long Washington rode up and down the lines encouraging his men and urging them to work. He knew them now, they had always believed in him, and under such leadership and with such men, the works grew rapidly. When morning broke there was, as on June 17th, great stir and excitement in Boston, and it was plain that the British meant to come out and attack. Washington's spirits rose at the prospect. He had had enough of siege-work, and was eager to fight. Meantime his men worked on hard and fast. The British troops made ready, but a gale came up

and they could not cross the bay. The next day there was a storm and heavy rain. The next day it was too late ; the works were too strong to be attempted successfully. Then the Ticonderoga guns began to send shot and shell into Boston, and parleys were opened. Howe, through the selectmen, promised to evacuate if not molested, but if attacked declared that he would burn the town. Washington assented to this proposition, but still Howe delayed, and Washington, not fond of delays or uncertainties, advanced his works. The hint was enough, and on March 17th, amid disorder and pillage, leaving cannon and much else behind, eleven thousand British troops with about a thousand Boston Tories went on board the fleet, while Washington marched in at the other end of the town. The fleet lingered at the entrance to the harbor, closely watched by Washington, for a few days, and then sailed away to Halifax.

The victory was won. Boston was in the hands of the Americans, and so remained. Except for raids here and there, and an attack on Newport, the war in New England was over, and those colonies, the richest and most populous, with their long coast-line and ample harbors, were set free to give all their strength to the general cause without being held back or distracted by fighting for their own firesides. To have driven the British from New England and from her capital city in this complete and rapid fashion, was not only a victory, but an achievement of immense importance toward the ultimate success of the Revolution.

It was, moreover, in a purely military way, a very remarkable feat of arms. We cannot improve on Washington's own statement, simple, concise, and sufficient as his statements always are. "To maintain," he said, "a post

within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together without powder, and at the same time to disband one army and recruit another within that distance of twenty odd British regiments is more, probably, than was ever attempted." It was in truth a daring attempt, and the success was extraordinary. The beginning came from the armed people of the colonies. The final victory was won by the genius of Washington, whom the people had the wisdom to obey and the sense and strength to follow.

The Americans outnumbered the British, but not more than in the proportion of three to two, and this was little enough, as they had to hold the outer and besieging line. They were inferior to their opponents in discipline, equipment, organization, experience, and, worst of all, they had no sea-power whatever. All English soldiers were brave, and there could be no question about the unflinching courage of the men who had stormed the works at Bunker Hill. How was it then that with all the odds in their favor, when they should have broken the American lines and defeated the American army again and again, how was it that they were taken in an iron grip, held fast all winter, reduced to great straits, and finally driven ignominiously from the town they held by the army and the general they despised? The answer is really simple, difficult as the question seems on the face. The American troops were of just as good fighting quality as the British, and they were led by a great soldier, one of the great soldiers, as events showed, of the century. The British were commanded by some physically brave gentlemen of good family and slender intellect. Such men as these had no chance against a general like Washington so long as he had men who would fight and enough gunpowder for his cannon and muskets. He

closed in on them, using to the utmost his inferior resources, and finally had them in so tight a grip that there was nothing for them but flight or a bloody defeat in the streets of a burning town. It was neither by accident nor by cowardice that the British were beaten out of Boston ; it was by the military capacity of one man triumphing over extraordinary difficulties of his own and helped by unusual stupidity and incompetence on the part of his enemy whom he accurately estimated.

How was it, to go a step farther, that such men as Gage and Clinton and Howe were sent out to conquer men of their own race, risen in arms, and led by George Washington ? For the same reason that the British soldiers were marched up the slopes of Bunker Hill as if they were going on a holiday parade. It was because England's Ministers and people knew nothing of the Americans, wanted to know nothing, despised them, thought them cowards, and never dreamed for one moment that they could produce a great general. There was absolutely no reason in the nature of things why the Americans should not be able to fight and bring forth great commanders. As a matter of fact they did both, but as they were no longer native Englishmen, England believed they could do neither. Bunker Hill threw some light on the first theory ; George Washington riding into Boston in the wake of a flying British army, illuminated the second. England learned nothing from either event, except that coercion would require larger forces than she had anticipated ; still less did she suspect that the men who could write the State papers of Congress could also be diplomatists and find powerful allies. She was about to win some military successes, as was to be expected with the odds so largely in her favor. Encouraged

by them, she paid no real heed either to Bunker Hill or Boston, and neither revised her estimate of the American soldier, nor paid much attention to his chief. Yet both events were of inestimable importance, for one showed the fighting quality of the American people, the other the military capacity and moral force of Washington, and it was by the fighting of the American soldier and the ability and indomitable courage of Washington that the American Revolution came to victory. Much else contributed to that victory, but without Washington and the soldiers who followed him, it would have been impossible.

CHAPTER VI

THE SPREAD OF REVOLUTION

It would have been a very obvious part of good military judgment for the British commanders to endeavor to force Washington away from Boston by assailing his communications to the west and south, or by attacks in other important quarters, which would have demanded relief from the main army. Military judgment, however, was not a quality for which the British generals in Boston were conspicuous. Still less is it conceivable that any of them should have taken a broad view of the whole military situation and sought to compel Washington to raise the siege by a movement in another direction, as Scipio, to take a proverbial example, forced Hannibal out of Italy by the invasion of Africa. This none the less was one intelligent course to pursue. Another equally sensible would have been to concentrate the war at Boston, and by avoiding collisions and cultivating good relations with the people of the other colonies endeavor to separate Massachusetts from the rest of the continent. The British took neither course, and so lost the advantages of both. They did enough to alarm and excite the other colonies and to make them feel that the cause of Massachusetts was their own, and yet they did not do anything sufficiently effective to even distract Washington's attention, much less loosen his iron grip on Boston.



THE DESTRUCTION OF FALMOUTH, NOW THE CITY OF PORTLAND, ME.

In October, 1775, Captain Mowatt appeared off Falmouth, in Maine, where the city of Portland now stands, opened fire and destroyed the little town by a heavy bombardment. It was an absolutely useless performance ; led to nothing, and was hurtful to the British cause. Washington at once made preparations to defend Portsmouth, thinking that the New Hampshire town would be the next victim, but the British had no plan, not enough even to make their raids continuous and effective. They stopped with the burning of Falmouth, which was sufficient to alarm every coast-town in New England, and make the people believe that their only hope of saving their homes was in a desperate warfare ; and which at the same time did not weaken the Americans in the least or force Washington to raise the siege of Boston.

In explanation of the attack on Falmouth, it could at least be said that it was a New England town and belonged to Massachusetts, and that all New England practically was in arms. But even this could not be urged in defence of the British policy elsewhere. In the middle colonies, where the loyalists were strong and the people generally conservative, little was done to hurry on the Revolution. The English representatives, except Tryon, who was active and intriguing in New York, behaved, on the whole, with sense and moderation, and did nothing to precipitate the appeal to arms.

In the South the case was widely different. The British governors there, one after the other, became embroiled with the people at the earliest moment ; then, without being in the least personal danger, fled to a man-of-war, and wound up by making some petty and ineffective attack which could have no result but irritation. Thus Lord

Dunmore behaved in Virginia. It is true that that great colony was like New England, almost a unit in the policy of resistance to England, yet she had committed no overt act herself, and good sense would seem to have dictated every effort to postpone the appeal to force. Lord Dunmore, however, after much arguing and proclaiming, betook himself to a man-of-war. There was nothing sanguinary or murderous about the American Revolution, for it was waged on a principle and not in revenge for wrongs; but, nevertheless, Lord Dunmore apparently thought his precious life was in peril. Having ensconced himself safely in the war-ship, with a delightful absence of humor he summoned the assembly to meet him at the seat of government, an invitation not accepted by the Burgesses. Then he dropped down the river, was joined by some additional war-ships, made an attack on the village of Hampton, and was repulsed. Foiled there, he took position in the rear of Norfolk, commanding the bridge, and drove off some militia. The Virginians, now thoroughly aroused, called out some troops, a sharp action ensued, and the British forces were very creditably beaten. Still unsatisfied, Lord Dunmore proceeded to bombard and destroy Norfolk, the largest and most important town in the colony. This was his last exploit, but he had done a good deal. His flight had cleared the way for an independent provincial government. His attack on Hampton and the fight at the bridge had brought war into Virginia, and her people, brave, hardy, and very ready to fight, had quickly crossed the Rubicon and committed themselves to revolution. The burning of Norfolk, wanton as it was, added to the political resistance a keen sense of wrong, and a desire for vengeance which were not present before. The de-

struction of the Virginia seaport also had the effect of exciting and alarming the whole Southern seaboard, and brought no advantage whatever to the cause of England. Altogether, it seems that Lord Dunmore's policy, if he was capable of having one, was to spread the Revolution as fast, and cement the union of all the colonies as strongly, as possible.

Unlike Virginia, the Carolinas were sharply divided in regard to the differences with the mother-country. In North Carolina there was a strong loyalist party, the bulk of which numerically was formed of Highlanders who had come to America since 1745, and conspicuous among whom were the famous Flora Macdonald and her husband. Martin, the Governor there, went through the customary performances of British governors. He stirred up one part of the community against the other, set a civil war on foot in the colony, betook himself to a man-of-war, and cried out for help from England. The usual result followed. The loyalists attacked the Minute Men under Caswell, who had posted themselves at a bridge from which they had taken the planks. The Highlanders gallantly attempted to cross on the beams but were beaten back, for the claymore was no match for the rifle. In this way the colony was alienated from the Crown, fighting was started, the party of revolution and resistance was left with a clear field and a free hand as the only positive force, to set up an independent government and seize all authority.

In South Carolina there was a similar division between the people and planters of the seaboard, who were on the American side, and the herdsmen and small farmers of the interior, many of whom inclined strongly to the Crown. This division, Lord William Campbell the Governor—

made such merely because he was one of a noble family—did all in his power to foment. British agents were sent into the western counties to rouse the inhabitants, and not content with this, these same agents began to intrigue with the Indians. If any one thing was more calculated than all else to make the rupture with the mother-country hopeless, it was the idea of letting loose the Indians upon the frontier. To incite this savage warfare was to drive the Americans to desperation and to convert even loyalists to the cause of resistance and hatred against England. Yet the English Ministry resorted to this inhuman scheme, and in the North their Indian allies fought for them diligently and damaged their cause irreparably. The Indian intriguing in South Carolina did not, at this time, come to much, but Lord William Campbell apparently felt that he had done enough. He had stirred up strife, incited the patriots to begin the work of fortifying Charleston Harbor, and then he departed to the customary man-of-war, leaving his opponents to take control of the government while he urged aid from England, and explained what cowards and poor creatures generally the Americans were from whom he had run away.

Georgia was weak, the youngest of all the colonies, and her Governor, Sir James Wright, was prudent and conciliatory. So the colony kept quiet, sent no delegates to the first, and only one, who was locally chosen, to the second Congress. The condition of Georgia was a lesson as to the true policy of England had her Ministry understood how to divide the colonies one from another. But they seemed to think that the way to hold the colonies to England and to prevent their union, was to make a show of force everywhere. Such stupidity, as Dr. Johnson said,

does not seem in nature, but that it existed is none the less certain. So in due course, dulness being in full control in London, a small squadron appeared off Savannah. Immediately the people who had been holding back from revolution rose in arms. Sir James Wright was arrested, and the other officers of the Crown fled, or were made prisoners. Three weeks later the Governor escaped, took refuge in the conventional manner on a convenient man-of-war, and then announced that the people were under the control of the Carolinas and could only be subdued by force. Thus Georgia, menaced by England and deserted by her Governor, passed over to independence and organized a government of her own, when she might have been kept at least neutral, owing to her position, her weakness, and her exposed frontier.

The actions of their governors were sufficient to alienate the Southern colonies and push on the movement toward independence, but a far more decisive step was taken by the English Government itself. In October, 1775, the King decided that the South, which had thus far done nothing but sympathize with the North and sustain Massachusetts in Congress, must be attacked and brought by force into a proper frame of mind. The King therefore planned an expedition against the Southern colonies in October and decided that Clinton should have the command. The manner in which this affair was managed is an illustration of the incapacity of English administration, which so recently, under Pitt, had sustained Frederick of Prussia, and conquered North America from the French. Not until February did the expedition under Admiral Parker sail with the fleet and transports from Cork. Not until May did Clinton receive his instructions, and it was

the third of that month when the fleet, much scattered, finally entered Cape Fear River. The conduct of the expedition conformed with its organization, and differences between the general and the admiral began at once. Clinton wanted to go to the Chesapeake, while Lord William Campbell urged an attack on Charleston. The latter's council prevailed, and after Cornwallis had landed, destroyed a plantation, and roused the people of North Carolina by a futile raid, the fleet departed for the south.

It was the first day of June when news was brought to Charleston that a fleet of forty or fifty sail were some twenty miles north of the bar. The tidings were grave indeed, but South Carolina had improved the time since Lord William Campbell's departure under the bold and vigorous leadership of John Rutledge, who had been chosen President of the colony. Work had been pushed vigorously on the defences, and especially at Sullivan's Island, where a fort of palmetto-wood was built and manned under the direction and command of William Moultrie. Continental troops arrived from the North. First came General Armstrong of Pennsylvania, then two North Carolina regiments, and then the best regiment of Virginia. Also came General Charles Lee, to whom great deference was paid on account of his rank in the Continental Army, and still more because he was an Englishman. As usual, however, Lee did no good, and if his advice had been followed he would have done much harm. He made an early visit to Sullivan's Island, pronounced the fort useless, and advised its abandonment. Moultrie, a very quiet man of few words, replied that he thought he could hold the fort, which was all he ever said apparently to any of the prophets of evil who visited him. At all events, sustained by Rutledge, he

stayed quietly and silently where he was, strengthening the fort and making ready for an attack. Lee, who took the British view that British soldiers were invincible, then proceeded to do everything in his power to make them so, and being unable to induce Rutledge to order the abandonment of the island, he withdrew some of the troops and then devoted himself to urging Moultrie to build a bridge to retreat over. Moultrie, however, like many other brave men, had apparently a simple and straightforward mind. He had come to fight, not retreat, and he went on building his fort and paid little attention to the matter of the bridge.



GENERAL WILLIAM MOULTRIE.
From the painting by John Trumbull, 1791.

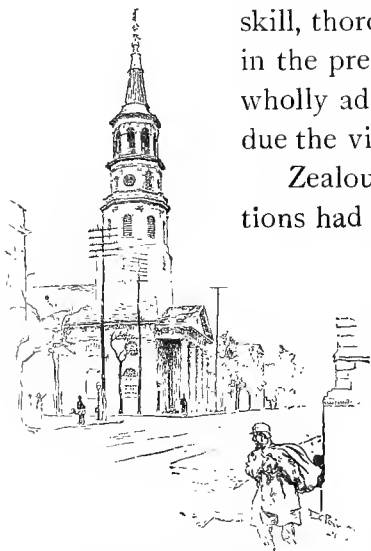
But although Lee was doing all the damage he could by interfering with Moultrie, the government of the colony gave the latter hearty backing and supported him by well-arranged defences. Fortunately, there was an abundance of men to draw upon—all the South Carolina militia, the continental troops, and the regiments from North Carolina and Virginia. Armstrong, who acted cordially with Moultrie, was at Hadrell's Point with some fifteen hundred men, while Thomson, of Orangeburg, with nearly a thousand riflemen from the Carolinas, was sent to the island to support the garrison. In addition to this, Gadsden, with the first Carolina regiment, occupied Fort Johnson, and there were about two thousand more men in the city. Charles-

ton itself had also been diligently and rapidly fortified when the Government heard of the coming of the British ; warehouses had been taken down and batteries and works established along the water-front. The skill, thoroughness, and intelligence shown in the preparations of South Carolina were wholly admirable, and to them was largely due the victory which was won.

Zealously, however, as these preparations had been made, they were in a large measure completed and perfected only after the news of the coming of the British fleet and army had been received. It seems almost incredible when time was so vital to success that the English should have given to their opponents such ample opportunity to make ready. But so it was.

It was the 1st of June when

Parker came off the bar with his ships, and a month elapsed before he attacked. Such inefficiency is not easily understood ; nor is it clear why the English should have been so delayed. They seem indeed to have simply wasted their time. Not until June 7th did Clinton send on shore his proclamation denouncing the rebels. On the 9th he began to disembark his men on Long Island, having been told that there was a practicable ford between that place and Sullivan's Island where the fort stood, a piece of information which he did not even take the trouble to verify. On the 10th the British came over the bar with thirty or



OLD ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
*The Steeple Served as a Beacon for the Mariners
of the Time.*

forty vessels, including the transports. What they did during the ensuing week is not clear. Clinton completed the landing of his troops, more than three thousand in number, on the island, which was a naked sand-bar, where the men were scorched by the sun, bitten by mosquitoes, forced to drink bad water, and suffered from lack of provisions. Having comfortably established his army in this desirable spot, he then thoughtfully looked for the practicable ford, found there was none, and announced the interesting discovery to Sir Peter Parker. That excellent seaman was not apparently disturbed. Indeed, his interest in Clinton seems to have been of the slightest. He exercised his sailors and marines in the movements for entering a fort, and felt sure of an easy victory, for he despised the Americans, and was confident that he could get on perfectly well without Clinton. In this view he was encouraged by letters from the Governor of East Florida, who assured him that South Carolina was really loyal, and that the fort would yield at once, while he was still further cheered by the arrival of the *Experiment*, a fifty-gun ship. Thus strengthened, and with a fair wind, he at last bore down toward the fort on June 28th.

Moultrie was entirely ready. He sent Thomson with the riflemen down toward the east to watch Clinton on Long Island and to prevent his crossing, while with four hundred and fifty men he prepared to defend the fort himself. The attack began about ten o'clock in the morning. First two vessels shelled the fort, then four more (including the *Bristol* and *Experiment*, fifty-gun ships) anchored within four hundred yards of the fort and opened a heavy fire. The palmetto logs stood the shots admirably, for the balls sank into the soft wood, which neither broke nor splint-

ered. To counterbalance this good fortune, Moultrie, un-luckily, had very little powder and received only a small additional supply later in the day, so that he was obliged to husband his resources, and kept up a slow, although steady, fire. It was, however, well aimed and very destructive. The Bristol suffered severely; her cables were cut, and as she swung to the tide the Americans raked her. Three fresh ships which came up ran aground. The men in the fort suffered but little, and when the flag was shot away, Sergeant Jasper sprang to the parapet in the midst of the shot and shell and replaced it on a halberd. So the day slowly passed. The British kept up a heavy cannonade, while the Americans replied by a slow and deadly fire, striking the ships with almost every shot. Meantime the army on Long Island assisted as spectators. Clinton looked at the place where the ford should have been and decided not to cross. He then put some of his men in boats, but on examining Thomson and his riflemen, perhaps with memories of Bunker Hill floating in his mind, concluded that to attempt a landing would be a mere waste of life. So he stayed on the sand-bank and sweltered, and watched the ships. At last the long hot day drew to a close and Admiral Parker, having suffered severely, and made no impression whatever on the fort, slipped his cables and dropped down to his old anchorage.

When morning came, the results of the fighting were apparent. The Actæon was aground, and was burned to the water's edge. The Bristol had lost two masts, and was practically a wreck. The Experiment was little better. Altogether, the British lost two hundred and five men killed and wounded, and one man-of-war. The Americans lost eleven men killed, and had twenty-six wounded. It

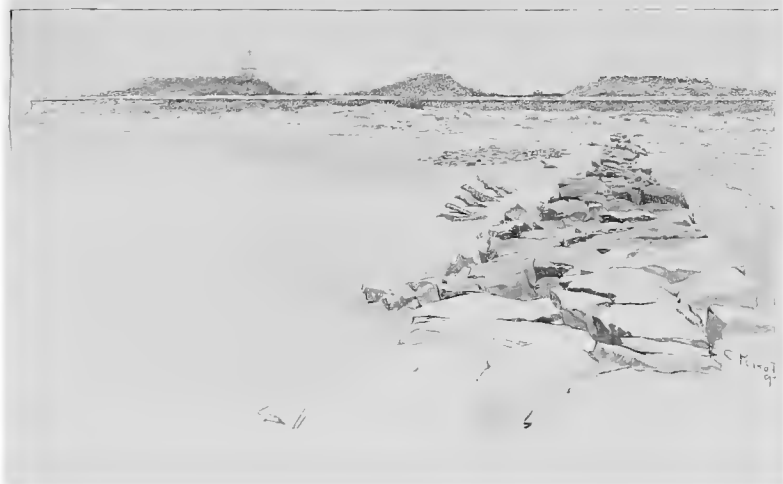


THE DEFENCE OF FORT SULLIVAN, JUNE 28, 1776.

With four hundred and fifty men General Moultrie successfully withstood the British cannonade.

was a very well-fought action, and the honor of the day belonged to Moultrie, whose calm courage and excellent dispositions enabled him to hold the fort and beat off the enemy. Much was also due to the admirable arrangements made by the South Carolinians, under the lead of Rutledge who had every important point well-covered and strongly held.

On the side of the British, to the long and injurious delays was added fatal blundering when they finally went



FORT MOULTRIE, AT THE PRESENT DAY.

On the site of Fort Sullivan.

into action. Clinton's men were stupidly imprisoned on Long Island, and rendered utterly useless. Parker, instead of running the fort and attacking the city, which from a naval point of view was the one thing to do, for the capture or destruction of the city would have rendered all outposts untenable, anchored in front of the fort within easy range, and tried to pound it down. It was so well built that it resisted his cannonade, and all the advantage

was with Moultrie and his men, who with perfect coolness and steady aim cut the men-of-war to pieces, and would have done much more execution if they had been well supplied with powder. It was the same at Charleston as elsewhere. Parker believed that the Americans could not, and would not, fight, but would run away as soon as he laid his ships alongside and began to fire. He never stopped to think that men who drew their blood from England, from the Scotch-Irish, and from the Huguenots, came of fighting stocks, and that the mere fact that they lived in America and not in Great Britain did not necessarily alter their courage or capacity. So he gave them ample time to make ready, and then, on the theory that they would run like sheep, he put his ships up as targets at close range and imagined that he would thus take the fort. No braver people lived than the South Carolinians. They stood their ground, kept the fort, and fought all day stripped to the waist under the burning sun. After ten hours Parker found his ships terribly cut up and the fort practically intact. Whether during the night he reflected on what had happened, and saw that his perfect contempt for the Americans was the cause of his defeat, no one now can say. Certain it is, however, that after exchanging recriminations with Clinton he gave up any idea of further attack. Clinton and his regiments got off in about three weeks for New York, and Parker, as soon as he was able, departed with his fleet to refit.

The British expedition, politically speaking, ought never to have been sent at all, for its coming simply completed the alienation of the Southern colonies. From a military point of view, it was utterly mismanaged from beginning to end, and the victory won by South Carolina, led by

Moultrie and his men, was of immense importance. It consolidated the South and at the same time set them free for three years from British invasion, thus enabling them to give their aid when it was needed in the middle colonies. When war again came upon them the British had been so far checked that the North was able to come to the help of the South. Washington's victory at Boston and the repulse of the British fleet at Charleston, by relieving New England and the South, enabled the Americans to concentrate in the middle colonies at the darkest time when the fate of the revolution was in suspense. The failure of England to hold her position in Massachusetts, or to maintain her invasion of the South, was most disastrous to her cause. Either by political management or force of arms, she should have separated these regions from the great central provinces. She failed in both directions, and only did enough to drive the colonies together and to encourage the Americans to fight.

CHAPTER VII

INDEPENDENCE

AFTER they had provided themselves with a General and an army, and the General had ridden away to Boston, Congress found themselves in a new position. They had come into existence to represent, in a united way, the views of the colonies in regard to the differences which had arisen with the mother-country, a duty they had performed most admirably. The State papers in which they had set forth their opinions and argued their case were not only remarkable, but they had commanded respect and admiration even in England, and had attracted attention on the Continent of Europe. This was the precise business for which they had been chosen, and they had executed their commission with dignity and ability. They had elevated their cause in the eyes of all men, and had behaved with wisdom and prudence. But this work of theirs was an appeal to reason, and the weapons were debate and argument with which while they were trying to convince England of the justice of their demands, they had strengthened the opinions and sharpened the convictions of their own people. Thus had they stimulated the popular movement which had brought Congress into existence, and thus did they quicken the march of events which bore them forward even in their

own despite. While they resolved and argued and drafted addresses and petitions in Philadelphia, other Americans fought at Concord and Bunker Hill and Ticonderoga. While they discussed and debated, an army of their fellow-citizens gathered around Boston and held a British army besieged. Thus was the responsibility of action forced upon them. They could not escape it. They had themselves helped to create the situation which made the battles in Massachusetts the battles of all the colonies alike. So they proceeded to adopt the army, make generals, and borrow money. In other words, under the pressure of events, these men who had assembled merely to consult and resolve and petition, suddenly became a law-making and executive government. For the first of these functions, thanks to the natural capacity of the race, they were sufficiently well adapted to meet the emergency. If they could pass resolutions, publish addresses, and put forth arguments, as they had done with signal ability, they were entirely capable of passing all the laws necessary for a period of revolution. But when it came to the business of execution and administration, they were almost entirely helpless. That they had no authority was but the least of their difficulties, for authority they could and did assume. Far more serious was the fact that they had no assurance that anything they did or said would be heeded or obeyed, for they represented thirteen colonies, each one of which believed itself to be sovereign and on an equality with the Congress. They were obliged therefore to trust solely to the force of circumstances and to public opinion for obedience to their decrees, and although this obedience came after a halting fashion under the pressure of war, it rested on very weak foundations.

They had no frame of government whatever, no organization, no chief executive, no departments for the transaction of the public business. Yet they were compelled to carry on a war, and war depends but little on legislation and almost wholly on executive action. No legislative body is really fit for executive work ; and able, wise, and patriotic as the members of our first Congress were, they could not overcome this fatal defect. They chose committees as a matter of course, and this mitigated the inherent evils of the situation, but was very far from removing them. They were still a legislative body trying to do in various directions work which only a single man could properly undertake. Here then was the great weakness of the American cause, and yet it could not be avoided. A Congress without power and forced to operate through thirteen distinct sovereignties was the only executive government with which the American Revolution began, and it never became much better, although some improvements were effected. At the outset, moreover, the Congress was not clear as to just what it meant to do. They were engaged in actual and flagrant war with England, and at the same time were arguing and reasoning with the mother-country and trying to come to terms of peaceful settlement with her. They despatched George Washington to beleaguer a British army, and at the same time clung to their allegiance to the British Crown. When events forced them to action under these conditions, the feebleness of Congress as an executive government soon became painfully apparent.

They sent Washington off with nothing but his commission, and hoped that they could in one campaign bring about a treaty with England. The New York Provincial

Congress came forward with a plan of peaceful reconciliation, which was all very well, if England had been willing to listen to anything of that sort, and the Continental Congress still labored under the same delusion. Yet there were the hard facts of the situation continually knocking at the door and insisting on an answer. So, even while they were considering plans for peace, they were obliged to act. Money had to be obtained in some way, for schemes of reconciliation paid no bills, and they had adopted an army and made a general. How were they to get it? They had no authority to impose taxes. It is true that they could have assumed this as they did much other authority, but they had neither the power nor the machinery to collect taxes if they imposed them. The collection of taxes could not be assumed, for it was something to be done by proper executive force, of which they were destitute. Thus pressed, they resorted to the easy and disastrous expedient of issuing continental bills of credit, merely pledging the colonies to redeem them, and without any provision for really raising money at all. Probably, this was the best that could be done, but it was a source of weakness and came near wrecking the American cause. They also adopted a code for the government of the army; authorized the invasion of Canada, and sent agents to the Indians to prevent their forming alliances with Great Britain.

These things accomplished, Congress turned again to the business for which they had been chosen, the defence of the American position; and on July 6th published a declaration of the reasons for taking up arms. This was done thoroughly well. They set forth the acts of hostility on the part of Great Britain, and showed that the Ministry

were trying to subdue them by force, which the Ministry certainly would not have denied. They declared that they preferred armed resistance to the unconditional submission which England demanded, and at the same time they protested that they were not fighting for "the desperate measure of independence," but only to defend themselves from unprovoked attack. Their statement was plain and truthful, and they honestly represented the public reluctance to seek independence. It would have been well if England had heeded it, but, unluckily, England was committed to another policy and this was all too late. The declaration, as it stood, under existing conditions meant war, and they should have followed it up by straining every nerve in earnest preparation. Some of the members, like John Adams and Franklin, knew what it all meant well enough, but Congress would not so interpret it. Instead of actively going to work to make an effective government and take all steps needful for the energetic prosecution of the war, they adopted a second petition to the King, which was drafted by Dickinson. The contradictions in which they were involved came out sharply even in this last effort of loyalty. They proposed a truce and a negotiation to the King, who had declined to recognize Congress at all, and the King was quite right in his refusal if he intended to fight, as he undoubtedly did. Congress was union, and union was practical independence. How then could the King treat with a body which by its very existence meant a new nation? Yet this was precisely what Congress asked as the nearest way to peace and reconciliation. There could be no result to such a measure as this, unless England was ready to yield, and if she was, the difficulty would settle itself quickly and without argument. They

also adopted another address to the English people, a strong and even pathetic appeal to race feeling and community of thought and speech, and, at the same time, they sent thanks to the Mayor and Aldermen of London for their sympathy. They intrusted the petition to the King to Richard Penn, and felt strong hopes of success, because of their concessions in regard to trade. They would not confess even to themselves that the differences with the mother-country had now reached the point where the question was the very simple one, whether the people of the colonies were to govern America or the English King and Parliament. There was no lack of men who understood all this perfectly, but they were not yet in control, perhaps were not ready to be, and Congress would not admit that the case was hopeless and that the stage had been reached where compromises were no longer possible.

Even while they hoped and petitioned and reasoned, the relentless facts were upon them. Armies could not wait while eloquent pleadings and able arguments were passing slowly across the Atlantic. Washington wrote from Cambridge that the army was undisciplined and short in numbers; that there were too many officers, and not enough men; that he needed at once tents, clothing, hospitals, engineers, arms of every kind, and above all gunpowder, and that he had no money. From Schuyler at Ticonderoga came the same demands and the same report. Congress had to hear their letters, and could not avoid knowing the facts. How were they to satisfy these wants, how deal with these harsh facts and yet not interfere with petitions to the King? A question not easy to answer, for it is never easy to reconcile two conflicting policies, and still worse to try to carry both into effect. The result was that

the army suffered because that was the only direction in which anything substantial could really be done, all petitioning having become by this time quite futile. It is true that Washington was authorized to have an army of twenty-two thousand men, but no means were given him to get them. Five thousand men were also authorized for Canada, and nothing was done toward getting them either. To make matters still worse, no enlistments were to be made for a time longer than that in which they could hear from the King, who was diligently gathering together fleets and armies to send against them. They organized a post-office, which was desirable, but not an engine of war ; they also organized a hospital service, which was very desirable, but not aggressive ; they issued more bills of credit, and decided that they should be apportioned according to population, and they failed to open their ports to other nations, their only resource for munitions of war, and renewed their non-exportation agreements. Franklin, looking out on this welter of contradictions and confusions, and seeing very plainly the facts in the case, offered a plan for a confederate government so as to provide machinery for what they were trying to do. It was a wise and statesmanlike measure in principle, and was laid aside. John Adams wrote indignant letters declaring that they should be at work founding and defending an empire instead of arguing and waiting. These letters were intercepted and published by the party of the Crown in order to break down Adams and the radicals, which shows, in a flash of light, what public opinion was believed to be at that moment in the great middle colonies. Whether the loyalists gauged public opinion correctly or not, Congress agreed with them and allowed everything to drift. Yet, at the

same time, they decisively rejected Lord North's proposals. They would not accept the British advances or even consider them, the King would not deal with them, and yet with all this staring them in the face they still declined to sustain the army or frame a government. They could not bear the idea of separation, the breaking of the bonds of race and kindred, the overthrow of all habits and customs to which human nature clings so tenaciously. It was all very natural, but it was very bad for the American Revolution, and caused many disasters by keeping us unprepared as long as possible, and also by fostering the belief in the minds of the people that all would yet come right and go on as before. Men are slow to understand the presence of a new force and the coming of a great change. They are still slower to admit it when they do know it, but meantime the movement goes on and in due time takes its revenge for a failure to recognize it.

Thus Congress, faithfully reflecting the wishes and the doubts of a majority of the people, failed to do anything, where alone they could have been effective, tried nobly and manfully to do something where nothing could be done, hesitated on the brink of the inevitable, and finally adjourned on August 1st leaving the country for the moment without any central government whatever. At the same time they left Washington with his army and the Canadian expedition and the siege of Boston on his hands, and nothing to turn to for support but the governments of the different colonies. Congress is not to be blamed too severely for all this, for they merely reflected the hesitation and haltings of a time when all was doubt. But their failure to act and their adjournment without leaving any executive officer to represent them, bring out, in strong

relief, the difficulties which beset Washington, who with his army alone represented the American Revolution and the popular force, as he was destined to do on many other occasions and in much darker hours. It is well also to note that despite the inaction and departure of Congress the work of war was done in some fashion, the siege of Boston pushed, and the expedition to Canada set in motion.

The weeks of adjournment went by. Congress should have reassembled on September 5th, but a week elapsed before enough members were present to do business, an instance of unpunctuality which was ominous in a body that had undertaken executive functions. Helplessness was still supreme. John Adams, of the intercepted letters, was cut in the street by the excellent and patriotic Dickinson, to whom he had referred in those letters as a "piddling genius." All the New England members, indeed, were regarded with suspicion by the great central colonies, but were sustained by the South. Hence much ill-feeling and animosity became apparent between the two parties, but the party with hope for peace was still in the ascendant, still holding a majority which was weakening every day and yet shrinking from the inevitable, after the fashion of human nature under such trying conditions. Out of such a situation little positive action could come, and the time was wasted in much vain debate. Would they send an expedition to Detroit? A wise scheme but, after much talk, rejected. England was prohibiting our fisheries and restricting the trade of Southern colonies. It was obvious that we should open our ports to the world. Nothing was done. Then came long discussions about expeditions, the boundary line of Pennsylvania, the rights of Connecticut

in Wyoming, and the enlistment of negroes, this last decided in the affirmative despite Southern remonstrance. Meantime war was in progress as well as debate, and war could not be postponed. Washington, observing that England was replying to Bunker Hill with increased armaments and paying no heed to petitions, had no doubt as to the realities of the situation. Independence was the only thing possible now that fighting had begun, and to fail to say what was meant was simply ruinous. Moreover, his army was about to disappear, for terms of enlistment had expired, and he had no means to get a new one. Without an army a siege of Boston was plainly impossible, and so there came a letter to Congress from their commander-in-chief which roused the members from their debates. Here was a voice to which they must listen, and a condition of affairs which they must face. They accordingly appointed a committee, consisting of Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, to visit the camp. Three men, when one of them was Franklin, made a better executive than the country had yet had, and the result was soon apparent. On October 15th the committee reached the camp, where Franklin, who understood the facts, had no difficulty in arranging matters with Washington. A scheme was agreed upon for a new army of twenty-three thousand men, and power given the general to enlist them. The Congress gave its assent, the four New England colonies were to furnish the men and the money, and Washington was to get the work done. Meantime the Congress itself was going on with its debates and hesitations. One day Rhode Island demanded a navy, and after much struggle vessels were authorized. Then came the cold fit again. Nothing must be done to irritate England or spoil the chances of the petition, so

no prize courts were established, no ports were opened, and New Hampshire, when everything depended upon New England, was kept waiting a month for authority to establish an independent government.

Yet under all the doubtings and delays the forces were moving forward. The pressure for decisive action increased steadily, the logic of independence became constantly more relentless, more unavoidable. Washington and the army were clearly for independence, and they were now a power no longer to be disregarded. One colony after another was setting up a government for itself, and as each one became independent, the absurdity of the central government holding back while each of the several parts moved forward was strongly manifested. New England had broken away entirely. The Southern colonies, led by Virginia and mismanaged by their governors, were going rapidly in the same direction. The resistance still came from the middle colonies, naturally more conservative, restrained, except in New York, by loyal governors, who, like William Franklin in New Jersey, were at once politic and judicious. Pennsylvania, clinging to her mild proprietary government of Quakers and Germans, held back more resolutely than any other and sustained John Dickinson in his policy of inaction.

But the party of delay constantly grew weaker. The news from England was an argument for independence that could not well be met. Richard Penn, the bearer of the olive-branch, could not even present his petition, for the King would not see him. Chatham and Camden might oppose, other Englishmen, studying the accounts of Bunker Hill, might doubt, but the King had no misgivings. George meant to be a king, and the idea of



WASHINGTON SHOWING THE CAMP AT CAMBRIDGE TO THE COMMITTEE, CONSISTING OF FRANKLIN, LYNCH, AND HARRISON, APPOINTED BY CONGRESS.

resistance to his wishes was intolerable to him. It was something to be crushed, not reasoned with. So he issued a proclamation declaring the Americans rebels and traitors, who were to be put down and punished. To carry out his plans, ships, expeditions, and armaments were prepared, and the King, in order to get men, sent his agents over Europe to buy soldiers from the wretched German princelings who lived by selling their subjects, or from anyone else who was ready to traffic in flesh and blood. It was not a pretty transaction nor over-creditable to a great fighting people like the English, but it unquestionably meant business. It was not easy to go on arguing for reconciliation when the King shut the door on the petitioners and denounced them as traitors, while he busied himself in hiring mercenaries to put them down by force. Under these conditions the friends of Independence urged their cause more boldly, and the majority turned to their side, but now they waited until they could obtain unanimity, which was in truth something worth getting. The change in the opinion of Congress was shown plainly by the change in their measures. They applauded the victories of Montgomery, they took steps to import arms and gunpowder, and to export provisions to pay for them; they adopted a code for the navy, approved Washington's capture of vessels, and issued three million dollars in bills of credit. Most important of all, they appointed a committee on Foreign Relations, the first step toward getting alliances and aid from other nations. These were genuine war measures, and it was a great advance for Congress to have reached the point of recognizing that war measures were proper in order to carry on a war. They were so filled, indeed, with new-born zeal that, after having held

Washington back and crippled him by delays and by lack of support, they proceeded to demand the impossible and urge by solemn resolution that Boston be taken at once, even if the town were destroyed. This was a good deal better than being left without any government at all, but we can imagine how trying it must have been to the silent soldier who had been laboring for months to take Boston, and



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, CHESTNUT STREET FRONT.

who now answered Congress in a conclusive and severe manner which did them much good.

Far stronger in its effect on Congress than the action of the King, or even the demands of the army, was the change in public sentiment, which was the result of many causes. From the time of the Stamp Act to the day of Lexington the American party in the colonies had steadily

declared, with great fervor and entire honesty, that they had no thought of independence, which meant separation from the empire. They protested even with anger that the charge that they aimed at any such result was the invention of their enemies and made to injure their cause. When the first Congress assembled this was the universal feeling, and Washington was but one of many who asserted it strongly. Here and there was a man like Samuel Adams, radical by nature, and very keen of perception, who saw the set of the tide; but even these men said nothing and agreed to the views held by the vast majority. The change started at Lexington. When fighting had once begun, no other outcome but separation or complete subjection was possible. To carry their point by defeating the troops of Great Britain and yet remain an integral part of the empire was out of the question. At the distance of more than a century we see this very plainly, but it was not so easily understood at the time. Washington grasped it at once, and when he took command of the army he knew that the only issue must be a complete victory for one side or the other, but Congress, still working along the old lines of reconciliation and peace, could not see it as he did, and hence their hesitations. They still thought that they could defeat the King's armies and remain subjects of the King. Every day that passed, however, made the impossibility of this attitude more apparent. Every ship that came from England brought news which stamped this idea of peace and union as false, and each colony that set up a government for itself gave the lie to such a proposition.

Outside of Congress there was constant discussion going on by which public opinion was formed. At the

outset the loyalists had many able writers, chiefly clergymen of the Anglican Church, who opposed the arguments so vigorously urged in support of the American claims. The writers on the American side, however, not only possessed abundant ability but events were with them. Dickinson, in the "Farmer's Letters," before he became conservative; Alexander Hamilton, in his replies to Samuel Seabury, an Episcopal clergyman and author of the able letters of the Westchester Farmer; John Adams, and many lesser men had done much in shaping public sentiment. The satirists and the versemen were generally on the American side, and they reached the people through their humor, wit, and fancy. Some of them, like Hopkinson, Freneau, and Trumbull, were clever men, who often wrote brilliantly and always well, and their excellent verses, full of pith and point, went everywhere and converted many a reader who had been deaf to the learned constitutional and political arguments which poured from the press. Newspapers were not as yet a power. It was through pamphlets that the printed debate before the people was conducted, and it was well and amply performed on both sides.

The same change which is apparent in Congress is apparent also in the literature* of this crucial time. As events hurried on, supplying arguments for the American side and forcing the American party from mere legal opposition to war, separation, and independence, the tone of

* In all I have to say about the literature of the time I desire to express my obligation in the fullest measure to Professor Tyler's admirable *History of the Literature of the Revolution*. This is particularly the case in regard to the chapter on the Declaration of Independence from the literary point of view, which is not only admirable but conclusive.

the loyalist writers gets lower, and many of them left or were forced to leave the country. On the other hand, the American writers grew constantly more vigorous and more triumphant, and demanded stronger measures. Thus public opinion, rapidly changing in tone in the winter of 1775-76, needed but the right man speaking the right word to send it irresistibly along the new path. It was just at this moment that John Trumbull published his satire of McFingal, and the sharp hits and pungent humor of the poem caught the public ear and helped to spur on the laggards in the American cause. But a mightier voice was needed than this, and it, too, came at the beginning of this new and fateful year of 1776. It gave utterance to the popular feeling, it put into words what the average man was thinking and could not express for himself, and it did this with a force and energy which arrested attention in America, and travelling across seas, made men over there listen too. This voice crying aloud to such purpose was not that of an American but an Englishman. The writer was Thomas Paine, staymaker, privateersman, exciseman, teacher, adventurer, and his pamphlet was called "Common Sense." Paine, after a checkered career both in domestic and official life, had come over to America with no capital but a letter of introduction from Franklin. He got a start in writing for the newspapers and threw himself into the life about him. He came a friend to the English connection. Then looking about him with eyes undimmed and with mind unhampered by colonial habits, he reached the conclusion in the course of a year that independence was not merely right but the only thing possible. So with but little literary experience he sat him down and wrote his pamphlet. He first argued about kingship and natural

rights, and then in favor of independence. Critics have said of that first part that it was crude, unreasoned, and full of blunders, for Paine was not learned. Yet in that same first part he enunciated the great principle which lay at the bottom of the whole business, which James Otis had put forward years before, that in the nature of things there was no reason for kings, and every reason why people should rule themselves. And this was just what this quarrel had come to, so that it needed no learning but only courage and common sense to set it forth. As for the second part, which concerned the practical question always of most interest to men, Paine knew his subject thoroughly and he argued the cause of independence in a bold, convincing, indeed unanswerable, fashion. He put forth his argument in a strong, effective style, roughly, plainly, so that all stopped to listen and all understood. His pamphlet went far and wide with magical rapidity. It appeared in every form, and was reprinted and sold in every colony and town of the Atlantic seaboard. Presently it crossed the ocean, was translated into French, and touched with unshrinking hand certain chords in the Old World long silent but now beginning to quiver into life. In the colonies alone it is said that one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold in three months. This means that almost every American able to read, had read "Common Sense." Its effect was prodigious, yet with all its merits it is a mistake to glorify it as having convinced the people that they must have independence. The convictions were there already, made slowly by events, by the long discussion, by the English policy, by the fighting around Boston. "Common Sense" may have converted many doubters, but it did something really far more im-

portant; it gave utterance to the dumb thoughts of the people; it set forth to the world, with nervous energy, convictions already formed; it supplied every man with the words and the arguments to explain and defend the faith that was in him. Many Americans were thinking what "Common Sense" said with so much power. So the pamphlet marked an epoch, was a very memorable production, and from the time of its publication the tide slowly setting in the direction of independence began to race, with devouring swiftness, to the high-water mark.

As the winter wore away and spring began, Congress, still lingering behind the people, continued to adopt warlike measures but did nothing for independence. The central colonies still hung back,

although the movement for independent provincial governments went on unchecked, and the action in that direction of each separate colony brought nearer like action on the part of the continent. The rising of the Highlanders in the valley of the Mohawk under Sir John Johnson, easily crushed by Schuyler; a similar rising of the Highlanders in North Carolina, defeated in a sharp fight by the Minute Men under Caswell; the



THOMAS PAINE.

From painting by C. W. Peale, 1783.

evacuation of Boston, all drove events forward and forced the hands of Congress. The measures of Congress stiffened. More men and more money were voted, the country was divided into military departments, and Silas Deane was appointed an agent to France. Still they shrank from facing what they knew must be faced, but the friends of independence could no longer be kept silent. Even if Pennsylvania, not without great effort, was kept true to Dickinson and peace, the other colonies were coming into line, and the American party, virtually led by John Adams, began to argue for independence on almost every debate which sprang up. In some way the real issue appeared on every occasion, and the efforts to avoid it, or to pretend that it was not there, grew fainter and fainter. On May 10th John Adams carried his resolution to instruct all the colonies that had not yet done so to set up independent governments, a heavy blow to the Pennsylvania peace party and a long step toward national independence. In the same month the Virginia convention, which established the State government, instructed the delegates in Congress to urge and support independence. With this decision from the oldest and most powerful colony, backed as it was by Massachusetts and New England, the final conflict in Congress could no longer be postponed. The American party was in the ascendant, and with the instructions from Virginia would wait no longer. The other colonies, even those in the centre, were now all in line, or fast coming there, and Congress could not hesitate further. On June 8th Richard Henry Lee, in the name of Virginia, moved that the colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and that their allegiance to the British Crown ought to be dissolved.

For two days the question was earnestly debated, and then it was decided, although the resolution clearly had a majority, to postpone the debate for three weeks, during which time plans were to be prepared for a confederation and for treaties with foreign powers, and the members were to have opportunity to consult their constituents, so that the great act, if possible, might be adopted with unanimity. To avoid any delay a committee was appointed to draft a declaration to accompany the resolution for independence. This committee consisted of Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston, and to Jefferson was intrusted the work of preparing the draft.

The three weeks slipped rapidly by. Congress heard from its constituents, and there was no mistaking what they said. New England and the South were already for independence. New York, menaced on the north by



ROGER SHERMAN.

From the painting by Ralph Earle, 1787.

savages and on the south by the speedy coming of a powerful English fleet, wheeled into line. Maryland and Delaware joined readily and easily. New Jersey called a State convention to establish a State government, arrested their royal Governor, William Franklin, and elected five stanch friends of independence to Congress. Even Pennsylvania, after long debates and many misgivings, agreed to sustain Congress if it voted for independence.

All was ready for action when Congress met on July 1st. There were fifty members present, and they were

the best and ablest men America could produce. It was the zenith of the Continental Congress. However through inevitable causes it afterward weakened, however ill suited it was by its constitution for executive functions, it now faced the task for which it was perfectly fitted. No wiser or more patriotic body of men ever met a revolutionary crisis or took the fate of a nation in their hands with a deeper and finer sense of the heavy responsibility resting upon them. All that they did was grave and serious. They faced the great duty before them calmly, but with a profound sense of all that it meant.

A letter from Washington was read showing how small his army was and how badly armed. A despatch from Lee announced the arrival of the British fleet and army at Charleston. Unmoved and firm, Congress passed to the order of the day and went into committee of the whole to consider the resolution "respecting independence." The mover, Richard Henry Lee, was absent at the Virginia convention. There was a pause, and then John Adams arose and made the great speech which caused Jefferson to call him the Colossus of Debate, and which, unreported as it was, lives in tradition as one of the memorable feats of oratory. With all the pent-up feeling gathered through the years when he was looked on with suspicion and distrust, with all the fervor of an earnest nature and of burning conviction, he poured forth the arguments which he had thought of for months, and which sprang from his lips full-armed. There was no need of further speech on that side after this great outburst, but Dickinson defended the position he had long held, and others entered into the discussion. When the vote was taken, New York, favoring independence, but still with-

out absolute instructions, refused to vote. South Carolina, instructed but still hesitating, voted with Pennsylvania in the negative. The other nine colonies voted for independence. Then the committee rose, and on the request of South Carolina the final vote was postponed until the next day.

When they met on July 2d they listened to another letter from Washington, telling them that Howe, with some fifty ships carrying troops, had appeared off Sandy Hook. There was no quiver in the letter; he hoped for reinforcements, but he was ready to face the great odds, weak as he was. No news came from Charleston, which might have been falling before the British fire even as they talked. The enemy was at the gates, but there was no wavering and their courage rose under the dangers upon them. With independence declared, they would have a cause to fight for. Without it they were beating the air. So they went to a vote. New York was, as before, for independence, but still unable to vote. South Carolina, knowing only that her capital was in danger, and still in ignorance that the battle had been won, voted



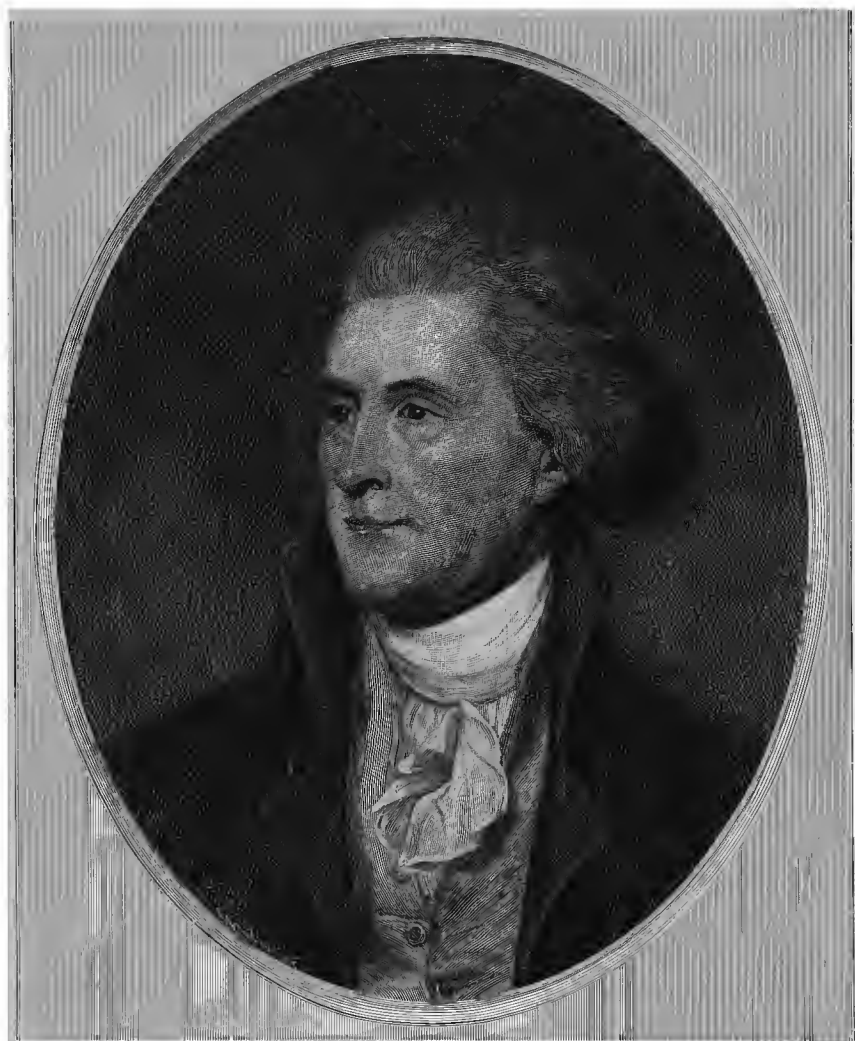
ROBERT MORRIS.

From a painting by Edward Savage, 1790.

for independence. Delaware was no longer divided, and Pennsylvania, by the intentional absence of Dickinson and Morris, was free to vote with the rest. So twelve

colonies voted unanimously for independence, thirteen agreed to it, and the resolution passed. Henceforth there were to be no colonies from Maine to Florida ; a nation was born and stood up to prove its right to live. The great step had been taken. It now remained to set forth to the world the reasons for what had been done there in Philadelphia on July 2, 1776.

Thomas Jefferson, to whom this momentous work had been intrusted, came a young man to Congress, preceded by a decided reputation as a man of ability and a vigorous and felicitous writer. His engaging manners and obviously great talents secured to him immediately the regard and affection of his fellow-members. He was at once placed on a committee to draft the declaration of the reasons for taking up arms, and then on one to reply to the propositions of Lord North. So well did he do his part, and so much did he impress his associates, that when the resolution for independence was referred, he was chosen to stand at the head of the committee and to him was intrusted the work of drafting the Declaration. No happier choice could have been made. It was in its way as wise and fortunate as the selection of Washington to lead the armies. This was not because Jefferson was the ablest man in the Congress. In intellectual power and brilliancy Franklin surpassed him and John Adams, who, like Franklin, was on the committee, was a stronger character, a better lawyer, and a much more learned man. But for this particular work, so momentous to America, Jefferson was better adapted than any other of the able men who separated America from England. He was, above all things, the child of his time. He had the eager, open mind, the robust optimism, the desire for change so



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

From the painting by Charles Willson Peale, 1791.

characteristic of those memorable years with which the eighteenth century closed. Instead of fearing innovation, he welcomed it as a good in itself, and novelty always appealed to him, whether it appeared in the form of a plough or a government. He was in full and utter sympathy with his time and with the great forces then begin-



VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE HALL FROM THE PARK SIDE.

ning to stir into life. Others might act from convictions on the question of taxation ; others still because they felt that separation from England was the only way to save their liberty ; but to Jefferson independence had come to mean the right of the people to rule. He had learned rapidly in the stirring times through which he had passed. The old habits of thought and customs of politics had

dropped away from him, and he was filled with the spirit of democracy, that new spirit which a few years later was to convulse Europe. Compared with the men about him, Jefferson was an extremist and a radical, more extreme in his theories than they guessed, or perhaps than



STAIRWAY IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

even he himself conceived. Compared with the men of the French Revolution he was an ultraconservative, and yet the spirit which moved them all was the same. He believed, as they believed, that the right to rule lay with the whole people and not with one man or with a selected class. When he sat down to write the Declaration of Independence it was the spirit of the age, the faith in

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for ^{one} people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to

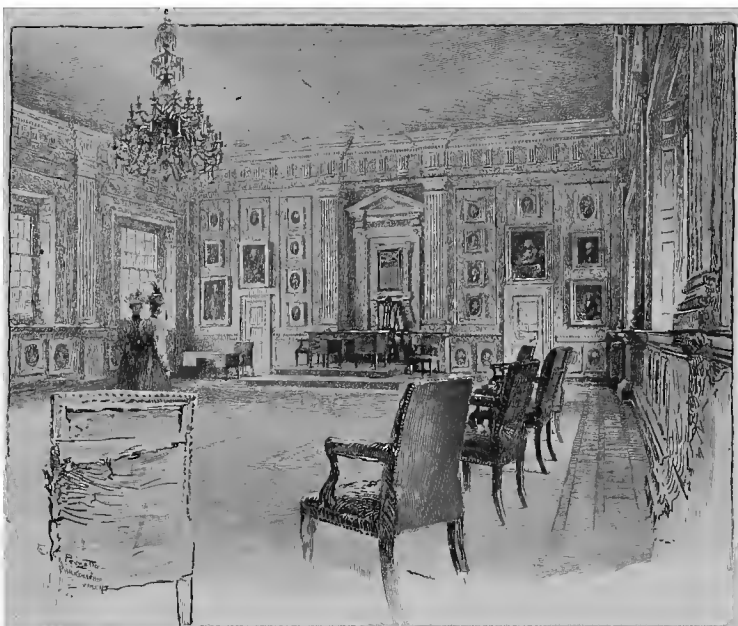
~~assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal~~

station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to ~~the~~ ^{self-estranged} separation.

We hold these truths to be ~~self-evident~~ ^{self-evident}, that all men are created equal. ~~That from that equal creation they derive equal and independent rights that~~ ^{they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that} among ~~these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness~~ ^{these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness}, that to secure these ~~rights~~ ^{rights}, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from

the future, and in a larger liberty for mankind which fired his brain and guided his pen.

The result was the Declaration of Independence. The draft was submitted to Franklin and Adams, who made a few slight changes. The influence of the South struck out the paragraph against slavery. It was read on July 3d. A debate ensued in which John Adams led as in that on the resolution, and on July 4th the Congress agreed to the Declaration and authorized the President



ROOM IN INDEPENDENCE HALL IN WHICH THE DECLARATION WAS SIGNED.

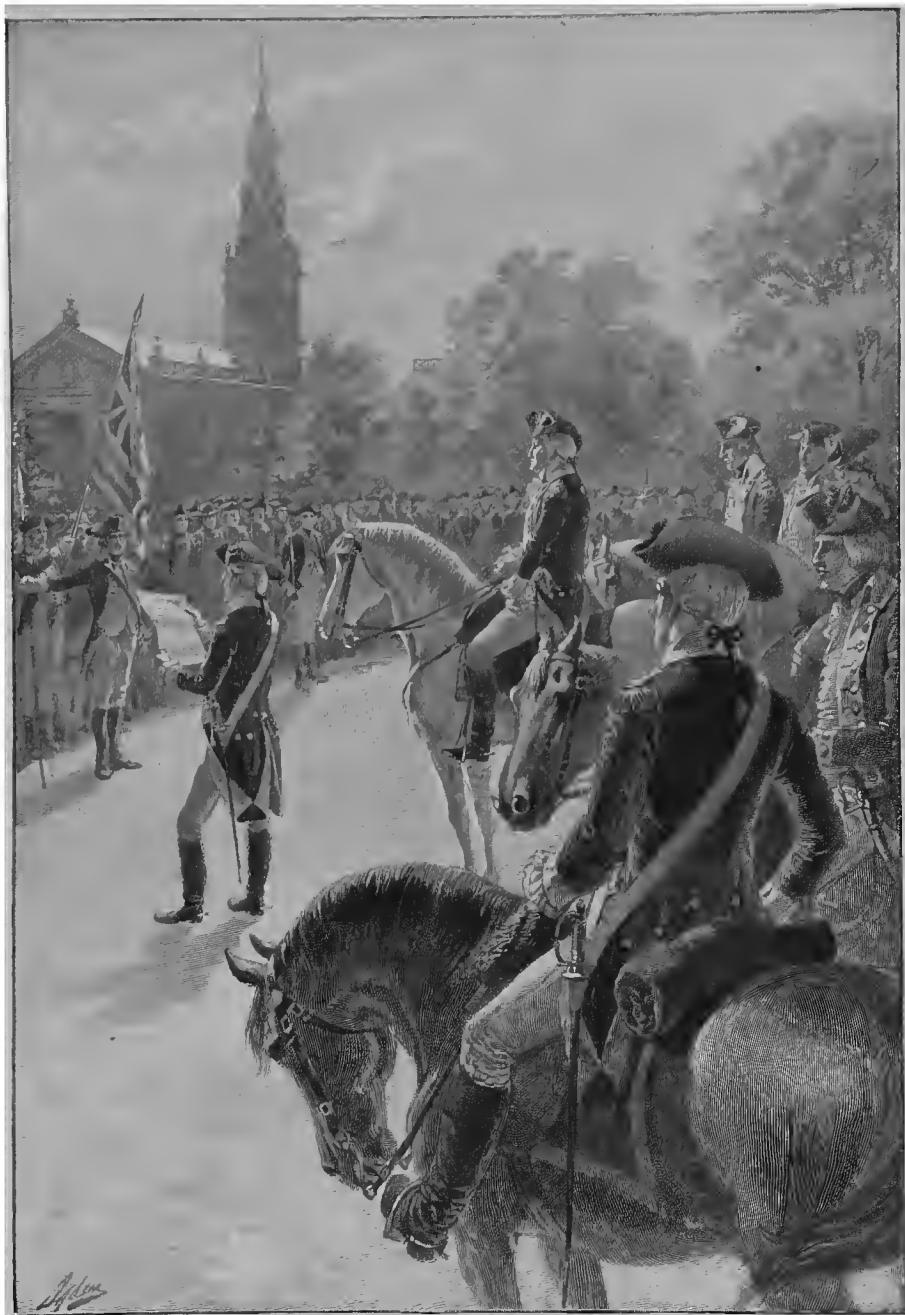
and Secretary to sign, attest, and publish it. The formal signing by the members did not take place until August, and some signatures were given even later. But the July 4th when the Declaration was adopted by Congress was

the day which the American people have set apart and held sacred to the memory of a great deed.

The Declaration when published was read to the army under Washington and received by the soldiers with content. It was a satisfaction to them to have the reality for which they were fighting put into words and officially declared. It was read also formally and with some ceremony in public places, in all the chief towns of the colonies, and was received by the people cordially and heartily, but without excitement. There was no reason why it should have called forth much feeling, for it merely embodied public opinion already made up, and was expected by the loyalist minority. Yet despite its general acceptance, which showed its political strength, it was a great and memorable document. From that day to this it has been listened to with reverence by a people who have grown to be a great nation, and equally from that day to this it has been the subject of severe criticism. The reverence is right, the criticism misplaced and founded on misunderstanding.

The Declaration is divided into two parts: First, the statement of certain general principles of the rights of men and peoples, and, secondly, an attack on George III. as a tyrant, setting forth, in a series of propositions, the wrongs done by him to the Americans which justified them in rebellion. Criticism has been directed first against the attack on the King, then to the originality of the doctrines enunciated, then against the statement of the rights of man, Jefferson's "self-evident truths," and finally against the style.

The last criticism is easily disposed of. Year after year, for more than a century, the Declaration of Inde-



READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE TO THE TROOPS IN NEW YORK,
ASSEMBLED ON THE COMMON, NOW CITY HALL PARK, OLD ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACK-
GROUND.

pendence has been solemnly read in every city, town, and hamlet of the United States to thousands of Americans who have heard it over and over again, and who listen to it in reverent silence and rejoice that it is theirs to read. If it had been badly written, the most robust patriotism would be incapable of this habit. False rhetoric or turgid sentences would have been their own death-warrant, and the pervading American sense of humor would have seen to its execution. The mere fact that Jefferson's words have stood successfully this endless repetition is infallible proof that the Declaration has the true and high literary quality which alone could have preserved through such trials its impressiveness and its savor. To those who will study the Declaration carefully from the literary side, it is soon apparent that the English is fine, the tone noble and dignified, and the style strong, clear, and imposing.

*Resolved, That Copies of the Declaration be
Sent to the several Assemblies, Conventions,
and Councils of Safety, & to the several
Commanding Officers of the Continental
Troops, That it be proclaimed in each
of the United States, & at the head
of the Army*
By order of Congress
John Hancock

FROM THE RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY CONGRESS, JULY 5, 1776.
Fac-simile of a part of the original draft belonging to the Emmet collection in the Lenox Library.

Passing from the form to the substance, critics as far apart as John Adams and Lord John Russell have condemned the attack on George III. and the charge that he was a tyrant as unjust, bitter, and almost absurd. Yet, as the years have gone by, it has become very plain that George III. was really making a final and very serious attempt to restore the royal authority, and was seeking by shrewder and more insidious methods to regain what Charles I. had lost. He was steadily following out his mother's behest and trying to be a king. If the revolt had not come in America it would have come in England, and England would have defeated his plans and broken his power as his American colonies succeeded in doing. When the best of modern English historians, like Lecky and Green, admit this in regard to George III., we need not question that Jefferson's instinct was a true one when he drew the indictment of his sovereign. But Jefferson was right on broader grounds than this. He was declaring something much more far-reaching than the right of the colonies to separate from England. He was announcing to the world the right of the people to rule themselves, and that no one man was entitled to be king, but that every man had a title to kingship in virtue of his manhood. The logical step from this proposition was not to assail the people or Parliament of England, which would have been a contradiction of his own argument, but the man who represented the old-time theory of kingship and from whom as part of a system the evils he complained of came. Jefferson was instinctively right when he struck at the kingly power, for that was the real point of conflict.

John Adams's criticism that the doctrines and principles set forth were not new, but had been heard before



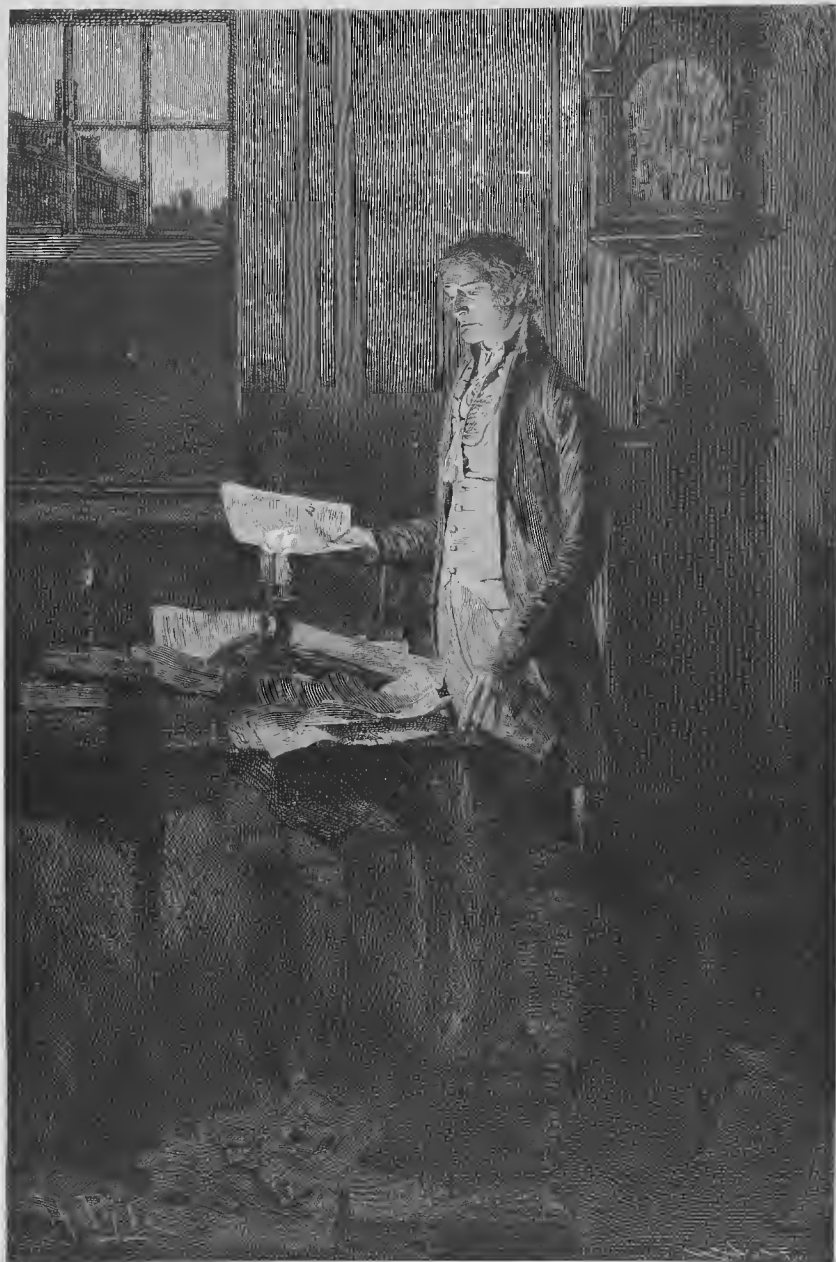
TEARING DOWN THE LEADEN STATUE OF GEORGE III., ON BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK, TO CELEBRATE THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The lead was later moulded into bullets for the American Army.

from James Otis down through all the long controversy, was simply inept. The doctrines and principles, of course, were not new. That was their strength. Jefferson was not a Frenchman bursting suddenly through the tyranny of centuries, to whom the language of freedom and of constitutional liberty was an unknown tongue. He was one of that great race which for five hundred years, from Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence, from Runnymede to Philadelphia, had been slowly, painfully, and very strenuously building up a fabric of personal liberty and free government. In all those long discussions, in all those bitter struggles, the words and principles of freedom and human rights had been developed and made familiar. This was the language which Jefferson spoke. Its glory was that it was not new, and that the people to whom he spoke understood it, and all it meant, because it was a part of their inheritance, like their mother-tongue. In vivid phrases he set forth what his people felt, knew, and wanted said. It was part of his genius that he did so. He was not a man of action, but a man of imagination, of ideas and sympathies. He was a failure as the war Governor of Virginia. The greatest and most adroit of politicians and organizers, when dangers from abroad threatened him as President, he was timid, hesitating, and inadequate. But when he was summoned to declare the purposes of the American people in the face of the world and at the bar of history, he came to the work which no other man could have done so well. His imagination; his keen, sure glance into the future; his intense human sympathies came into full play, and he spoke his message so that it went home to the hearts of his people with an unerring flight.

The last and best-known criticism is the bold epigram of Rufus Choate, most brilliant of American advocates, that the Declaration of Independence is made up of "glittering generalities." Again the criticism proceeds on a misunderstanding. The Declaration of Independence in its famous opening sentences is made up of generalities, and rightly. That they glitter is proof of the writer's skill and judgment. It was not the place for careful argument and solid reasoning. Jefferson was setting forth the reasons for a revolution, asserting a great, new principle, for which men were to be asked to die. His task was to make it all as simple, yet as splendid as possible. He was to tell men that they must separate from the great empire of England and govern themselves, and he must do it in such a way that he who ran might not only read, but comprehend. It is the glory of Jefferson that he did just this, and it was no fault of his that the South dimmed one of his glowing sentences by striking out his condemnation of human slavery.

In the Declaration of Independence Jefferson uttered, in a noble and enduring manner, what was stirring in the hearts of his people. The "Marseillaise" is not great poetry, nor the air to which it was set the greatest music. But no one can hear that song and not feel his pulses beat quicker and his blood course more swiftly through his veins. It is because the author of it flung into his lyric the spirit of a great time, and the dreams and aspirations of a great people. Hope, faith, patriotism, victory, all cry out to us in that mighty hymn of the Revolution, and no one can listen to it unmoved. In more sober fashion, after the manner of his race, Jefferson declared the hopes, beliefs, and aspirations of the American people.



THOMAS JEFFERSON WRITING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

But the spirit of the time is there in every line and every sentence, saying to all men ; a people has risen up in the West, they are weary of kings, they can rule themselves, they will tear down the old landmarks, they will let loose a new force upon the world, and with the wilderness and the savage at their backs they will even do battle for the faith that is in them.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIGHT FOR THE HUDSON

WHILE Congress was coming to a decision upon the great question of Independence, the war was entering upon its second stage, and, as it proved, that in which the American Revolution narrowly escaped shipwreck. When the British undertook to coerce the colonies by force, they expected little resistance. They did not measure at all the task before them, and they were, therefore, taken by surprise when the people rose up and sprang upon them. The British governors were expelled one after another without any serious conflict, and the colonies passed rapidly and easily to the condition of independent States. The political management of the king and his ministers was so clumsy that a firm union of all the colonies was formed before their very eyes, and this one absolutely essential condition of American success was made sure at an early day. In a military way they had fared no better. Their ill-considered raid on Concord had resulted in a disorderly retreat. Their victory at Bunker Hill had been purchased at an enormous sacrifice of life, and had only served to encourage the Americans. They had been compelled, by the superior generalship of Washington, to evacuate Boston, and their blundering attack on Charleston had been repelled with

loss and humiliation. All the solid advantages, both military and political, during the first year of revolution, had been wholly on the side of the Americans. This was due to the wilful ignorance of the English as to their opponents, whom they despised, and who for this reason took them unawares and defeated them, and to the further fact that a people in arms was a new force of great power, upon which neither they nor anyone else had calculated.

These conditions could not, in the nature of things, endure. The British, recovering from their surprise, proceeded to make arrangements for conquering their revolted provinces in a manner commensurate to the work before them, the seriousness of which they had so entirely underestimated. George III., who took a deep personal interest in the war, which, consciously or unconsciously, he felt to be the test of his schemes and the trial of his power, set his agents running over Europe to buy soldiers from anybody who had men to sell.

His first effort was in Russia. Gunning, the English Minister, interpreted some flowery compliments and sounding protestations of friendship to mean that Catherine would give England twenty thousand soldiers to put down the rebellious colonies. When the demand was actually made, there were more fine words, much talk and much evasion, but it finally appeared that Catherine had no notion of giving any troops at all, and the end was a refusal. Hence, much disappointment in England, where the Russian soldiers were confidently expected. George fared no better in Holland when he asked for the Scotch Brigade. The Prince of Orange was sufficiently ready, but the States-General hesitated, and the only result was a polite offer to let England have the brigade provided

they should not be called upon to serve out of Europe, which was equivalent to a refusal. Among the little states of Germany, George had better luck. Some of the petty princes offered troops voluntarily, and in others he had no difficulty in making a bargain. The wretched grand dukes, electors, princes, and other serene persons exacted a heavy price for the men whom they sold, but still England got the men, and in large numbers, especially from Brunswick and Hesse Cassel. Frederick of Prussia, on the other hand, as a man and a German, regarded with feelings akin to loathing this sale of men by the lesser German princes. At a later time he would not even permit England's mercenaries to cross his territory, for he had no sympathy with George, and being not only a great man but a clear-sighted and efficient one, he looked with contempt on English incompetence and blundering, and predicted the success of the colonies. Why a brave and powerful people like the English should have bought soldiers to fight their battles in a civil war is not easy now to understand. It was, however, due to the general inefficiency which then prevailed in British administration, and was a very costly expedient apart from the money actually spent, for it injured England in European opinion, encouraged and justified the colonies in seeking foreign aid, and smoothed the path for American diplomacy. It also spurred on the Americans to fight harder because foreign mercenaries were employed against them, and it embittered their feelings toward the mother-country. The allies obtained by the British Ministry in Europe were, nevertheless, in the highest degree creditable and desirable, compared to those whom they sought and procured in America itself. That they should have enlisted, paid, and organized regiments

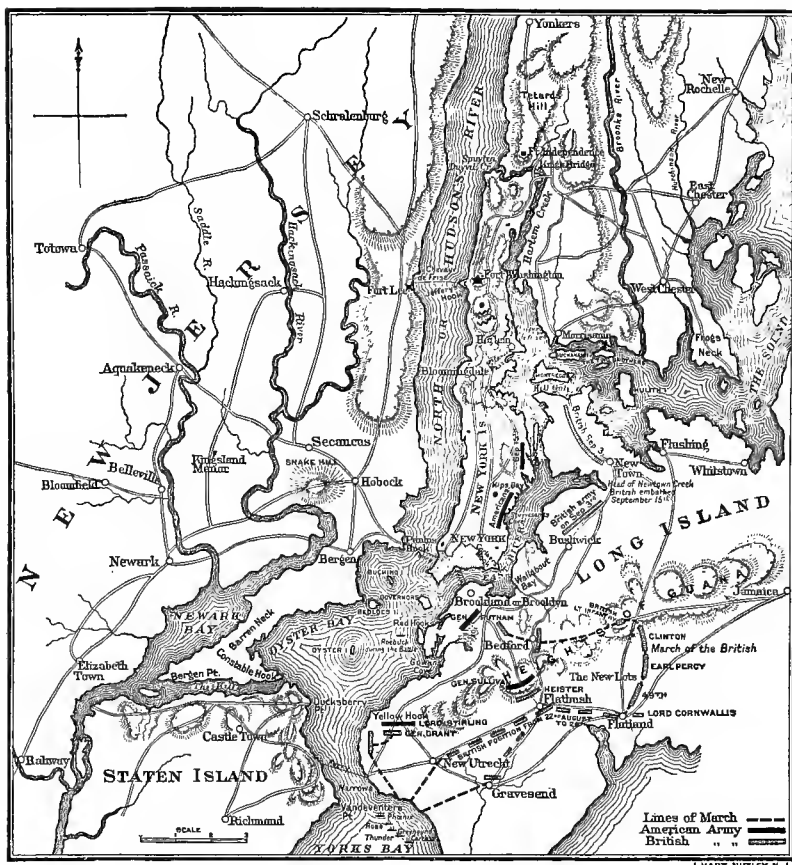
of American loyalists, was proper enough, but when they made alliances with the Indians and turned them loose on the frontier settlements and against American armies, they took a step which nothing could palliate or excuse. To make allies of cruel fighting savages, and set them upon men of their own race and blood, was something which could not be justified and it met with its fit reward. The Americans knew well what Indian warfare meant, and when England sent Indians on the war-path against them, her action roused a burning hatred which nothing could appease. If it was the King's plan to drive the Americans to desperation and make the retention of the colonies absolutely hopeless, this alliance with the Indians was the surest way to accomplish that result. Yet without her Hessians, Indians, and loyalists it must be admitted England would not have had even a chance, for she seemed unable to furnish any adequate number of troops herself. It was all part of the amazing blundering which characterized English administration in the American Revolution, and for which we have no explanation except in the fact that the King was undertaking the work of government and carefully excluded all men of the first order from his councils.

From the American point of view at that time, however, these considerations, as well as the ultimate effect of England's policy in getting allies, were by no means apparent. All they saw was that the men had been procured, and that powerful armies and fleets were coming against them. This was what Washington was obliged to face. It was no use discussing the morals or the policy of buying Germans. There they were under the English flag, and they were brought to America to fight.

Washington certainly was under no illusions. He knew that England would make a great effort and was a great power. He knew, too, that New York would be the first object of British attack. It was the essential strategic point, without which any attempt to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies, by controlling the line of the Hudson, would be utterly barren. Without any delay he quitted Boston, the scene of his victory on March 17th, and was in New York by April 13th, bringing with him all the troops he could gather. The outlook there was dark enough. The city was undefended; most of his troops were new recruits; there was a powerful Tory party, and Tryon, the last British Governor, was actively intriguing and conspiring with the loyalists from his station on a man-of-war. Congress, on the other hand, was struggling with the question of independence and did little to aid him, while the provincial committees had neither the experience nor as yet the determination of those he had dealt with in New England. Nevertheless, all that man could do was done. Defensive works were completed or erected on Brooklyn Heights, on Manhattan, at Kingsbridge, and along the East and Hudson Rivers. The army was drilled and disciplined after a fashion; the Tory plottings were checked, and every preparation was made which energy and ability, ill supported, could devise.

Yet the result of all these labors when the hour of conflict approached and the British army had arrived, was disheartening. Washington had been able to gather only 17,000 men. Nearly 7,000 of these were sick or on furlough, and he thus had fit for duty not more than 10,000 men to cover his necessarily extensive line of works. With this small force, ill armed, inexperienced, and ill

provided, he was called upon to face and do battle with a British army of 31,000 men now assembled on Staten Island, well-disciplined regulars, thoroughly equipped and provided, and supported by a powerful fleet to which Washington had nothing to oppose. It seemed madness to fight against such odds and run the risk of almost certain defeat. But Washington looked beyond the present hour and the immediate military situation. As usual, political considerations had to be taken into account. To give up New York without a struggle, and thus have saved his army intact by an immediate retreat and without fighting, however wise from a military point of view, would have chilled and depressed the country to a perilous degree, and to carry on a popular war the public spirit must be maintained. More important than this even was the danger which Washington saw plainly far away to the north, where Carleton was pressing down the line of the lakes. If Sir William Howe and his army succeeded in advancing rapidly and meeting him before winter set in, it would mean the division of the northern colonies by the British forces and a disaster to the Americans which could probably never be repaired. Even the sacrifice of an army would be better than this. So Washington determined to hold his ground and fight. He said that he hoped to make a good defence, but he was not blind to the enormous risk, to the impossibility almost, of holding his long line of posts with so few men and with an enemy in command of the sea. Even while he wrote cheerfully as to holding his positions he exhibited the condition of the army to Congress in the plainest terms, and constantly demanded more men. But even if he had known defeat to be certain he still had to consider the wishes of Con-



THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

From a British map of 1776, showing the positions of the American and British armies. [This map contains a few topographical errors, but in the main the disposition of the forces is correctly indicated.]

gress and the state of public opinion, and he likewise felt that present defeat would result in a larger ultimate victory, if by delay he could prevent the junction of the main British army with the forces from the north.

Washington was unable to tell just where the attack would come, which compelled him to spread out his small force in order to cover so far as possible every



GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE.

From the painting by Charles Willson Peale, 1783.

point. This put him at an additional disadvantage when the British moved, as they did on August 22d, landing 15,000 men on Long Island, and following this up on the 25th with the German division under Heister, with forty cannon. The Americans had about 8,000 men, half in the works at Brooklyn and half outside to meet the British and defend the approaches. The whole position was untenable in the long run because the English controlled the sea, and yet New York could not be held at all if Brooklyn Heights were in the hands of the enemy. It was



Part of Tablet, Placed in Brooklyn by the Sons of the Revolution, Marking the Line of Defence at the Battle of Long Island.

a choice of evils, and it is easier to point out Washington's military error in trying to hold Long Island than to say what he should have done. It was also a serious mistake to divide the troops and leave half outside, and to this mistake, for which the commander-in-chief was finally responsible, was added a series of misfortunes and small blunders. The command on Long Island had been intrusted to General Greene, the best officer Washington had, but just before the British landed, Greene was stricken with a violent fever, and the command passed first to Sullivan and then to Putnam. Both were brave men; neither was a soldier of great ability or a strategist, and they were alike ignorant of the country which Greene knew by heart. Sullivan held the outposts while Putnam remained at Brooklyn Heights and did not come out when the fighting began. The British fleet opened a heavy fire on the New York works early on August 27th. Meantime the British forces skilfully divided, and well guided

during the previous day and night, had got round to Sullivan's rear by undefended roads. Sullivan, hemmed in on all sides, made a vigorous effort to retreat, but it was



GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.

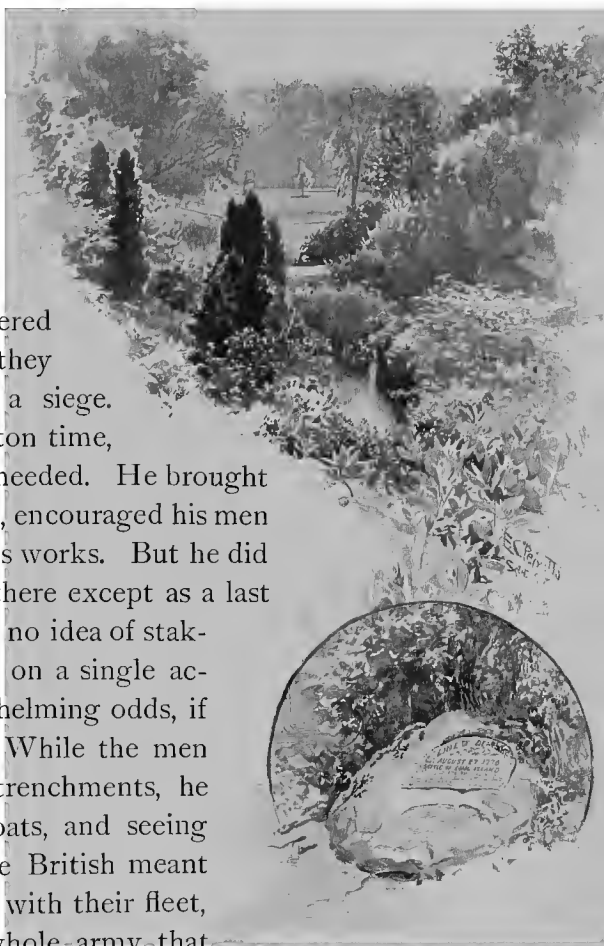
From a portrait by H. I. Thompson, after a pencil-sketch from life by John Trumbull.

useless. Some of the Americans, by desperate fighting, broke through, but many were captured, including Sullivan himself. Lord Sterling, in command of the other outlying American force, fared almost as ill as Sullivan. Attacked on both sides, he had no line of retreat, except across Gowanus Creek. His men made a gallant stand, and most of them succeeded in crossing the creek, but

Sterling himself and many of his division were taken prisoners. The Americans outflanked, outgeneralled, and outnumbered four to one, were badly beaten in these two actions. They lost 970 men in killed and wounded, and 1,077 captured, while the British loss was but 400.

Washington, when he heard of the British landing, had sent six regiments to Brooklyn, and came over on the day of the action only to witness with anguish the utter rout of the detachments under Sullivan and Sterling. The situation produced by this defeat was grave in the extreme, for the troops were thoroughly demoralized by their losses, and many of the militia actually deserted. It looked as if the American army were doomed. But the

British delayed, and, mindful of Bunker Hill, instead of at once assaulting the Brooklyn intrenchments, which alone protected the shattered American army, they broke ground for a siege. This gave Washington time, and time was all he needed. He brought over reinforcements, encouraged his men and strengthened his works. But he did not mean to fight there except as a last resource, for he had no idea of staking his whole army on a single action against overwhelming odds, if he could avoid it. While the men labored on the intrenchments, he quietly gathered boats, and seeing on the 29th that the British meant to come on his rear with their fleet, he embarked his whole army that night and crossed successfully to New York. It was a masterly retreat. In the face of a strong enemy lying within gunshot, with a hostile fleet close at hand, he put 9,000 men into boats, ferried them across a broad stream swept by strong tides and currents, and left behind only a few heavy guns. The wind was light and a



BATTLE PASS, PROSPECT PARK,
BROOKLYN.

*Showing a part of the battle-field.
The tablet designates the line of defence.*

thick mist helped to cover the movement. Washington, in the saddle and on foot for forty-eight hours, watched over everything, and was the last to leave. As he followed his heavily laden boats through the kindly mist and darkness he must have felt a sense of profound relief, for he had grasped a fortunate chance and had rescued his army from an almost hopeless position. The American



PRESENT VIEW FROM OLD FORT PUTNAM (NOW FORT GREENE), BROOKLYN.

This fort formed a part of the defences on Long Island.

forces had been beaten in two heavy skirmishes, but the American army had escaped. It was possible to make the raw militia who had been defeated in their first open action into veterans, for they lacked nothing toward becoming good soldiers except experience. But if the only American army in the field had been destroyed at the very outset of the contest, the Revolution would have been in great peril. Washington's one thought was to hold his army together and fight as often as he could, but whatever hap-



THE RETREAT FROM LONG ISLAND.

Washington superintending the transfer of the troops across the East River.

pened, that army which he commanded must never be dissolved. He had fought in an impossible position, been beaten, and saved his army from the brink of destruction, taking full advantage of the mistakes of his opponents. Now, on Manhattan Island, he faced the enemy once more, ready to fight again.*

Some time after the Battle of Long Island Jay wrote that he had often thought during the previous spring that it would be best to destroy New York, desolate all the country about it, and withdraw up the river. This suggestion came from Greene at the moment, and after the retreat from Long Island Washington took it up and submitted it to Congress. From a military point of view the destruction of the city was the just conception of an able general. It sounded desperate, but it was really the wisest thing to do. If carried out it would have forced the British to abandon New York and the mouth of the Hudson, it would have left them on the edge of winter without quarters, and in the end probably would have shortened the war. But it was too strong a measure for Congress, and Washington was obliged to drop the idea. As the city was clearly untenable with the forces at his command, there was no further resource but retreat, and on September 10th, although a majority of his officers were still loath to abandon the town, Washington began his preparations

* The best statement in regard to the Battle of Long Island by a professional soldier is that of General Carrington, U. S. A., in his "Battles of the American Revolution." The whole chapter should be carefully studied. I can only quote here a few lines. General Carrington says (p. 212): "The Battle of Long Island had to be fought. . . . The defence was doomed to be a failure from the first, independent of the co-operation of a naval force. . . . Washington was wise in his purpose 'to make the acquisition as costly as possible to his adversary.' . . . The people of the country demanded that New York should be held to the last possible moment."

for withdrawal. While he was thus engaged, Howe, on the 14th, repeated the Long Island manœuvre, intending to threaten the city in front and on the North River with the fleet, while with his army crossing the East River and landing on the left flank he could cut off and destroy the American army. In accordance with his plan, Howe, on September 15th, landed at Kip's Bay and drove the militia posted there in headlong flight. Washington hearing the firing, rode to the landing, only to see his men fleeing in all directions. The sight of their panic and cowardice was too much for him. The fierce fighting spirit which was part of his nature broke through his usually stern self-control in a storm of rage. He rode in among the fugitives and made desperate efforts to rally them. He exposed himself recklessly to death or capture, and was almost dragged from the field by his officers. Yet despite this disaster he managed to get his troops together, and although Putnam with the rear-guard had a narrow escape, Washington finally succeeded in bringing his whole army safely to Harlem Heights. While the victorious Howe took possession of New York, and proceeded to look about him, Washington intrenched himself strongly on the Heights. He also sent out detachments under Colonel Knowlton, the hero of the rail fence at Bunker Hill, and Major Leitch, and attacked the British light troops who were in an advanced position. The light troops were defeated and forced back to the main line, but the Americans, who fought well, lost both Knowlton and Leitch. That Washington, with a demoralized army, in the midst of disaster and retreat should have assumed the offensive and made a successful attack, is an example of his power and tenacity, of which many instances were yet to come.

It was this iron determination to fight at every opportunity, whether after victory or defeat, which enabled him to constantly check and delay the British, and what was far more important, turned his raw militia into an army of steady, disciplined fighters with a blind confidence in their chief.

Howe, having considered the situation, decided that



THE JUMEL MANSION, WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, NEW YORK CITY.

For a time Washington's Head-quarters.

the Harlem Heights were too strong for a front attack, and set about a repetition of the flanking movements of Long Island and Kip's Bay. His control of the water with the fleet, and his superior numbers, enabled him to do this with success. Washington, seeing just what was intended, for he perfectly understood by this time the British generals, who were not given to complicated intellectual operations, had no mind to be shut up on Man-

hattan Island. So he occupied the passes, and when Howe—it was now October 14th—attempted to land, he held him back until he had withdrawn his army to the right bank of the Bronx, holding a strong line from Fordham to White Plains. After five days the British advanced again, meeting Glover's brigade, who skirmished vigorously and fell slowly back to the main army. By the 28th the two armies were face to face, and Howe prepared to fight a great battle and end the war. They undertook first to turn the American left, and made a heavy attack on Chatterton's Hill. Twice they were repulsed and driven back with severe loss. Rahl, with his Germans, meantime crossed the Bronx and turned the American right, so that General McDougal was forced to abandon Chatterton's Hill and fall back, fighting stubbornly, to the lines at White Plains. The great and decisive battle failed to come off and the Americans, moreover, were learning to fight in the open. In this action they lost one hundred and thirty killed and wounded, the British two hundred and thirty-one, something very different from the Long Island result. The next day Howe considered the propriety of an assault, but thought the works too strong. Then Lord Percy arrived with reinforcements, but it stormed on the following day, and then Washington quietly withdrew, leaving the British looking at the works, and took up a new and stronger position at Newcastle.

While Washington was awaiting a fresh attack, the enemy began to move to Dobb's Ferry, whither Howe himself went in person on November 5th. The Americans, suspecting a movement into New Jersey, sent troops across the river, leaving a small force at Peekskill

to guard the approach to the Highlands. But Howe's object was not what the Americans supposed. He went back for the purpose of capturing Fort Washington. This fort and Fort Lee, on the opposite bank of the Hudson,



SITE OF FORT WASHINGTON, NEW YORK CITY, LOOKING TOWARD FORT LEE.

were intended to command the river, a purpose for which they were quite inadequate. Washington, with correct military instinct, wished to abandon both, but especially Fort Washington, when he retreated from Manhattan. He gave way, however, to the judgment of a council of war, and especially to the opinion of Greene, who declared

that the position was impregnable. His yielding to his council was a mistake on this, as on other occasions, and his too great deference to the opinion of his officers in the early years of the war, when existing conditions very likely forced him to subordinate his own views to those of others, was usually unfortunate. In this instance the correctness of his own judgment and his error in not standing to it were soon and painfully shown. Greene was no doubt mistaken in declaring the fort impregnable, but if it had been it could not have withstood treachery. It is now known, through a letter which came to light some twenty years ago, that William Demont, the adjutant of Colonel Magaw, went into the British lines and furnished Lord Percy with complete plans of the works and a statement of the armament and garrison. This, as we now know, was the news which took Howe and his army back to New York. Washington started for the fort as soon as he learned of the British movement, but was turned back by word that the garrison were in high spirits, and confident of maintaining the place. They had no idea that they had been betrayed, and Howe, thoroughly informed, made a skilful attack at every point, and carried the outworks. The Americans, driven into the central fort, were exposed on all sides. They could not even hold their ground until night, at which time Washington promised to come to their relief, desperate as the attempt must have been. They therefore surrendered on that day and over 2,000 men fell into the hands of the British, who had lost 454 in the assault, despite the advantages which Demont's treason gave them.

After the fall of Fort Washington, Howe crossed over into New Jersey, and the first campaign for the Hudson

came to an end. The Americans had been beaten in nearly every engagement, and they had suffered a heavy loss by the capture of the fort. Yet the British campaign had none the less failed. With his undisciplined troops broken and demoralized by defeat, Washington had outmanœuvred his adversary. He had avoided a pitched battle, he had moved from one strong position to another, and, although so inferior in numbers, he had forced Howe to undertake slow and time-wasting flank movements. Howe consumed two months in advancing thirty miles. This in itself was defeat, for winter was upon him and Carleton had been forced to retire from Crown Point after Arnold's brilliant and desperate naval fight on the lake which was a Pyrrhic victory for the British. The line of the Hudson was still in American control, and the American army, much as it had suffered, was still in existence. The British incompetence and the ability of Washington were signally shown during this period of unbroken British success, when all the odds were in favor of Howe and against his opponent.

CHAPTER IX

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

IT is easy to see now that while the British had been highly successful in their immediate objects, they had been defeated in the greater object upon which the fate of the war really turned. It is easy, too, to appreciate the ability with which Washington had fought, losing fights in such a way as to defeat the essential purpose of the English campaign. But at the time none of these things were apparent and they were not understood. At the moment the country saw only unbroken defeat, and the spirit and hope of the Americans sank. The darkest hour of the Revolution had come.

Fort Washington fell on November 16th. This rendered Fort Lee useless, and Washington ordered its immediate evacuation. While the necessary preparations were being made, the enemy landed and Greene was forced to withdraw in great haste, saving his men, but losing everything else. He at once joined the main army, and it was well he could do so, for the situation was critical in the extreme. Washington was now in an open flat country, where he could not slip from one strong position to another, and hold the British in check as he had done on the Hudson. His army, too, was going to pieces. The continued reverses had increased desertions, and the curse



THE RETREAT THROUGH THE JERSEYS.

of short enlistments, due to the lack of foresight and determination in Congress, was telling with deadly effect. When their terms expired, the militia could not be induced to stay, but departed incontinently to their homes. Washington sent urgent orders to Lee, who had been left behind in the Highlands with 3,000 men, to join him, but Lee, who thought Washington "damnably deficient," and longed for an independent command, disobeyed orders, lingered carelessly, and talked largely about attacking the enemy in the rear. While thus usefully engaged he was picked up by a British scouting party and made a prisoner. At the time this incident was thought to be a disaster, for the colonial idea that Lee was a great man, solely because he was an Englishman, was still prevalent. As a matter of fact, it was a piece of good fortune, because although a clever man he was a mere critic and fault-finder, and was an endless trouble to the American general.

Washington, holding up as best he might against all these reverses, and with hardly 3,000 men now left in his army, was forced to retreat. He moved rapidly and cautiously, holding his little force together and watching the enemy. The British came on, unresisted, to Trenton and contemplated an advance to Philadelphia. There all was panic, and the people began to leave the city. In New Jersey many persons entered the British lines to accept Howe's amnesty, but this movement, which might easily have gathered fatal proportions in the terror and depression which then reigned, was stopped by the action of the British themselves. Parties of British and Hessian soldiers roamed over the country, burned and pillaged houses, killed non-combatants, ravished women, and carried off young girls. These outrages made the people

IN COUNCIL OF SAFETY,

PHILADELPHIA, *December 8, 1776.*

S I R,

THERE is certain intelligence of General Howe's army being yesterday on its march from Brunswick to Princetown, which puts it beyond a doubt that he intends for this city.—This glorious opportunity of signalizing himself in defence of our country, and securing the Rights of America forever, will be seized by every man who has a spark of patriotic fire in his bosom. We entreat you to march the Militia under your command with all possible expedition to this city, and bring with you as many waggons as you can possibly procure, which you are hereby authorized to impress, if they cannot be had otherwise—Delay not a moment, it may be fatal and subject you and all you hold most dear to the ruffian hands of the enemy, whose cruelties are without distinction and unequalled.

By Order of the Council,

DAVID RITTENHOUSE, Vice-President.

*To the COLONELS or COMMANDING
OFFICERS of the respective Battalions of
this STATE.*

TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

THE Enemy are at Trenton, and all the City Militia are marched to meet them.

Reduced from a broadside issued by the Council of Safety.

desperate, and they stopped seeking amnesty and took up arms.

All this alarm, moreover, fortunately came to nothing. The winter was so advanced that the British decided not to go to Philadelphia, where the panic nevertheless continued for some days, and after Washington had been forced to cross to the west bank of the Delaware, Congress, thoroughly frightened, adjourned to Baltimore. Before going, however, they passed a resolution giving Washington "full power to order and direct all things relative to the department and to the operation of the war." Thus they put all that was left of the Revolution into his hands and made him dictator. They could not have done a wiser act, but they were imposing a terrible burden upon their general.

Never, indeed, did a dictator find himself in greater straits. In all directions he had been sending for men while by every method he sought to hold those he already had. Yet, as fast as he gathered in new troops others left him, for the bane of short enlistments poisoned everything. He was not only fighting a civil war, but he had to make his army as he fought, and even for that he had only these shifting sands to build on. "They come," he wrote of the militia, "you cannot tell when, and act you cannot tell where, consume your provisions, waste your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment." He was as near desperation as he ever came in his life. We can read it all now in his letters, but he showed nothing of it to his men. Schuyler, always faithful, sent him some troops. Sullivan, too, came with those whom Lee had tried to lead, and then it was found that the terms of these very troops were expiring and that by the New Year Washington

would be left with only fifteen hundred men, although at the moment he had between five and six thousand still with him and in outlying detachments. Opposed to him were the British, 30,000 strong, with head-quarters in New York, and strong divisions cantoned in the New Jersey towns. Outnumbered six to one, ill provided in every way, and with a dissolving army, it was a terrible situation to face and conquer. But Washington rose to the height of the occasion. Under the strain his full greatness came out. No more yielding to councils now, no more modest submission of his own opinion to that of others. A lesser man, knowing that the British had suspended operations, would have drawn his army together and tried to house and recruit it through the winter. Washington, with his firm grasp of all the military and political conditions, knew that he ought to fight, and determined to do so. He accordingly resolved to attack Trenton, where Colonel Rahl was posted with twelve hundred Hessians. To assure success, he made every arrangement for other attacks to be combined with that of his own force, and they all alike came to nothing. Putnam was to come up from Philadelphia, and did not move. Ewing was to cross near Trenton, but thought it a bad night, and gave it up. Gates had already departed from Bristol, whence he was to support Washington, and had gone after Congress to get support for himself. Cadwalader came down to the river, thought that it was running too fiercely, and did not cross. They all failed. But Washington did not fail. Neither river nor storm could turn him, for he was going to fight. On the night of Christmas he marched down to the Delaware with twenty-four hundred men, who left bloody footprints behind them on the snow. The boats were ready.



WASHINGTON'S TROOPS DISEMBARKING ON THE TRENTON SHORE OF THE DELAWARE RIVER.

Glover's Marblehead fishermen manned them, and through floating ice, against a strong current, in the bitter cold, the troops were ferried over. It was four o'clock before they were formed on the Jersey side. They were late in landing, they had still six miles to march and a driving storm of sleet and snow beat in their faces. Washington formed his little force in two columns, one under Greene,



THE POINT AT WHICH WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE RIVER.

(As it now appears.)

one under Sullivan. As they marched rapidly onward Sullivan sent word that the muskets were wet and could not be fired. "Tell your General," said Washington, "to use the bayonet, for the town must be taken." So they pressed forward, the gray winter light slowly brightening around them.

In the town to which they were bound all was comfort. While the Americans had been rowing across a swollen river amid floating ice and marching with blood-stained

steps through storm and darkness, the Hessians had been celebrating a hearty German Christmas. They had caroused late and without fear. Rahl had been warned that Washington was planning an attack, but contempt for their foe was again uppermost in the British councils, and he laughed and paid no heed. From their comfortable slumbers and warm beds, with the memories of their Christmas feasting still with them, these poor Germans were roused to meet a fierce assault from men ragged, indeed, but desperate, with all the courage of their race rising high in the darkest hour, and led by a great soldier who meant to fight.

Washington and Greene came down the Pennington road driving the pickets before them. As they advanced they heard the cheers of Sullivan's men, as with Stark in the van they charged up from the river. The Hessians poured out from their barracks, were forced back by a fierce bayonet charge, and then, trying to escape by the Brunswick road, were cut off by Hand's riflemen, thrown forward for that purpose by Washington. Rahl, half-dressed, tried to rally his men, and was shot down. It was all over in less than an hour. The well-aimed blow had been struck so justly and so fiercely that the Hessians had no chance. About two hundred escaped; some thirty were killed, and nine hundred and eighteen, with all their cannon, equipage, and plunder, surrendered at discretion as prisoners of war. The Americans lost two killed and six wounded.

The news of the victory spread fast. To convince the people of what had happened, the Hessian prisoners were marched through the streets of Philadelphia, and a Hessian flag was sent to Baltimore to hang in the Hall of



THE SURPRISE AT TRENTON.

The Hessians poured out from their barracks but were forced back by a fierce bayonet charge.

Congress. The spirits of the people rose with a great rebound. The cloud of depression which rested upon the country was lifted, and hope was again felt everywhere. Troops came in from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the New England men agreed to stay on after the expiration of their term of enlistment.



OLD KING STREET (NOW WARREN STREET), TRENTON.

On the right is a building which was occupied by the Hessians. On the site of the monument, in the background, was stationed the American artillery, which commanded the street and Queen Street, along which the Hessians were quartered.

The blow struck by Washington fell heavily upon the British. Even with their powerful army they could not afford to lose a thousand men at a stroke, nor would their prestige bear such sudden disaster. It was clear even to the sluggish mind of Howe that the American Revolution was not over, and that Washington and an American army still kept the field. Trenton must be redeemed, and they determined to finish the business at once.

Of the Friends of America in the State of New Jersey

The Army of the American States, and my command being lately
practically injured, and having again left the State of New Jersey, I most earnestly
request the Mother of our State at this important Crisis to revive this cause
in her Country by boldly stepping forth and defending the Cause of
Freedom. The Independent Congress has decided that they are boundly authorized
to conduct this war, and we are their living proof that we are from the
beginning to the end of our journey — I have therefore dispatched Col. Miller
to the New York, Newburgh & Poughkeepsie, to see that with some other
Commissioners we are able to call together and embody a great Militia, and
knowing that you will attend their measures —

Edw. Tappan

at
New York
Oct. 21/18

A "CALL TO ARMS."

Reproduced for the first time, in fac-simile (reduced) from the original document.
(By courtesy of the owner, William K. Weeks, Esq.)

Washington with his fresh troops moved first, and re-occupied Trenton. Cornwallis set out against him with 7,000 men on December 30th. He outnumbered Washington, had a perfect equipment, and intended to destroy his opponents. As he marched from Princeton on January 2d, the Americans, under Hand, Scott, and Forrest, fought him at every step, falling back slowly and disputing every inch of the ground, as Washington had directed. It was noon before they reached Shabbakong Creek, when two hours were consumed in crossing the stream. Then came a fight at Trenton, where they suffered severely from the American fire, but when they charged, the Americans, having but few bayonets, gave way, retreated from the town and joined the main army, which held a strong position on the south side of the Assanpink. The British opened a heavy cannonade and at once made an attempt to cross the bridge, which was repulsed. Many officers urged a general and renewed attack, but the short winter day was drawing to a close, and Cornwallis decided to wait until morning. Washington had worn out the day with stubborn skirmishing, for he had no intention of fighting a pitched battle with his ill-armed men, inferior in numbers to their well-equipped opponents, who would receive reinforcements in the morning. Cornwallis had given him all he wanted, which was time, a gift constantly conferred on Washington by the British generals. He had checked the enemy all day, and he had now the night in which to act. So he set the men to work on intrenchments, lighted camp-fires along the river-bank, and having convinced Cornwallis that he would be there in the morning, he marched off with his whole army at midnight, leaving his fires burning. Cornwallis had left all his stores at Bruns-

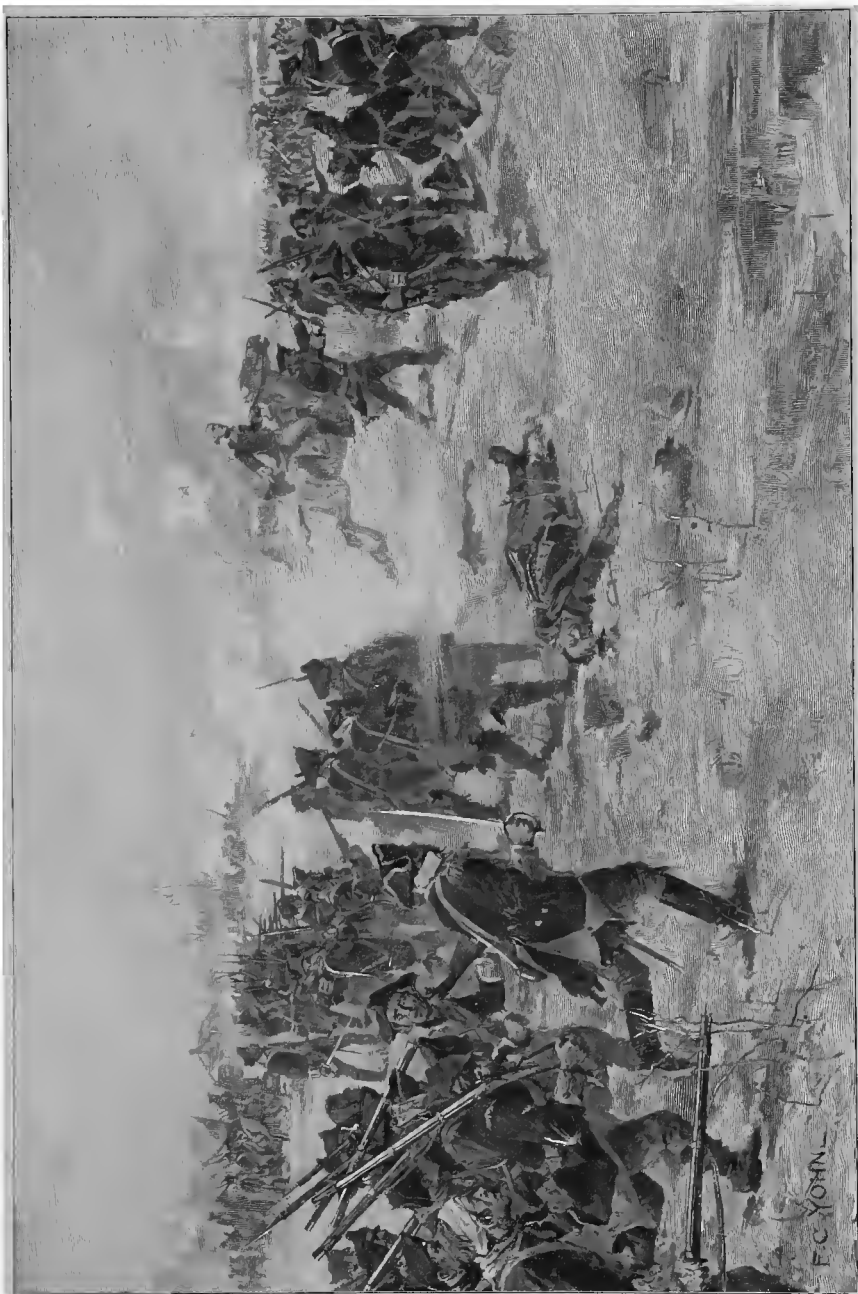
wick, and three regiments of foot and three companies of horse at Princeton. Thither then Washington was marching that winter night. He meant to strike his superior enemy another blow at a weak point. By daybreak he was near Princeton, and moved with the main army straight for the town, while Mercer was detached with three hundred men to destroy the bridge which gave the most



QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE, NEAR PRINCETON.

Near which Washington formed his troops before the battle.

direct connection with Cornwallis. The enemy had started at sunrise, and one regiment was already over the bridge when they saw the Americans. Colonel Mawhood at once recrossed the bridge, and both Americans and English made for some high commanding ground. The Americans reached the desired point first, and a sharp fight ensued. The American rifles did great execution, but without bayonets they could not stand a charge. Mercer was mortally wounded, and his men began to retreat. As Mawhood advanced, he came upon the main



THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

The new Pennsylvania militia in the van wavered under the British fire, and began to give way. Washington rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, and called to his men to stand firm.

American army, marching rapidly to the scene of action. The new Pennsylvania militia in the van wavered under the British fire, and began to give way. Washington forgetting, as he was too apt to do, his position, his importance, and everything but the fight, rode rapidly to the front, reined his horse within thirty yards of the enemy, and called to his men to stand firm. The wavering ceased, the Americans advanced, the British halted, and



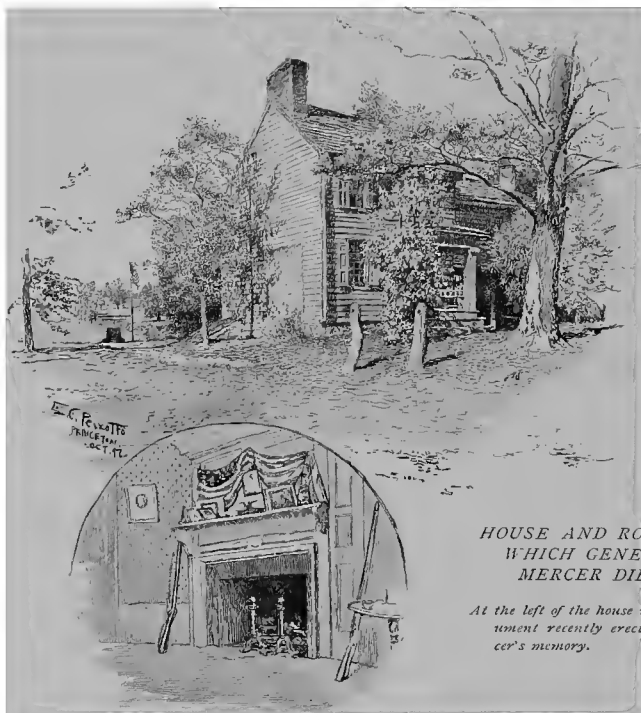
STONY BROOK BRIDGE, NEAR PRINCETON.

The Americans destroyed it to cut off the pursuing British; rebuilt 1792.

Stony Brook
 40 Miles to Phil^a
 56 Miles to N. York

then gave way. The Seventeenth Regiment was badly cut up, broken, and dispersed. The other two fled into the town, made a brief stand, gave way again, and were driven in rout to Brunswick. Washington broke down the bridges and, leaving Cornwallis, who had discovered that he had been outgeneralled, to gaze at him from the other side of the Millstone and of Stony Brook, moved off to Somerset Court-house, where he stopped to rest his men, who had been marching and fighting for eighteen hours. It was too late to reach the magazines at Bruns-

wick, but the work was done. The British suffered severely in the fighting of January 2d, although we have no statistics of their losses. But on January 3d at Princeton they lost nearly four hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and their detachment at that point was shattered



HOUSE AND ROOM IN
WHICH GENERAL
MERCER DIED.

At the left of the house is the monument recently erected to Mercer's memory.

and dispersed. Cornwallis gave up his plan of immediately crushing and destroying the American army, stopped his pursuit, withdrew all his men to Amboy and Brunswick, contracted his lines, and decided to allow the effacement of the American army to wait until spring.

The Trenton and Princeton campaign was a very remarkable one, both from a military and a political point

of view. Washington found himself, after a series of defeats and after a long retreat, which, however skilfully managed, was still retreat, face to face with an enemy outnumbering him in the proportion of six to one. In little more than a week, in the dead of winter, with a dwindling army of raw troops shifting and changing under his hand through the pernicious system of short enlistments, he had assumed the offensive and won two decisive victories. He had struck his vastly superior foe twice with superior numbers on his own part at the point of contact, so that he made his victory, so far as was humanly possible, sure beforehand. With a beaten and defeated army operating against overwhelming odds, he had inflicted upon the enemy two severe defeats. No greater feat can be performed in war than this. That which puts Hannibal at the head of all great commanders was the fact that he won his astonishing victories under the same general conditions. There was one great military genius in Europe when Washington was fighting this short campaign in New Jersey—Frederick of Prussia. Looking over the accounts of the Trenton and Princeton battles, he is reported to have said that it was the greatest campaign of the century. The small numbers engaged did not blind the victor of Rossbach and Leuthen. He did not mean that the campaign was great from the number of men involved or the territory conquered, but great in its conception, and as an illustration of the highest skill in the art of war under the most adverse conditions. So, in truth, it was. Washington was, by nature, a great soldier, and after the manner of his race, he fought best when the tide of fortune seemed to set most strongly against him. He had complete mastery of the whole military situation, and

knew exactly what he meant to do while his opponents were fumbling about without any idea, except that the Americans were beaten and that they must crush the audacious general who would not stay beaten. This perfect knowledge of all the conditions, including the capac-



NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON, ERECTED 1756.

Seized by the British in 1776; retaken by Americans at the Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. Here met, from June 26, 1783 to November 4, 1783, the Continental Congress, and here General Washington received the grateful acknowledgments of Congress for his services in establishing the independence of the United States.

ity of the generals opposed to him, combined with celerity of movement and the power of inspiring his men, were the causes of Washington's success. And this is only saying, in a roundabout way, that Washington, when the pressure was hardest, possessed and displayed military genius of a high order.

But there was another side than the purely military one

to this campaign, which showed that Washington was a statesman as well as a soldier. The greatest chiefs in war ought also to be great statesmen. Some few of them in the world's history have combined both state and war craft, but these are on the whole exceptions, and Washington was one of the exceptions. He not only saw with absolute clearness the whole military situation, and knew just what he meant to do and could do, but he understood the political situation at home and abroad as no one else then understood it. During the eighteen months which had passed since he took command, he had dealt with Congress and all the State governments and had gauged their strength and their weakness. He had struggled day after day with the defects of the army as then constituted. The difficulties to be met were known to him as to no one else; he had watched and studied popular feeling and was familiar with all its states and currents. He had seen the rush of the first uprising of the people, and had witnessed the power of this new force which had invaded Canada, seized Ticonderoga, and driven British armies and fleets from Boston and Charleston. But living as he did among difficulties and facing facts, he also knew that the first victorious rush was but a beginning, that a reaction was sure to come, and that the vital question was whether the war could be sustained through the period of reaction until the armed people could arise again, more soberly, less enthusiastically than before, but disciplined and with set purpose determined to win by hard, slow, strenuous fighting. The first rush passed. The inevitable defeats came in New York. The period of reaction set in deeper and more perilous perhaps than even Washington anticipated. If he closed his campaign in defeat and retreat, the popular spirit upon

which he relied would not probably have an opportunity to revive, and the American Revolution would never see another spring. After the retreat up the Hudson, the loss of New York, and the steady falling back in New Jersey, Europe would conclude that the moment England really exerted herself, the rebellion had gone down before her arms, and all hopes of foreign aid and alliance would be at an end. Without a striking change in the course of the war, the cause of the American people was certainly lost abroad and probably ruined at home. This was the thought which nerved Washington to enter upon that desperate winter campaign. He must save the Revolution in the field, before the people, and in the cabinets of Europe. He must fight and win, no matter what the odds, and he did both.

The result shows how accurately he had judged the situation. After Trenton and Princeton the popular spirit revived, and the force of the armed people began to stir into a larger and stronger life. The watchers in Europe doubted now very seriously England's ability to conquer her colonists, and began to look on with an intense and selfish interest. The American people awoke suddenly to the fact that they had brought forth a great leader, and they turned to him as the embodiment of all their hopes and aspirations. The democratic movement destined to such a great future had passed from the first stage of victorious confidence to the depths of doubt and reaction, and now after Princeton and Trenton it began to mount again. Congress had given all power into the hands of Washington, and left the united colonies for the time being without civil government. Washington took up the burden in his strong hands in the darkest hour, and

bore it without flinching. All that was left of the American Revolution during that Christmas week was with Washington and his little army. How they fared in those wintry marches and sharp battles, in storm and ice and snow, chilled by the bitter cold, we know. The separation of the North American Colonies from the mother-country was probably inevitable. It surely would have come sooner or later, either in peace or war. But it is equally certain that the successful Revolution which actually made the United States independent, was saved from ruin by George Washington in the winter of 1776.

CHAPTER X

THE BURGOYNE CAMPAIGN

A LONG the line of the Hudson alone was it possible to separate one group of colonies from the rest. That line reached from the sea on the south to the British possessions in Canada on the north. Once in full control of it the British would not only be masters of New York, but they would cut off New England from the other colonies. Nowhere else could this be done. At any point on the long Atlantic coast they might seize sea-ports or even overrun one or more colonies ; but along the Hudson alone could they divide the colonies, and by dividing, hopelessly cripple them. It required no very great intelligence to perceive this fact, and the British Ministry acted on it from the start. Carleton descended from Canada in the summer of 1776, while Howe was to advance from the city and, driving the Americans before him, was to unite with the northern army and thus get the control of the two long lakes and of the great river of New York. Carleton, who was almost the only efficient officer in the British service, did his part fairly well. He came down the lakes to Crown Point, which he captured and advanced as far as Ticonderoga. Thence, hearing nothing from the south, he was obliged, by the season and by his victory over Arnold at Valcour, which cost him so dear and so heavily,

to withdraw. Howe, on his side, proceeded to force back the Americans, and, having driven them some thirty miles when he needed to cover nearly four hundred, he suddenly retraced his steps and captured Fort Washington, a serious loss at the moment to the Americans, but of no permanent effect whatever on the fortunes of the Revolution. The essential and great object was sacrificed to one which was temporary and unessential. Howe was incapable of seeing the vital point. Unenterprising and slow, he was baffled and delayed by Washington until summer had gone and autumn was wearing away into winter.

Thus failed the first campaign for the Hudson, but even while it was going to wreck, the Ministry—deeply impressed with the importance of the prize—were making ready for a second attempt. This time the main attack was to be made from the north, and Sir Henry Clinton was to come up the river and meet the victorious army advancing from Canada. In order to insure success at the start, the Ministry set aside Carleton, the efficient and experienced, and intrusted this important expedition to another. The new commander was Sir John Burgoyne. A brief statement of who he was and what he had done will show why he was selected to lead in the most serious and intelligent attempt made by England to conquer America—an attempt upon which the fate of the Revolution turned when success meant the division of the colonies, and defeat a French alliance with the new States. Burgoyne came of a good family, and had made a runaway marriage with the daughter of Lord Derby. As matters went then, these were sufficient reasons for the appointment; but in justice to Burgoyne, it must be said that he had other attributes than those of birth and marriage. He was a member of

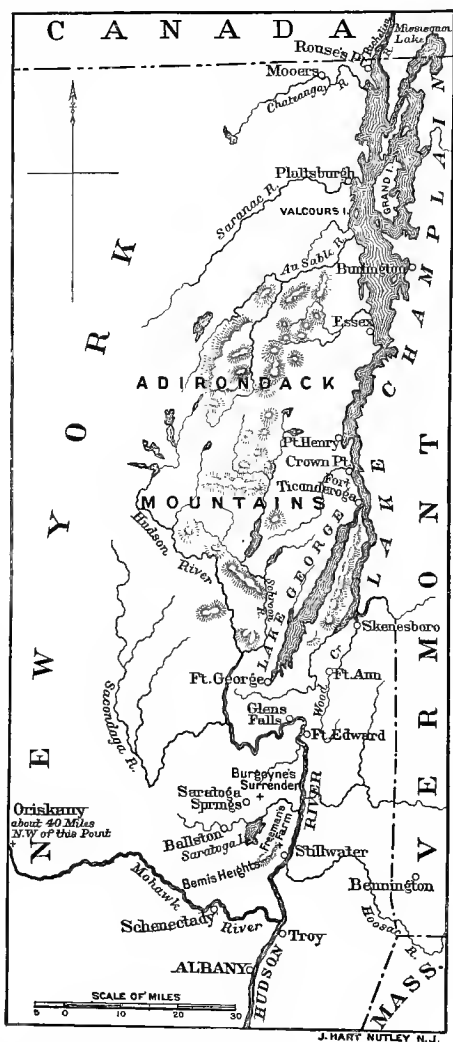
Parliament and a clever debater ; a man of letters, and an agreeable writer ; a not unsuccessful verse-maker and playwright ; a soldier who had shown bravery in the war in Portugal ; a gentleman and a man of fashion. He had not given any indication of capacity for the command of an army, but this was not thought of importance. Let it be added that, although as a soldier he was the worst beaten of the British generals, as a man he was much the best, for he was clever, agreeable, and well-bred.

Having selected their commander, the Ministry cordially supported him. With Lord George Germain, whose own prowess in battle made him think the Americans not only rebels but cowards, the campaign was planned. In it the Indians, who had been held back by the judicious Carleton, were to play a large part, and Canadians also were to be enlisted. More Germans were purchased, and no effort was spared to give the new General everything he wanted. There was only one oversight. Lord George Germain put the orders directing Howe to join Burgoyne in a pigeon-hole, went off to the country and forgot them. Thus it happened that Howe did not receive these somewhat important instructions until August 16th. Hence, some delay in marching north to Burgoyne, the results of which will appear later. But this was mere forgetfulness. The Ministry, with this trivial exception of Howe's orders, meant to give and did give Burgoyne everything he wanted. So it came to pass that on June 13th at St. Johns, when Burgoyne hoisted his flag on the Radeau, and opened his campaign, he found himself at the head of a fine army of nearly 8,000 men, composed of 4,135 English, 3,116 Germans, 503 Indians, and 148 Canadians. They were thoroughly equipped and provided, and the artillery

was of the best. Another force of 1,000 men under Colonel St. Leger was sent to the west to reduce Fort Stanwix; this done, he was to descend the Mohawk Valley and join the main army at Albany. The two expeditions were a serious, well-supported, and well-aimed attack at a vital point, and if successful meant untold disaster to the American cause.

All began well, with much rhetoric and flourish of trumpets. A week after hoisting his flag, on June 20th, Burgoyne issued a proclamation in which he indulged his literary propensities, and no doubt enjoyed highly the pleasure of authorship. The King, he said, was just and clement, and had directed "that Indians be employed." The

Americans he declared to be "wilful outcasts," and in the "consciousness of Christianity and the honor of sol-



diership" he warned them that the messengers of justice and wrath awaited them on the field, together with devastation,



GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.

From the painting by Trumbull (1792) in the Yale College Art Gallery. (Said to be the only portrait of General Schuyler now in existence.)

famine, and every concomitant horror. Having thus appealed to every American to turn out and fight him, he announced in general orders that "this army must not retreat," and took his way up Lake Champlain, the Indians in their war-paint leading the van in their canoes, and the British and Germans following in a large flotilla with bands playing and banners flying.

At the start all went well and victoriously. Schuyler, in command of the northern department, had been laboring with energy to repair the lines of defence broken by Carleton's invasion of the previous summer, and make ready for the coming of the new attack. But he had been unsupported by Congress and had been manfully struggling with really insuperable difficulties. Instead of the proper garrison of 5,000 men at Ticonderoga, there were barely 2,500 ill-armed continental troops, and nine hundred militia, a force far too small to maintain a proper line of works. The British at once seized some unoccupied and commanding heights and opened a plunging fire on the American position with such effect that St. Clair, who was in command at Ticonderoga, decided that the place

was untenable, and on the night of July 5th abandoned it. He sent the women and wounded under the protection of Colonel Long and six hundred troops by boat to Skenesboro' where they were attacked and the American flotilla destroyed. Long thereupon withdrew to Fort Anne, and the next day fought a good action there, but being outnumbered, he abandoned the position and retreated to Fort



RUINS OF OLD FORT FREDERICK, CROWN POINT—AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Edward, where he joined Schuyler. Meantime, St. Clair, assailed on his retreat by the British, with whom his rear-guard fought stubbornly, made his way also to Fort Edward and joined Schuyler on the 12th. The united American force numbered less than 5,000 men, ill-armed and unprovided in every way. Schuyler, however, faced the situation bravely and with no sign of flinching or panic, did at once and effectively the wisest thing possible.

The British had allied themselves with the Indians, Schuyler made the wilderness the ally of the Americans. He destroyed all the wood roads, burnt the bridges, filled up the practicable waterways with logs and stones, and stripped the country of cattle and all provisions. Doing this diligently and thoroughly, he fell back slowly to Fort Miller, ruining the road as he passed, and thence to Stillwater, where he intrenched himself and awaited reinforce-



THE HOME OF GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER AT OLD SARATOGA, NEAR SCHUYLERVILLE.

ments, Arnold in the meantime having joined him with the artillery.

Burgoyne, on the other hand, elated by easy victory, sent home a messenger with exulting tidings of his success, when, in reality, his troubles were just beginning. The country sparsely settled, and hardly opened at all, sank back under Schuyler's treatment to an utter wilderness. The British in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts had been operating in a long-settled region where the roads were good. Now they were in a primeval forest,

with every foot-path and track destroyed, every bridge burned, every creek choked. Burgoyne had to cut a new road, build forty bridges, and reopen Wood Creek. He consumed twenty-four days in marching twenty-six miles, from Skenesboro' to Fort Edward, and after arriving there, on July 30th, he was obliged to wait until August 15th for the arrival of his artillery and heavy ammunition from Lake George.

Even while his jubilant message was on its way to London, the wilderness, under Schuyler's wise management, had dealt him this deadly blow of fatal delay. Nor was this all. The employment of the Indians, who had been ravaging and scalping from the day the British crossed the frontier, had roused the people of the north as nothing else could have done. The frontiersmen and pioneers rose in all directions, for the scalping of wounded soldiers awakened in the Americans a fierce spirit of revenge, which would stop at no danger. The idea that the Indians would terrify the Americans was a foolish dream. Nothing in reality was calculated to make them fight so hard. Perhaps even Burgoyne may have had a glimmering of this truth when two of the allies of his clement King tomahawked and scalped Miss McCrea. There was nothing unusual about the deed, but the unfortunate girl happened to be a loyalist herself and betrothed to a loyal-



GENERAL JOHN BURGoyNE.

From an engraving (after the painting by Gardner) published in 1784.

ist in Burgoyne's camp, whither she was travelling under the escort of the Indians who murdered her. Thus Burgoyne's invasion, his Indians, and his proclamations aroused the country, and Schuyler's treatment of forest and stream gave the delay necessary to allow the people to



THE RAVINE AT ORISKANY, NEW YORK.

The tall elm on the left was said to be standing at the time. The Indian allies lay in ambush on the hill-sides, which were then densely wooded, and attacked the Americans as they crossed on the road in the foreground.

rise in arms. Even while Burgoyne was toiling over his twenty-six miles of wilderness, the mischief had begun.

The first blow came from the west. Much was expected from the strong expedition directed against Fort Stanwix, and much was staked upon it. When St. Leger arrived there on August 2d, with his Indians and loyalists as allies, he summoned it to surrender. Colonel Ganse-



BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

Herbner was mortally wounded early in the action, but the brave old man had himself propped up with his saddle against a tree, and continued to direct the battle.

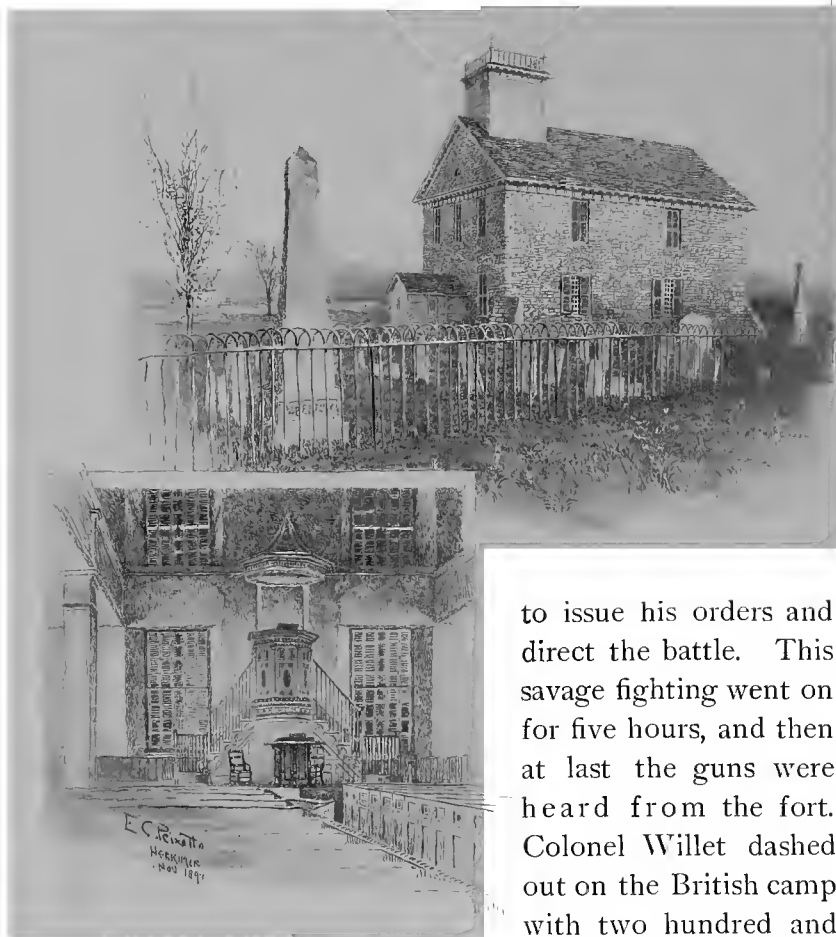
voort refused, and the British began a regular siege. Here, too, all that was needed was time. The hardy pioneers of that frontier county rallied under General Herkimer, and to the number of eight hundred marched with him to relieve Gansevoort. When within eight miles of Fort Stanwix, Herkimer halted and sent a messenger to the fort with a request that on his arrival three guns should be



GENERAL HERKIMER'S HOUSE AT DANUBE, NEAR LITTLE FALLS, NEW YORK.

In the family burying ground is Herkimer's grave, marked by the flag, to the right is the base of the monument recently erected to his memory.

fired and a sortie made. Impatient of delay, Herkimer's officers would not wait the signal, and unwisely insisted on an immediate advance, which led them into an ambush of the British and their Indian allies. Although taken at a disadvantage, this was a kind of warfare which the Americans thoroughly understood, and a desperate hand-to-hand and tree-to-tree fight began. Herkimer was mortally wounded early in the action, but the brave old man had himself propped up with his saddle against a tree, and continued



OLD STONE CHURCH AT GERMAN FLATS
IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

It was built in 1767 and formed part of the stockaded defence of Fort Herkimer, and was often used by the settlers as a place of refuge from the raids of the Tories and Indians.

to issue his orders and direct the battle. This savage fighting went on for five hours, and then at last the guns were heard from the fort. Colonel Willet dashed out on the British camp with two hundred and fifty men, destroyed some of the intrenchments, and captured prisoners, camp equi-

page, and five flags. He could not get through to Herkimer, but the Indians, hearing the firing in their rear, retreated, and were soon followed by the loyalists and

regular troops, leaving Herkimer master of the field and victor in the hard-fought backwoods fight of Oriskany.

St. Leger, despite this heavy check, still clung to his intrenchments, and on August 7th again summoned the fort to surrender. Gansevoort, with the five British standards flying below the new American flag, made from strips of an overcoat and a petticoat, contemptuously refused. The besiegers renewed their attack in vain, and were easily repulsed. Then came rumors of Arnold's advance to the relief of the fort ; the Indians fled, and St. Leger, deserted by these important allies, was forced to raise the siege. On August 22d he abandoned his works in disorder, leaving his artillery and camp equipage, and made a disorderly retreat to Canada, broken and beaten. The stubborn resistance of Gansevoort and the gallant fight of Herkimer



CASTLE CHURCH, NEAR DANUBE, IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY.

Built as a Mission for the Indians by Sir William Johnson. The notorious Brant was taught here by the Missionaries, and lived in a house a little to the north of the church.

had triumphed. Arnold was able to rejoin Schuyler with the news that the valley of the Mohawk was saved. The western expedition of the northern invasion had broken down and failed.



GENERAL JOHN STARK.

From a painting (after Trumbull) by U. D. Tenney, at the State Capitol at Concord, N. H.

While St. Leger was thus going to wreck in the west, Burgoyne's own situation was growing difficult and painful. Provisions were falling short, and the army was becoming straitened for food, for Schuyler had stripped the country to good purpose, and to the difficulties of moving the army was now added that of feeding it. Bad reports, too, came from New England. It appeared that the invasion had

roused the people there to defend their homes against Indians and white men alike. Stark had raised his standard at Charlestown, on the Connecticut River, and the militia were pouring in to follow the sturdy soldier of Bunker Hill and Trenton.

Nevertheless, food must be had, and these gathering farmers, who seemed disposed to interfere, must be dispersed. So Burgoyne, on August 11th, sent Colonel Baum, with five hundred and fifty Hessians and British, and fifty Indians, to raid the country, lift the cattle, and incidentally repress the rebellious inhabitants of the New Hampshire grants. Four days later he sent Colonel Breyermann, with six hundred and forty-two Brunswickers, to support the first detachment, for Baum had asked for re-

inforcements. Apparently, the task before him looked more serious than he anticipated. Still he kept on steadily, and on August 13th encamped on a hill about four miles from Bennington, in the present State of Vermont, and proceeded to intrench himself. This was an unusual proceeding for a rapid and desolating raid, but it was now apparent that, instead of waiting to be raided, the New Englanders were coming to meet their foe.

As soon as Stark heard of the advance of Baum, he marched at once against him with the fifteen hundred men he had gathered from New Hampshire and Massachusetts, disregarding the orders he had received meantime to join the main army under Schuyler. On August 14th he was within a mile of the Indo-Germanic camp, but could not draw them out to battle. The 15th it rained heavily, and Stark kept up a constant skirmishing, while the Hessians worked on their intrenchments.

August 16th was fair and warm, and Stark, suspecting the approach of reinforcements to the enemy, determined to storm the hill, a rather desperate undertaking for undisciplined farmers, armed only with rifles and destitute of side-arms or bayonets. Nevertheless, it was possible, and Stark meant to try. Early in the day he sent five hundred men, under Nichols and Herrick, to the rear of the Hessian position. Baum, honest German that he was, noticed small parties of Americans making their way toward the rear of his intrenchments; but he had never seen soldiers except in uniform, and he could not imagine that these farmers, in their shirt-sleeves and without bayonets or equipment, were fighting men. He had never conceived the idea of an armed people. In truth, the phenomenon was new, and it is not surprising that Baum did

not understand it. He concluded that these stragglers were peasants flocking to the support of their King's hired troops, and let them slip by. Thus Stark successfully massed his five hundred men in the rear of the British forces. Then he made a feint, and under cover of it moved another body of two hundred to the right. This done, he had his men in position, and was ready to attack. He outnumbered the enemy more than two to one, but his men were merely militia, and without bayonets—a badly equipped force for an assault. The British, on the other hand, were thoroughly disciplined, regular troops, intrenched and with artillery. The advantage was all theirs, for they had merely to hold their ground. But Stark knew his men. The wild fighting blood of his Scotch-Irish ancestors was up, and he gave the word. The Americans pressed forward, using their rifles with deadly effect. The Indian allies of the King, having no illusions as to American frontiersmen in their shirt-sleeves and armed with rifles, slipped off early in the fray, while the British and Hessians stood their ground doggedly and bravely. The Americans swarmed on all sides. They would creep or run up to within ten yards of the works, pick off the artillerymen and fall back. For two hours the fight raged hotly, the Americans closing in more and more, and each assault becoming more desperate than the last. Stark, who said the firing was a “continuous roar,” was everywhere among his men. At last, begrimed with powder and smoke almost beyond recognition, he led them in a final charge. They rushed over the works, and beat down the men at the guns with clubbed rifles. Baum ordered his men to charge with the bayonet; the Americans repulsed them; Baum fell mortally wounded, and his



BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

Stark . . . was everywhere among his men. . . . He led them in a final charge. They rushed over the works, and beat down the men at the guns with clotted ryles.

soldiers surrendered. It was none too soon. Stark's judgment had been right, for Baum's men had hardly laid down their arms when Breymann appeared with his detachment and attacked. Under this new assault the

Americans wavered, but Stark ral-



CATAMOUNT TAVERN, BENNINGTON, VT., THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL STARK AND THE COUNCIL OF SAFETY.

(Drawn from an old photograph.)

lied them, and putting in the one hundred and fifty fresh Vermont men, under Warner, repulsed the Brunswickers, and Brey-

mann retreated, beaten and in haste, under cover of darkness. Another hour and he, too, would have been crushed.

There was no strategy about the action at Bennington. "It was the plain shock and even play of battle;" sheer hard fighting, often hand to hand, and the American farmers defending their homes, and well led, proved more



MONUMENT AVENUE, BENNINGTON, AT THE PRESENT TIME.

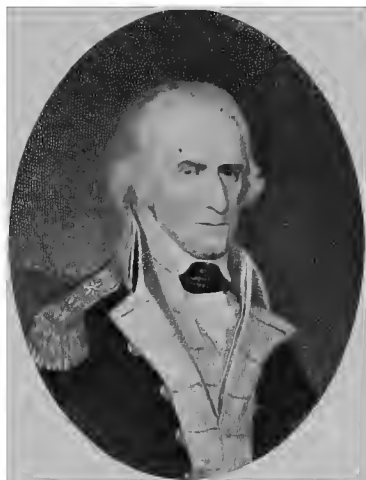
The Battle Monument in the distance. The pedestal to the right marks the site of the Catamount Tavern.

than a match for the intrenched regulars. Bennington showed a great advance over Bunker Hill, for here the Americans attacked in the open an intrenched position defended by artillery and carried it. The well-aimed rifles of the pioneer settlers of the New England hills won the day. The American loss was eighty-two killed and wounded; the British two hundred and seven, which shows the superior marksmanship of Stark's men, who, as the assaulting force, should have suffered most. But the Americans also took 700 prisoners, 1,000 stand of small arms, and all the artillery of the British. It was a deadly blow to Burgoyne. The defeat of St. Leger meant the failure of an important part of the campaign, while Bennington crippled the main army of invasion and swept away at a stroke 1,000 men.

The victories of Oriskany and Bennington inspired the country. Volunteers began to come in increasing numbers from New York and New England, and even from the extreme eastern counties of Massachusetts. Washington, hard pressed as he was, but with characteristic generosity, sent Morgan's fine corps of Virginian riflemen, while Congress, with a wisdom which resembled that of Lord Germain, in setting aside Carleton, selected this moment to supersede Schuyler, who was about to reap the reward of his wise prevision and steadfast courage. The general they now chose for the northern army, and upon whom they lavished all the support, both moral and material, which they had withheld from Schuyler, was Horatio Gates, "the son of the house-keeper of the second Duke of Leeds." Beyond his English birth and his somewhat remote connection with the British peerage, Gates had no claim whatever to command any army. It is but just to

say that his command was in practice largely nominal, but it was given him solely because Congress, with colonial habits still strong upon them, were dazzled by the fact that he was an Englishman. It was a repetition of the case of Lee. Gates, although an intriguer, was more sluggish than Lee, less clever and less malignant, but it would be hard to say which was the more ineffective, or which the more positively harmful. Both did mischief, neither did good to the cause they espoused. In the present instance, Gates could not do any fatal injury, for the armed people had turned out and were hunting the enemy to his death. But he might have led them and saved much time, and not lessened the final result by weakness of spirit.

When he took command, on August 19th, Gates found himself at the head of an army in high spirits and steadily increasing in strength. After contemplating the situation for three weeks he marched from the mouth of the Mohawk to Bemis's Heights, on the west bank of the Hudson. There he awaited his enemy, and a very troubled and hard-pressed enemy it was. Burgoyne had been sorely hurt by the defeat at Bennington; no more men came from the north; the country had been stripped; he was short of supplies, which had to be brought from Canada, and he could hear of no relief from the south.



GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

*From the hitherto unpublished portrait painted by
R. E. Pine, 1785.*

So he hesitated and waited until, at last, having got artillery, stores, and provisions by way of Lake George, he bethought him that this was an army which was not to retreat, and on September 13th crossed to the west bank of the Hudson.

An additional reason for his doubts and fears, which he thus finally put aside, was that the Americans were threatening his line of communication. General Lincoln, with two thousand men, had moved to the rear of Burgoyne. Thence he detached Colonel Brown with five hundred soldiers, and this force fell upon the outworks of Ticonderoga, took them, released a hundred American prisoners, captured nearly three hundred British soldiers and five cannon, and then rejoined Lincoln at their leisure. The net was tightening. The road to Canada was being closed either for succor or retreat. Yet Burgoyne kept on, and on September 18th, when Brown and his men were carrying the Ticonderoga outworks, he stopped his march within two miles of the American camp at Bemis's Heights.

The next morning, the 19th, about eleven o'clock, the British army advanced in three columns. Burgoyne commanded the centre ; Riedesel and Phillips, with the artillery, were on the left ; while Fraser, commanding the right, swung far over in order to cover and turn the American left. Gates, like Stendhal's hero, who, as he came on the field of Waterloo, asked the old soldier if the fighting then in progress was a battle, seemed to regard the British advance as a parade and watched it with sluggish interest but without giving orders. This Arnold could not stand, and he sent Morgan's riflemen and some light infantry to check Fraser. They easily scattered the loyalists and Ind-

ians, and then fell back before the main column. Arnold then changed his direction, and fresh troops having come up, attacked the British centre with a view of breaking in between Burgoyne and Fraser. The action thus became general and was hotly waged. The Americans attacked again and again, and finally broke the line. Burgoyne was only saved by Riedesel abandoning his post and coming to the support of the central column with all the artillery. About five o'clock Gates, rousing from his lethargy, sent Learned with his brigade to the enemy's rear. Had this been done earlier, the British army would have been crushed. As it was, the right moment had gone by. It was now too late for a decisive stroke; darkness was falling, and the Americans drew off to their intrenchments, the enemy holding the ground they had advanced to in the morning. Such was the battle of Freeman's Farm. Had Gates reinforced Arnold or sent Learned forward earlier, the result would have been far more decisive. Without a general, led only by their regimental and brigade commanders, the American troops had come into action and fought their own battle in their own way as best they could. If they had been directed



OLD BATTLE WELL ON FREEMAN'S
FARM, AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Here a Fierce Conflict for Possession Took Place.

by an efficient chief, they would have ended the Burgoyne campaign then and there. As it was, they inflicted a severe blow. The Americans had about 3,000 men engaged; the British about 3,500. The American loss was 283 killed and wounded, and 38 missing. The British loss in killed and wounded, according to their own re-



CELLAR AT THE PRESENT TIME IN THE MARSHALL HOUSE, SCHUYLERVILLE, WHICH WAS USED AS A HOSPITAL FOR THE BRITISH.

Through the door is seen the room in which Madame Riedesel and her children took refuge for six days.

ports, was 600. Both sides fought in the open, and the Americans, after the first advance, attacked. They had few bayonets and but little artillery, while the British had both in abundance, yet the disparity in the losses showed again the superiority of the American marksmanship and the deadly character of their rifle fire.



THE BURIAL OF GENERAL FRASER.

The result of the action at Freeman's Farm rejoiced the Americans, and fresh troops from the surrounding country kept coming into camp. Still Gates did nothing except quarrel with Arnold and relieve him from his command. Instead of following up his advantage and attacking Burgoyne, he sat still and looked at him. This attitude, if not useful, was easy and pleasant to Gates; but to Burgoyne—harassed by constant skirmishing, deserted by his Indians, short of provisions, and with no definite news of the promised relief from the south—it was impossible. He had heard from Clinton that a diversion was to be made from New York, and this tempted him to say that he could hold on until October 12th. Lord George Germain's orders had indeed been found in their pigeon-hole and finally despatched. Reinforcements also had been sent to Clinton, and thus stimulated, he moved out of New York on October 3d with a large fleet and 3,000 troops. He easily deceived Putnam, crossed to King's Ferry and carried the weakly garrisoned forts—Montgomery and Clinton. Then the fleet destroyed the boom and chain in the river, and the Americans were compelled to beach and burn two frigates, which were there to defend the boom. This accomplished, Sir Henry Clinton, oppressed by the lateness of the season, retraced his steps, leaving Vaughan to carry the raid as far as Kingston, which he burned, and then to retire, in his turn, to New York. This performance was what lured Burgoyne to stand his ground. But no amount of hope of Clinton's coming could sustain him indefinitely. Some of his generals, in fact, urged retreat, forgetting that this particular army was not to retreat, but to advance continually. Under the pressure, however, Burgoyne determined to try

one more fight, and, if unsuccessful, fall back behind the Batten Kill.

His plan was to make a reconnoissance in force and with this object, at ten o'clock on October 7th, Burgoyne left his camp with 1,500 of his best troops and 10 pieces of artillery. Again he formed them in three columns, with Fraser on the right, Riedesel and his Brunswickers in the centre, and Phillips on the left. As soon as the British moved, Gates sent out Morgan to meet the enemy on the right while Learned was to oppose the central column, and Poor, with the continentals, was to face Phillips. Poor opened the battle and, supported by Learned, attacked Acland's grenadiers and broke them despite their well-directed fire. Meantime, Morgan with his riflemen, and Dearborn with the light infantry, fell upon the British right. So fierce was this assault that Burgoyne, seeing that his right would be turned, ordered Fraser to fall back and take a new position. In doing so, Fraser was mortally wounded by a Virginian rifleman. While the wings were thus breaking, the Brunswickers in the centre held firm, and then Arnold, who was on the field merely as a volunteer and with no command, put himself at the head of his old division and led them in a succession of charges against the German position. The Brunswickers behaved well and Burgoyne exposed himself recklessly, but they could not stand the repeated shocks. One regiment broke and was rallied, only to break again. The Americans took eight of the ten guns, and at last the British were forced back to their intrenched camp, where they rallied and stood their ground. There Arnold continued his fierce attacks and was badly wounded. The darkness alone stopped the fight and saved the remnants of the

11th of our Army shall meet
at the place of the celebration to
hear the oration of General.

80th
The General's message will be
read by the Adjutant General's
office. Major General Gates will
speak tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock.

(Comp. 11th.)

General ad. 15. 1877.

Horatio Gates.

General
8. 15. 1877

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE—FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF A PART OF THE ORIGINAL ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION.

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British army, but it had been a disastrous day for Burgoyne. Fraser and Breymann were both killed, and Sir Francis Clarke—Burgoyne's first aide. The British lost 426 killed and wounded, 200 prisoners, nine guns, ammunition, and baggage. The Americans had about 200 killed and wounded.

The blow was a deadly one, and it was obvious that nothing now remained for the British and Germans but a desperate effort to retreat. After burying poor Fraser in the intrenchments, while the American shot tore the earth and whistled through the air over the grave, Burgoyne abandoned his sick and wounded on the next night after the battle and retreated through the storm to Saratoga. But the attempt was hopeless, and even Gates could not fail to conquer him now. On the 10th, when he tried to see if there was escape by the west bank of the Hudson, he found that Stark, the victor of Bennington, was at Fort Edward with 2,000 men. On the 11th the Americans scattered the British posts at the mouth of the Fishkill, captured all their boats and nearly all their provisions. On the 12th Burgoyne was surrounded. Outnumbered and exposed to concentric fire, he yielded to the inevitable, and on the 14th sent in a flag of truce to treat for a surrender. Gates demanded that the surrender be unconditional. Burgoyne refused to consider it. Thereupon Gates, alarmed by rumors of the raid and village burning under Vaughan, instead of attacking at once, gave way feebly and agreed to a convention by which the British surrendered, but were free to go to England on agreeing not to serve again against America.

The convention was an inglorious one to Gates when he actually held the British helpless in his grasp, but it



SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

The disarmed British soldiers passed between the American lines which extended for nearly a mile. General Burgoyne stepped to one side, drew his sword, and, in silence, handed it to General Gates, who, however, immediately returned it.

answered every practical purpose. By the convention of October 16, 1777, a British general with his army numbering 5,791 surrendered. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six prisoners of war were already in the hands of the Americans. Including the losses in the field and in the various actions from Ticonderoga and Oriskany to Bennington and Saratoga, England had lost 10,000 men, and had surrendered at Saratoga forty-two guns and forty-six hundred muskets.

The victory had been won by the rank and file, by the regiments and companies, for after the departure of Schuyler there was no general-in-chief. The battles were fought under the lead of division commanders like Arnold, Morgan, or Poor, or else under popular chiefs like Herkimer and Stark. But it was the American people who had wrecked Burgoyne. He came down into that still unsettled region of lake and mountain with all the pomp and equipment of European war. He brought with him Indian allies, and the people of New York and New England knew well what that meant. They were not disciplined or uniformed, and they had no weapons except their rifles and hunting-knives. But they could fight and they knew what an Indian was, even though they had never seen a Hessian or a British grenadier. They rose up in Burgoyne's path, and, allied with the wilderness, they began to fight him. Regular troops came to their support from Washington's army, and militia were sent by the States from the seaboard. Thus the Americans multiplied while the British dwindled. The wilderness hemmed in the trained troops of England and Germany, and the men, to whom the forests and the streams were as familiar as their own firesides, swarmed about them with evergrowing num-

bers. At last, the English army, reduced one half, beaten and crippled in successive engagements, ringed round by enemies, surrendered. Again, and more forcibly than ever, facts said to England's Ministers: "These Americans can fight; they have been taught to ride and shoot, and look a stranger in the face; they are of a fighting stock; it is not well in a spirit of contempt to raid their country and threaten their homes with Indians: if you do this thing in this spirit, disaster will come." As a matter of fact, disaster came, and Burgoyne's expedition, the most important sent by England against her revolted colonies, failed and went to wreck.

CHAPTER XI

THE RESULTS OF SARATOGA

SARATOGA, where Burgoyne's surrender took place, is counted by Sir Edward Creasy among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. By this verdict the American victory comes into a very small and very memorable company. The world's history is full of battles and sieges, and among this almost countless host only fifteen are deemed worthy, by an accomplished historian, to take rank as decisive in the widest sense, and as affecting the destiny of mankind. By what title does Saratoga rise to this dignity? Certainly not from the numbers engaged, for they were comparatively small. The victory was complete, it is true, but an army of 10,000 men has been beaten and has surrendered many times without deciding anything, not even the issue of a campaign. From the military point of view the blow was a heavy one to England, but she has suffered much greater losses than this in her career of conquest and still has come out victorious.

The fact is that the significance of Saratoga lies less in what it actually was, than in what it proved and what it brought to pass. It showed the fighting quality of the American people, and demonstrated that they were able to rise up around a powerful and disciplined force and

hunt it down to ruin and surrender. The prospect of conquering a people capable of such fighting, defended by three thousand miles of ocean and backed by the wilderness, was obviously slight. Saratoga meant, further, that the attempt to control the Hudson, and thus divide the States, had definitely failed. The enormous advantage of a country united for military purposes had been won, and the union of the new States, which, physically as well as politically, was essential to victory, had been secured, and, once secured, this meant ultimate success. Last, and most important of all, the surrender of Burgoyne and the utter wreck of his campaign convinced Europe of these very facts, or, in other words, assured foreign powers that the revolted colonies would win in the end. It required the keen intellect of Frederick the Great to appreciate Trenton and Princeton. He realized that those battles, flashing out from the clouds of defeat and misfortune, meant that the Americans had developed a great leader, a soldier of genius, and that under such a man a fighting people could not be beaten by an enemy whose base of supplies was 3,000 miles away. But no Frederick was needed to comprehend Saratoga, where there had been no strategy, nothing but hard, blunt fighting, ending in the effacement of a British army and the ruin of a campaign of vital importance. This was clear to all men in the despatches which announced Burgoyne's surrender, and the knowledge brought America supplies, money, and allies. Alone, the colonies could not be conquered. With a European alliance their victory became certain.

To understand exactly what was wrought by the fighting in those northern forests, it is necessary to know the conditions existing on the other side of the Atlantic at the

time when the men of New York and Virginia and New England finally brought their quarry down at Saratoga. The American Revolution was fought out not only in the field but in the Cabinets of Europe as well. The new nation not only had to win battles and sustain defeats, but also to gain recognition at the great tribunal of public opinion and prove its right to live. Statesmen were required as well as commanders of armies and captains of frigates, in order to break the British Empire and establish a new people among the nations of the earth. The statesmen came. They, indeed, had begun the work, for it had fallen to them to argue the American cause with England, and then to state to the world the reasons and necessity for independence. Even before this was done, however, it had become evident to the leaders in Congress that the American cause, in order to succeed, must be recognized in Europe, and must even obtain there an active support. So it came about that the political leaders in America, after this was fairly understood, as a rule either returned to their States, where the most energetic assistance could be given to the Revolution, or went abroad to plead their country's cause in foreign lands. Congress sank in ability and strength in consequence, but as it never could have been an efficient executive body in any event, this was of less moment than that the highest political ability of the country should be concentrated on the most vital points. Thus it was that the strength of American statesmanship, after the Declaration of Independence, instinctively turned to diplomacy as the field where the greatest results could be achieved, and where alone allies, money, and supplies could be obtained. The beginnings were small and modest enough, and Congress

hesitated in this direction as long and as seriously as it did in regard to independence ; for foreign aid and alliance, as much as war, meant final separation from the mother-country.

The resistance of the colonies to England had gradually attracted the attention of Europe. The continental governments generally were slow to see the importance of this transatlantic movement ; but the French, still smarting under the loss of Canada, were quick to perceive how much it might mean to them in the way of revenge. Bunker Hill roused them and riveted their attention. Vergennes, watching events closely and from the first eager to strike at England, secretly sent M. de Bonvouloir, a former resident of the West Indies, to visit America and report. De Bonvouloir, on reaching Philadelphia, had a private interview with Franklin, and reported that, although the resistance to England was determined, the Americans hesitated to seek foreign aid. This, without doubt, was a true picture of the situation and of the state of American feeling at that time. Yet, a little later, in December, 1775, Congress made a first timid step toward outside assistance by authorizing Arthur Lee—then in London—to ascertain the feeling of the European governments in regard to the colonies. Arthur Lee was one of the distinguished brothers of the well-known Virginian family. He was intelligent and well-educated, having taken a degree in medicine and then studied law. He was an accomplished man with a good address, and ample knowledge of the world and of society. In ability he did not rise to the level of the very difficult task which developed before him later, and he proved to have a jealous and quarrelsome disposition which led him to intrigue

against Franklin and into other serious troubles. At this time, however, he did very well, for he had been the agent of Massachusetts, and knew his ground thoroughly. He seems to have obtained good information, and, what was still more important, he came into relations with a man who at this juncture was destined to be of great service to America. This was Beaumarchais, mechanician and merchant, orator and financier, writer and politician. Above all, Beaumarchais was the child of his time, the author of "The Barber of Seville," the creator of "Figaro," which played its part in preparing the way for what was to come. As the child of his time, too, he was infected with the spirit of change, filled with liberal views and hopes for humanity, which were soon to mean many things besides a philosophic temper of mind. So the American cause appealed to him as Frenchman, speculator, adventurer, and friend of humanity and progress. He saw Lee in London ; is said to have gone there eight times for that purpose ; and presently stood as the connecting link between the ancient monarchy and the young republic of America.

Vergennes, pressing steadily toward action in behalf of the revolting English colonies, was opposed in the Cabinet by Turgot, who sympathized deeply with the American cause, but rightly felt that France was in no condition to face another war. With Turgot was Maurepas, and Vergennes could advance but slowly in his policy. Nevertheless, he got something done. In May, 1776, he sent \$200,000 to the Americans, and persuaded Spain to do the same. It was all effected very secretly through Beaumarchais, but still it was done.

Meantime, Congress was moving, too. In March, 1776, it appointed Silas Deane, a merchant of Connecti-

cut, as agent and commissioner to France, to secretly sound the government, and also to see what could be done in Holland. Deane was an energetic, pushing man, who rendered good service, but he was careless in making contracts, was attacked and misrepresented by Lee, recalled from Europe, and being injudicious in his defence, he dropped out of public life. Like Lee, however, he did well in the early days. He reached France in July, 1776, and was admitted on the 11th to an interview with Vergennes. On the 20th he obtained a promise of arms, and again Beaumarchais was authorized to supply merchandise to the value of three million livres. When the Declaration of Independence was known, Vergennes urged action more strongly than ever, and Congress—now that the die was cast—discussed the draft of a treaty with France, and, what was far more important, appointed Franklin as a commissioner with Deane and Lee to negotiate with the French Government. Franklin reached Paris as the year was drawing to a close, and was received with enthusiastic warmth. He was known all over Europe, and especially in France, where his reputation as a man of science and a philosopher, as a writer and philanthropist, added to his fame as a public man, made him as popular and admired as he was distinguished. His coming changed the complexion of affairs and gave a seriousness to the negotiations which they had lacked before. Public sympathy, too, was awakened, and Lafayette, young and enthusiastic, prepared to depart at his own expense to serve as a volunteer in the cause of liberty. So, too, went De Kalb, and a little later, Pulaski; and then Kosciusko, together with a crowd of less desirable persons who saw in the American war a field for adventure.

On December 28th Franklin was received by Vergennes and greatly encouraged by him. The opposition in the Cabinet was giving way, and although nothing could be done with Spain, despite the efforts of Vergennes to make her act with France, American affairs were moving smoothly and propitiously. Then came the news of the defeats on the Hudson, and everything was checked. It seemed, after all, as if it was not such a serious matter, as if England had but to exert herself to put an end to it, and so there was a general drawing back. France stopped on the way to a treaty and refused to do anything leading to war. She continued to secretly advance money, sent ships with arms, and allowed American privateers in her ports, but beyond this she would not go, and all the popularity and address of Franklin were for the time vain.

But as the months wore away, the attention of Europe was fixed on the northern campaign which was to break the colonies and crush the rebellion. Before the year closed, the news of Saratoga had crossed the Atlantic. It was received in England with consternation. Lord North was overwhelmed. He saw that it meant a French alliance, the loss of the colonies, perhaps French conquests. He went as far as he could in framing conciliatory propositions, and appointed a commission to take them to America—but it was all too late. As Washington said, an acknowledged independence was now the only possible peace. The King, who was not clever like Lord North, failed to see the meaning of Saratoga, and was ready to face a world in arms rather than yield to rebels. In England, therefore, Burgoyne's surrender brought nothing but abortive concessions, which two years earlier would have

settled everything, and fresh preparations for a struggle fast drawing into hopelessness.

In France the result was widely different. Paris heard the tidings of Saratoga with joy, and Vergennes received the commissioners on December 12th. He made no secret of his pleasure in the news which sustained the position he had taken, and he also understood, what very few at that moment comprehended, the immense importance and meaning of Washington's stubborn fighting with Howe while the northern victories were being won. On December 20th Franklin and Deane were informed that the King would acknowledge the colonies and support their cause. On February 6th two treaties were made between France and the United States, one of amity and commerce, and the other an eventual treaty of defensive alliance. On March 20th the American commissioners were at Versailles and were presented to the King, and on the 22d they were received by Marie Antoinette. On April 10th Gerard was sent as Minister to the United States, and the alliance was complete. England, formally notified of the treaties, accepted them as an act of war. Burgoyne's surrender had done its work, and France had cast her sword into the scale against England. The men who had fought side by side with British soldiers, and gloried in the winning of Canada, were now united with the French, whom they had then helped to conquer, in the common purpose of tearing from the empire of Britain the fairest and greatest part of her colonial dominion. The English Ministers and the English King, who had made such a situation possible by sheer blundering, may well have looked with wonder at the work of their hands.

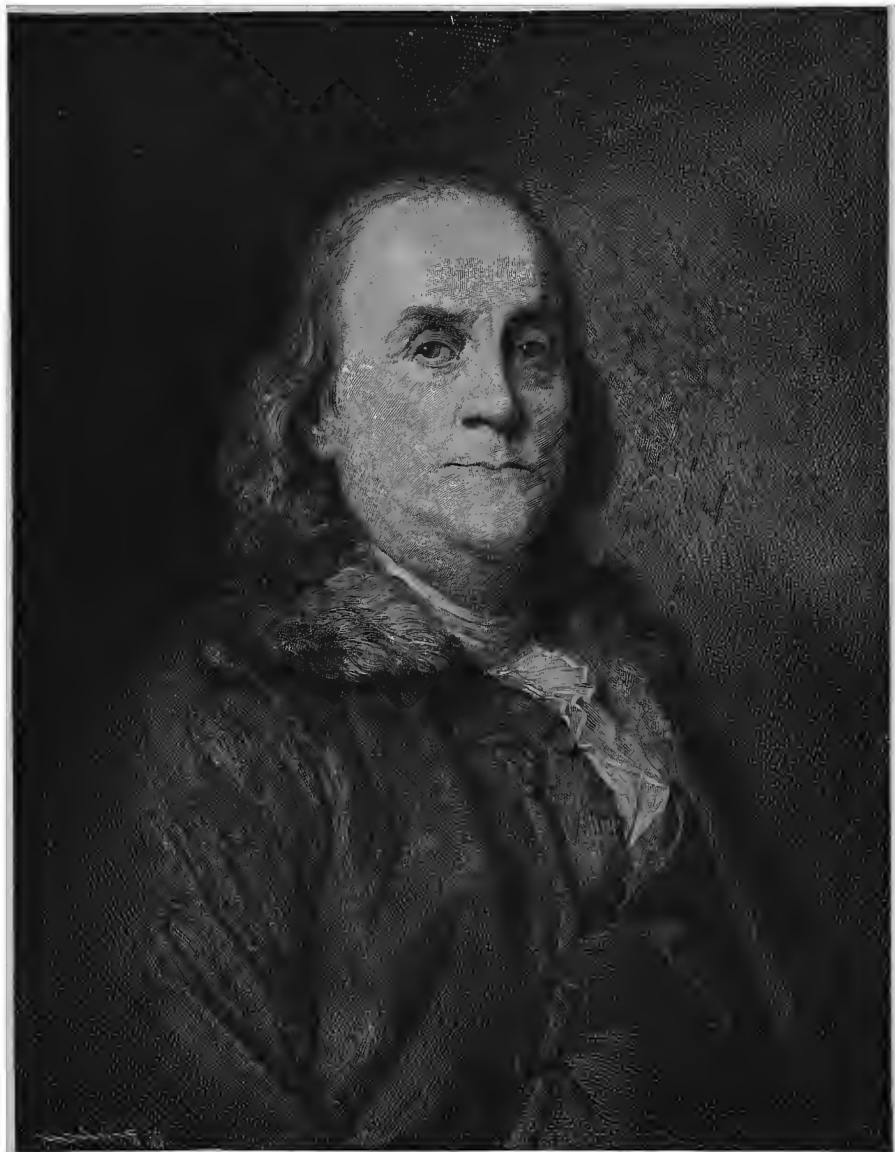
The diplomacy of the Americans was as fortunate as

their conduct of the original controversy with the mother-country. Almost everywhere they secured a reception which assured them, if not actual support, at least a benevolent neutrality. Russia refused troops to England and manifested a kindly interest in the new States. Holland, who had herself fought her way to freedom, and could not forget her kindred in the New World, not only refused to give troops to George III., but openly sympathized with the rebels, and later lent them money, for all which she was to suffer severely at the hands of England. The northern powers stood aloof and neutral. Austria sympathized slightly, but did nothing. Spain, despite the pressure of Vergennes, could not be stirred, and Lee's expedition to Burgos, where he met Grimaldi, in the winter of 1776-77, bore no fruit. Lee, who was not lacking in zeal and energy, also went to Berlin. He was well received there by Frederick, who looked with unfeigned contempt on the blundering of his cousin George, and predicted the success of the colonies, but who would not at that moment engage himself in the controversy. While Lee was in Berlin, the British Minister, Elliott, hired a thief for one thousand guineas to break into the American Envoy's room and steal his papers. Lee recovered the papers on complaining to the police, but this unusual diplomatic performance caused Frederick to refuse to see Elliott, to enter on his Cabinet record that the act of the British Minister was "a public theft," and to increase the kindness and consideration with which he treated Lee.

On the whole, the diplomacy of the new-born nation was highly successful. The American representatives made a good impression wherever they appeared, and turned to excellent account the unpopularity of England.

They soon satisfied themselves that they had nothing to fear from Europe and much to hope which cleared the ground and enabled the United States to face the future with the knowledge that England could look for no aid against them outside her own resources. They were destined to get much more from Europe than this negative assurance; but the beginning was well made. The scene of their greatest efforts was, of course, in France, and there they attained to the height of their desires on the strength of Burgoyne's surrender. Congress, appreciating more and more the work to be done abroad, sent out John Adams to replace Deane. He arrived after the signing of the treaties, but his coming was most fortunate, for Franklin's colleagues were disposed to be jealous of him and to intrigue against him. As so often happens, they were inferior men, who could not understand why the superior man was looked up to as the real leader. But no jealousy could obscure the facts. Franklin was the hero of the hour and the admired of Court and city. His simple ways, his strong and acute intellect, his keen humor, his astute diplomacy, all standing out against the background of his scientific fame, appealed strongly to Frenchmen and to the mood of the hour. Statesmen listened to him respectfully, the great ladies of the brilliant and frivolous Court flattered and admired him, the crowds cheered him in the streets, and when the Academy received Voltaire, the audience, comprising all that was most distinguished in arts and letters, demanded that he and Franklin should embrace each other in their presence.

The first impulse is to laugh at those two old men, worn with experience and wise with much knowledge of the world, sceptics both in their different ways, solemnly



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

From the painting by Duplessis, 1778, in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Owned by Dr. Clifford F. Snyder, Paris, France.

kissing each other amid the excited plaudits of that brilliant assemblage. It seems almost impossible not to imagine that the keen sense of humor which both possessed in such a high degree should not have been kindled as the wrinkled, withered face of Voltaire drew near to that of Franklin, smooth, simple-looking, and benevolent, with the broad forehead arching over the cunning, penetrating eyes. Yet this, if the most obvious, is also the superficial view. Both actors and audience took the whole ceremony with seriousness and emotion, and they were right to do so, for there is a deep significance in that famous scene of the Academy. Voltaire's course was run, while Franklin had many years of great work still before him; but both were children of the century; both represented the great movement of the time for intellectual and political freedom, then beginning to culminate. Franklin, although he had passed the age of the Psalmist, represented also the men who were even then trying to carry into practice what Voltaire had taught, and to build anew on the ground which he had cleared. Voltaire stood above all else for the spirit which destroyed in order to make room for better things. If Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, Voltaire's sneering smile had shattered faiths, beliefs, and habits which for centuries had lain at the very foundation of government and society. Revolutions in thought are not made with rose-water, any more than other revolutions, and Voltaire had spared nothing. His wonderful intellect, as versatile as it was ingenious, had struck at everything that was accepted. The most sacred beliefs and the darkest superstitions, the foulest abuses and the noblest traditions, had all alike shrivelled beneath his satire, quivered under his scorn, and shrunk from his ridi-

cule. Those that deserved to live survived it all to bloom again. Those that deserved to die perished beneath the blight. He had mocked at religion until scepticism had become fashionable, and the Church itself was laughed at and disregarded. He had sneered at governments and rulers and courts, until all reverence for them had departed. He had lashed the optimism of those who possessed the earth, until their doctrines appeared a hideous sham, and the miseries of men the only realities. He was the destroyer without whom the deep abuses of the time could never have been reached or remedied. But he offered nothing, and men cannot live on negations. As he cleared the ground, other men rose up seeking to replace the ruined and lost ideals with new and better hopes. If mankind was miserable, there must be some cure. If governments were bad, and kings and courts evil, they must be replaced by the people whom they ruled and oppressed. If the Church was a fraud, and religion a superstition, salvation must be found in the worship of humanity.

In France, bankrupt, oppressed, misgoverned, and yet the intellectual centre of Europe, this great movement came to full life. It was there that the old dykes had been broken and the rushing tide of new thought had poured in. There Voltaire had swept men from their old moorings, and there Rousseau and many others were dreaming dreams and seeing visions of the regeneration of mankind. Suddenly, into this society fermenting with new ideas and preparing, all unconsciously, for armed revolution, came the news of the American revolt. Here, then, it seemed were men 3,000 miles away who were actually trying, in a practical, tangible manner, to do that

very thing about which the intellect and the imagination of France were reasoning and dreaming. Thus the American appeal thrilled through this great and brilliant French society which seemed on the surface so remote from the fishers and choppers and ploughmen, who, far away on the verge of the wilderness, were trying to constitute a state. The ministers and statesmen, dealing with facts, instructed as to precedents, and blind to the underlying forces, saw in the revolt of the American Colonies an opportunity to cripple England and thus reduce their enemy and rival. They saw correctly so far as they saw at all. France sustained the colonies, and the British Empire was broken. But they did not see what lay beyond ; they did not understand that they were paving the way for the overthrow of monarchies other than that which ruled North America ; nor was it in the deeper sense due to them that France became the ally of the United States.

They were borne along by a mightier force than anything they had ever known, and of which they had no real conception. The King, with a mental capacity sufficient only for a good locksmith, had a dumb animal instinct of race which made him dislike the whole American policy. He received Franklin coldly, almost gruffly, and yielded reluctantly to his Ministers. Yet he, too, was driven along by a force as irresistible as it was unseen, which finally having broken all bounds swept him to the prison and the scaffold. Louis's royal instinct was entirely right so far as he was concerned, and much truer than the judgment of his keen and well-instructed Ministers. Kings had no business to be backing up revolted colonists, for the cause of America was the cause of the people against all kings. It was for this very reason that it appealed not

only to the intellect of France, which had thrown down the old beliefs and was seeking a new creed, but to the French people, who were beginning to stir blindly and ominously with a sense of their wrongs and their power. This was why the American cry for aid aroused the enthusiasm and the sympathy of France. The democratic movement, still hidden in the shadows and the depths, but none the less beginning to move and live in France, recognized, instinctively, the meaning of the same movement which had started into full life in America with arms in its hand. This was the deep, underlying cause of the French alliance when the surrender of Burgoyne said, not merely to Ministers intent on policy, but to a nation with visions in its brain, here is an armed people, not only fighting for the rights of man, but fighting victoriously, and bringing to wreck and extinction a King's army which had been sent against them.

CHAPTER XII

FABIUS

THE intimate connection between the northern campaign against Burgoyne and that conducted at the same time by the main army, under Washington, has been too much overlooked. If the English army in the south had been able or ready to push forward to Albany at all hazards, nothing could have stayed the success of Burgoyne and the consequent control by the British of the line of the Hudson. Lord George Germain's pigeon-holed order and country visits counted for something in delaying any British movement from New York ; but if the main army had been free and unchecked, not even tardy orders or the dulness of Howe and Clinton would have prevented an effective advance in full force up the Hudson instead of the abortive raid of a comparatively small detachment. The reason that relief did not reach Burgoyne from the south was simply that the British army there was otherwise engaged and could not come. Washington had entire confidence, after the British reached Ticonderoga, that the whole expedition would end in failure and defeat. He was confident, because he understood all the conditions thoroughly. He had been a backwoods fighter in his youth, he had seen Braddock routed, in the midst of that disaster he had saved the remnants of the

shattered, panic-stricken army, and he knew that the people of New England and New York, rising in defence of their homes, and backed by the wilderness, would sooner or later destroy any regular army with a distant base and long communications. For this success there was only one absolutely indispensable condition: no army from the south must be allowed to meet the invaders from the north. That they should not, depended on him, and hence his confidence in Schuyler's measures and in the ultimate destruction of Burgoyne. Yet the task before him was a severe one, in reality far graver and more difficult than that wrought out so bravely and well by the people of the north.

Washington, in the first and chief place, had no wilderness as an ally. He was facing the principal English army, better equipped, better disciplined, much more numerous than his own, and operating in a settled country and over good roads. His enemy controlled the sea, and a seaport was their base of supplies. They therefore had no long line of communications, were not obliged, and could not be compelled, to live off the country, were in no danger of starvation, and were quartered in towns where a large proportion of the inhabitants were loyal to the crown. Washington's problem was to hold the main British army where they were and make it impossible for them to march north while the season permitted. This he had to do by sheer force of his own skill and courage with a half-formed, half-drilled army, an inefficient government behind him, and meagre and most uncertain resources. To succeed, he had to hold his army together at all hazards, and keep the field, so that the British would never dare to march north and leave him in their rear. In order to ac-

comply with this result he would have to fight again and again, keep the enemy in check, employ them, delay them, consume time, and no matter what reverses might befall him, never suffer a defeat to become a rout, or permit his army to break and lose its spirit. The story of the campaign of 1777 on the northern border has been told. The way in which Washington dealt with his own problem and faced his difficulties is the story of the other campaign which went on all through that same spring and summer in the Middle States, and upon which the fate of Burgoyne so largely turned.

After his victory at Princeton, at the beginning of the year, Washington withdrew to Morristown, and there remained in winter quarters until May. His militia, as usual, left him as their terms of enlistment expired, his army at times was reduced almost to a shadow, but still he kept his ground and maintained his organization, which was the one great problem of the winter. In the spring the needed levies came in, and Washington at once took the field and occupied a strong position at Middlebrook. Howe came out from Brunswick, looked at the American position, decided that it was too strong to be forced, and withdrew to Amboy. He made another effort when he heard the American army was at Quibbletown, but Washington eluded him, and Howe then passed over to Staten Island and abandoned New Jersey entirely.

Washington saw so plainly what the British ought to do that he supposed Howe would surely make every sacrifice to unite with Burgoyne and would direct all his energies to that end. He therefore expected him to move at once up the Hudson, and accordingly advanced himself to Ramapo, so that he might be within striking distance of

New York ; for he was determined at all costs to prevent the junction with Burgoyne, which he knew was the one vital point of the campaign. For six weeks he remained in ignorance of Howe's intentions, but at last, on July 24th, he learned that Howe had sailed with the bulk of the army, and that the entire fleet was heading to the south. Thereupon he marched toward Philadelphia, but hearing that the fleet had been seen off the capes of the Delaware and had then been lost sight of, he concluded that Howe was bound for Charleston, and made up his mind to return to New York, as he felt that the troops still there would certainly be used to reach Burgoyne, if the American army on any pretext could be drawn away.

He had not entirely fathomed, however, the intelligence of the British commanders. That which was clear to him as the one thing to be done, had not occupied Howe's mind at all. He was not thinking of Burgoyne, did not understand the overwhelming importance of that movement, and had planned to take Philadelphia from the south, having failed to get Washington out of his path in New Jersey. So when he sailed he was making for Philadelphia, an important town, but valueless in a military point of view at that particular juncture. Definite news that the British were in the Chesapeake reached Washington just in time to prevent his return to New York, and he at once set out to meet the enemy. His task at last was clear to him. If possible, he must save Philadelphia, and if that could not be done, at least he must hold Howe there, and stop his going north after the capture of the city. He therefore marched rapidly southward, and passed through Philadelphia, to try to encourage by his presence the loyal, and chill the disaffected in that divided town. The intention

was excellent, but it is to be feared that his army could not have made a very gratifying or deep impression. The troops were ill-armed, poorly clothed, and so nearly destitute of uniforms, that the soldiers were forced to wear sprigs of green in their hats in order to give themselves



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR CHAD'S FORD, AT THE TIME OF THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

some slight appearance of identity in organization and purpose. Nevertheless, poorly as they looked, their spirit was good ; they meant to fight, and when Washington halted south of Wilmington, he sent forward Maxwell's corps and then waited the coming of the enemy.

Howe having lingered six weeks in New York, with no

apparent purpose, had consumed another precious month in his voyage, and did not finally land his men until August 25th. This done, he advanced slowly along the Elk, and it was September 3d when he reached Aitken's Tavern, and encountered Maxwell, who was driven back after a sharp skirmish. Howe pressed on, expecting to take the Americans at a disadvantage, but Washington



*LAFAYETTE'S HEAD-QUARTERS,
NEAR CHAD'S FORD, DURING
THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDY-
WINE.*

slipped away from him and took a strong and advantageous position at Chad's Ford on the Brandywine, where he determined to make a stand and risk a battle, although he had only 11,000 effective men, and Howe had brought 18,000 from New York. Possessing the advantage of position, he had a chance to win, and he meant to take every chance. With the main army he held Chad's Ford; the lower fords were held by the Pennsylvania militia on



BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

Many of the Americans were unskilled militia, but they repelled charge after charge of the infantry, chasseurs, and grenadiers.

the left, while Sullivan, in command of the right wing, was to guard those above the main army. This important work Sullivan failed to do, or did imperfectly, and from this failure came defeat. On the 11th, Knyphausen, with 7,000 men, came to Chad's Ford and made a feint of



BIRMINGHAM MEETING-HOUSE. NEAR CHAD'S FORD.

Ola Quaker meeting-house used as a hospital during the battle of the Brandywine, and to which Lafayette was carried when wounded.

crossing. Meantime, Cornwallis and Howe, with an equally strong column, marched north, and then swinging to the east around the forks of the Brandywine, crossed at the unguarded fords. At noon Washington heard of Cornwallis's movement, and with quick instinct determined to fall upon Knyphausen in his front and crush him. He had indeed begun to cross the stream, when

word came from Sullivan that he had been assured by Major Spear, who had been on the other side of the river, that Cornwallis was not advancing, as reported. This blundering message made Washington draw back his men and relinquish his attack on Knyphausen, and meantime the battle was lost. Sullivan, indeed, could hardly have sent off his fatal misinformation before the British were upon him. He made a brave stand, but he was outnumbered and outflanked, and his division was routed. Washington hearing firing, made rapidly toward the right wing, where, meeting the fugitives, he ordered Greene forward, who with great quickness brought up his division and supported the broken right wing, so that they were able to withdraw to a narrow defile, where they made good their ground until nightfall. At Chad's Ford, Wayne held Knyphausen in check until assured of the disaster to the right wing, and then drew off in good order and joined the main army at Chester. The battle had been lost through obvious faults on the American side, although Washington's dispositions were excellent. If he had crossed when he started to do so, and fallen upon Knyphausen with a superior force at that point, he would have won his fight, even if Sullivan had been crushed. Everything in fact was ruined by the carelessness which caused Sullivan to leave unguarded the fords, of which he did not know, but of which he should have known, and by the blundering message which prevented Washington from attacking Knyphausen. Nevertheless, it is a grievous error in war to be misinformed, and it shows that the scouting was poor and the General badly served by his outposts. These grave faults came, of course, from the rawness of the army and the lack of proper organization,

yet it must be admitted that even in an army recently levied, such misinformation as Sullivan sent to Washington seems unpardonable. Still, despite the defeat, it is easy to perceive a decided improvement since the defeat at Long Island for, although Sullivan's men showed some unsteadiness, the army as a whole behaved well. The American loss was over a thousand, the British five hundred and seventy-nine, but there was no panic, and no rout. Washington had his army well in hand that night, marched the next morning from Chester to Germantown, then recrossed the Schuylkill at Swedes'



BARON KNYPHAUSEN, COMMANDER OF THE HESSIANS IN THE WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

From a drawing, the original of which is in the possession of the Knyphausen family. The reproduction is from a photograph of the drawing, owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Fort and moving in a westerly direction along the old Lancaster road on September 16th faced Howe near West Chester, ready to fight again. Skirmishing, in fact, had actually begun, when a violent storm came up and so wet the ammunition on both sides that the firing ceased, and Washington was compelled to withdraw for fresh supplies. He left Wayne behind, who got in the rear of the British advancing along the west bank of the river and who wrote Washington that a terrible mistake had been made in recrossing the Schuylkill, as a fatal blow might have been

struck if he had only remained. Wayne sent this opinion off, supposing that the British were ignorant of his own position. Unfortunately they were not, and on the night of the 20th, General Grey surprised him in his camp at Paoli, where the Americans lost one hundred and fifty men. By courage and presence of mind, Wayne escaped with his cannon and the rest of his men, but with his division much broken by the shock. Coming on top of the defeat at the Brandywine, and due to overconfidence and also again to lack of proper information, this unfortunate affair was not inspiring to the general tone of the army.

Howe, on his side, after disposing of Wayne, made a feint which caused Washington to march up the river to protect his stores at Reading, and then turning, went straight on to Philadelphia. He reached Germantown on the 25th, and the next morning Cornwallis marched into Philadelphia with 3,000 men and took possession of the town. Congress, or whatever was left of it, had fled some days before to Lancaster, but the townspeople remained. Some received the King's soldiers with loud acclaim, most of them looked on in sullen silence, while the British on their side behaved perfectly well and molested nobody. Thus Howe smoothly and triumphantly had achieved his purpose. He sent word to his brother in command of the fleet that the city was won, started intrenchments, and prepared to remove the obstructions and forts by which the Americans still held the river. All indeed had gone very well. The rebels had been beaten, some of their detachments surprised, and their capital taken. Howe thought the business was about over, and, if he had been capable of the mental effort, may have

been considering a quick march to the north after his conquest of the Middle States and a victorious junction with Burgoyne. While he was making his preparations to clear the river, he kept his main army in Germantown quietly and comfortably, and there on the early morning of October 4th he suddenly heard firing, and riding out, met his light infantry running. He expressed his surprise at their conduct, and then rode back to his main line, for he found a general action had begun. It seemed that the beaten rebels did not understand that they were beaten, but were upon him again, a piece of audacity for which he was not prepared. Washington in fact had not only held his army together after defeat, but had maintained it in such good trim and spirits that, although inferior in numbers, he was able to assume the aggressive and boldly engage his enemy lying in nearly full force at Germantown. It was a well-planned attack and came within an ace of complete success.

Sullivan, supported by Washington with the reserves, was to make the main attack in front. The Pennsylvania and New Jersey militia were to distract the enemy's attention by demonstrations on the flanks, while Greene, taking a wide sweep with a large force, was to come up from the Limekiln road and strike the right wing of the British, forcing them back toward the river. Sullivan waited two hours to give Greene time to arrive, and then advanced. At first all went well; the morning was misty and the British were surprised. The Americans drove the enemy rapidly and in confusion before them, and were pressing on to the centre of the town when some companies of English soldiers opened fire from the Chew house, a large stone building, upon the reserves, who were following

Sullivan. Very unwisely they stopped and tried to take the house, and then endeavored to burn it. Both attempts not only failed but wasted time and lost men. They should have pushed on, leaving a small body to watch the house, instead of slackening as they did the momentum of



THE CHEW HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.

the first rush. Even this unlucky delay, however, would not have been fatal if the attack from the east, which was the key of Washington's plan, had succeeded. Greene, however, was half an hour late, and then struck the enemy sooner than he expected, and had his line broken. He nevertheless reformed, kept on, and drove the British back, but reinforcements coming up, he was forced to retreat. Worse than this, one of his divisions going astray in the



THE ATTACK UPON THE CHEW HOUSE.

The Continentals tried in vain to batter down the door, which was held in place by a heavy iron bar running across it. The officer upon the steps was of the Seventh Pennsylvania. The one lying upon his face at the right of the picture, had been detailed to come forward with the flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the house. He was permitted to come close to the house and then shot down beside the driveway.—Note by the artist.

fog, came up to the Chew house and opened fire. Thereupon Wayne supposing the enemy was in his rear drew off, uncovering Sullivan's flank, and thus forced the latter to retreat also. The British pursued, but were finally stopped by Wayne's battery at Whitemarsh. The American attack had failed and the army had been repulsed. The causes of the defeat were the difficulties inseparable from a plan requiring several detached movements, the confusion caused by the thick mist, and the consequent unsteadiness of the new troops. The fighting was sharp, and the Americans lost 673 in killed and wounded, besides 400 made prisoners, while the British lost in killed and wounded only 521. Nevertheless, although repulsed, Washington had not fought in vain. He had shown his ability to assume the offensive immediately after a defeat, and this not only had a good effect at home, but weighed very greatly with Vergennes, who saw the meaning of a battle under such circumstances more clearly than those actually on the scene of action.

Moreover, Washington had brought off his army again in good spirits, with courage and confidence restored, and still held the field so strongly that Howe, despite his victories, found himself practically besieged, with provisions running short. He could not move by land, and it therefore became a matter of life and death to open the Delaware River so that the fleet could come up to his relief. Accordingly, on October 19th, he withdrew from Germantown to Philadelphia, forced to do so by Washington's operations despite the repulse of the Americans, and turned his whole attention to the destruction of the defences of the Delaware. These defences consisted of two unfinished works : Fort Mifflin on an island in the Schuyl-

kill, and Fort Mercer at Red Bank in New Jersey. Between these points the channel was blocked and the blockade defended by a flotilla of small boats commanded by Commodore Hazlewood and by some larger vessels built for Congress. The British fleet forced the obstructions below and came nearly up to Fort Mifflin on October 21st. The next day Count Donop with 2,500 Hessians attacked Fort Mercer, held by Colonel Greene with 600 men. Their first assault was repulsed with heavy loss. The British forces were to have been supported by the fleet, but Hazlewood beat off the vessels sent against him, and drawing in near shore, opened on the flank of the Hessians. Donop rallied his men and led them again and again to the attack, but they were met by such a murderous fire that they gave way, and Donop himself was mortally wounded and made a prisoner. The Hessians lost over four hundred men, the Americans thirty-five. Two British vessels also went aground, were attacked by the Americans, set on fire and blown up. The defence was admirably conducted, and the whole affair was one of the best fought actions of the war.

This attempt to carry the American redoubts by a simple rush had thus not only failed but had resulted in heavy slaughter. Even Howe saw that he must take more deliberate measures to attain his end. He accordingly erected batteries on the Pennsylvania shore, which reached Fort Mifflin with most serious effect. Men-of-war at the same time came up and opened fire on the other side. For five days the three hundred men held out, and then, most of their officers being killed or wounded, their ammunition nearly exhausted, their guns dismounted, they abandoned the heap of ruins which they



THE REPULSE OF THE HESSIANS UNDER COUNT DONOP AT FORT MERCER.

Donop rallied his men and led them again and again to the attack, but they were met by such a murderous fire that they gave way, and Donop was mortally wounded.

had defended so well, and on the night of November 15th crossed over to Red Bank. This fort, now isolated, was menaced in the rear by Cornwallis, and before General Greene could reach it with relief, the garrison were obliged to retreat and leave its empty walls to be destroyed. The defence of these two posts had been altogether admirable, and had served an important purpose in occupying the British General, besides costing him, all told, some six hundred men and two vessels.

Nevertheless, Howe was at last in possession of Philadelphia, the object of his campaign, and with his communications by water open. He had consumed four months in this business since he left New York, three months since he landed near the Elk River. His prize, now that he had got it, was worth less than nothing in a military point of view, and he had been made to pay a high price for it, not merely in men, but in precious time, for while he was struggling sluggishly for Philadelphia, Burgoyne, who really meant something very serious, had gone to wreck and sunk out of sight in the northern forests. Indeed, Howe did not even hold his dearly bought town in peace, for after the fall of the forts, Greene, aided by Lafayette, who had joined the army on its way to the Brandywine, made a sharp dash and broke up an outlying party of Hessians. Such things were intolerable, they interfered with personal comfort, and they emanated from the American army which Washington had now established in strong lines at Whitemarsh. So Howe announced that in order to have a quiet winter, he would drive Washington beyond the mountains. Howe did not often display military intelligence, but that he was profoundly right in this particular intention must be admitted.

In pursuit of his plan, therefore, he marched out of Philadelphia on December 4th, drove off some Pennsylvania militia on the 5th, considered



LAFAYETTE.

From a portrait painted by C. W. Peale, in 1780, for Washington. Now owned by General G. W. C. Lee, Lexington, Va.

the American position for four days, did not dare to attack, could not draw his opponent out, returned to the city, and left Washington to go into winter quarters at Valley Forge, whence he could easily strike if any move was made by the British army.

Not the least difficult of Washington's achievements was this same refusal to come down and fight Howe at Whitemarsh. He had been anxious to do so sometime before, for it was part

of his nature to fight hard and at every opportunity. Yet when Howe marched against him at this juncture he refused, and the strength of his position was such that the British felt it would be certain defeat to attack. The country, with its head turning from the victory over Burgoyne, was clamoring for another battle. Comparisons were made between Washington and Gates, grotesque as such an idea seems now, much to the former's disadvantage, and the defeats of Brandywine and Germantown were contrasted bitterly with the northern victories. Murmurs could be heard in the Congress, which had been forced to fly from their comfortable quarters by the arrival

of the victorious enemy in Philadelphia. John Adams, one of the ablest and most patriotic of men, but with a distinct capacity for honest envy, discoursed excitedly about Washington's failures and Gates's successes. He knew nothing of military affairs, but as Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, he would have been ready to take command of the Channel Fleet on a day's notice, and so



THE OLD POTTS HOUSE AT VALLEY FORGE USED BY WASHINGTON AS HEAD-QUARTERS.

Now a revolutionary museum.

he decided and announced, in his impetuous way, the greatness of Gates, whose sole merit was that he was not able to prevent Burgoyne's defeat, growled at the General-in-Chief, who had saved the Revolution, and sneered at him as a "Fabius."

Washington knew all these things. He heard the clamors from the country, and they fell in with his own instincts and desires. He was quite aware of the com-

parisons with Gates and of the murmurings and criticism in Congress. Yet he went his way unmoved. He weakened himself to help the northern army, for he understood, as no one else then did, the crucial character of Burgoyne's expedition. When the news of the surrender at Saratoga came to him, his one word was devout gratitude for the victory he had expected. But no comparisons, no sneers, no rivalry could make him move from the lines at Whitemarsh. If Howe would attack him where victory was certain, well and good, but on the edge of winter he would take no risk of defeat. He must hold the army together and keep it where it could check every movement of the enemy. The conquerors of Burgoyne might disperse to their homes, but the Continental Army must always be ready and in the field, for when it ceased to be so, the American Revolution was at an end. Hence the strong lines at Whitemarsh, as memorable in Washington's career as the lines of Torres Vedras in that of Wellington. Hence the refusal to fight except on a certainty, a great refusal, as hard to give as anything Washington ever did. Hence, finally, the failure of Howe to drive his enemy "beyond the mountains," and his retirement to Philadelphia to sleep away the winter while the American Revolution waited by his side, ready to strike the moment he waked and stirred.

Washington had thus saved his army from the peril of defeat without lowering their spirit by retreating. He had stood ready to fight on his own terms, and had seen his opponent withdraw, baffled, to the city, whence it was reasonably certain he would not come forth again until a pleasanter season. So much was accomplished, but a still worse task remained. He had, it is true, his army in good

spirit and fair numbers, but he had to keep it through a hard winter, where it would hold Howe in check, and to maintain its life and strength without resources or equipment and with an inefficient and carping Congress for his only support.

Valley Forge was the place selected for the winter camp. From a military stand-point it was excellent, being



The view is from Fort Huntington looking toward Fort Washington, which lies at the end of the white road in the cut between the hills. The line of the main intrenchments is marked by the trees on the summit of the hill. The plan is made to correspond with the view regardless of the points of the compass, north being at the bottom of the plan.

both central and easily defended. Critics at the time found fault with it because it was a wilderness with wooded hills darkening the valley on either side. The military purpose, however, was the one to be first considered, and it may be doubted if the army would have found any better quarters elsewhere, unless they had cooped themselves up in some town where they would have been either too distant for prompt action or an easy mark for

attack. But, whether due to military expediency or not, the story of Valley Forge is an epic of slow suffering silently borne, of patient heroism, and of a very bright and triumphant outcome, when the gray days, the long nights, and the biting frost fled together. The middle of December in the North American woods; no shelter, no provi-

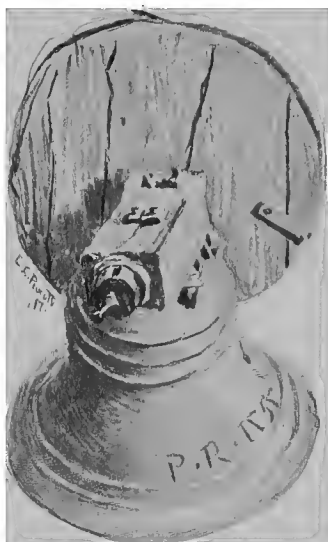
I *Benedict Arnold Major General*
do acknowledge the UNITED STATES of AMERICA to be Free, Independent and Sovereign States, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great-Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do *Swear* that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office of *Major General* which I now hold, with fidelity, according to the best of my skill and understanding.

Sworn before me this B Arnold
30th May 1778 at the
Artillery Park Valley Forge Henry B. Elshen

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES, SIGNED BY BENEDICT ARNOLD AT VALLEY FORGE, 1778.

sions, no preparations; such were the conditions of Valley Forge when the American army first came there. Two weeks of hard work, and huts were built and arranged in streets; this heavy labor being done on a diet of flour mixed with water and baked in cakes, with scarcely any meat or bread. At night the men huddled around the fires to keep from freezing. Few blankets, few coverings,

many soldiers without shoes, "wading naked in December's snows"—such were the attributes of Valley Forge. By the new year the huts were done, the streets laid out, and the army housed, with some three thousand men unfit for duty, frostbitten, sick, and hungry. They had shelter, but that was about all. The country had been swept so bare by the passage of contending armies that even straw to lie upon was hard to get, and the cold, uncovered ground often had to serve for a sleeping-place. Provisions were scarce, and hunger was added to the pain of cold. Sometimes the soldiers went for days without



OLD BELL USED IN THE CAMP
AT VALLEY FORGE.

meat—sometimes without any food, Lafayette tells us, marvelling at the endurance and courage of the men. There is often famine in the camp, writes Hamilton, a man not given to exaggeration. "Famine," a gaunt, ugly fact, with a savage reality to those who met it, and looked it in the eyes, although little understood by excellent gentlemen in Congress and elsewhere. Then the horses had died in great numbers, and in consequence transportation was difficult, enhancing the labor of hauling firewood. Cold, hunger, nakedness, unending toil; it is a singular proof of the devotion and patriotism of the American soldier that he bore all these sufferings and came through them loyally and victoriously. We are told that, tried

sometimes almost beyond the power of endurance, the men were more than once on the verge of mutiny and general desertion. But neither desertion nor mutiny came, and if contemplated, they were prevented by the influence of the officers, and most of all by that of the chief officer, whose patient courage, warm sympathy, and indomitable spirit inspired all the army.

And what was the Government, what was Congress doing, while against a suffering much worse than many battles their army was thus upholding the cause of the Revolution? They were carping and fault-finding, and while leaders like Samuel and John Adams and Richard Henry Lee criticised, lesser men rebelled and plotted against the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Clark, of New Jersey, thought Washington threatened popular rights because he was obliged to take strong measures to feed his army, and because he insisted that the people in the Middle States should take the oath of allegiance to the United States, after tampering with the British amnesty, so that by this proper test he might know friend from foe. Mr. Clark forgot that with a Congress which Gouverneur Morris said had depreciated as much as the currency, it was necessary for the most constitutional Fabius to be dictator as well as "Cunctator." Then James Lovell and others thought it would be well to supplant Washington with the alleged conqueror of Burgoyne, and Gates, slow and ineffective in battle, but sufficiently active in looking after his own advancement, thought so too, and willingly lent himself to their schemes.

This party in Congress found some allies in the army. One of the evils which Washington had to meet, and in regard to which he was obliged to oppose Congress and to



WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE.

The relief.

do some pretty plain speaking, related to the foreign volunteers. Some of them were men like Lafayette, brave, loyal, capable, and full of a generous enthusiasm, or like De Kalb and Pulaski, good active soldiers, or like Steuben, officers of the highest training and capacity. To such men Washington gave not only encouragement, but his confidence and affection. Most of those, however, who flocked to America were what Washington bluntly called them, "hungry adventurers," soldiers out of work, who came not from love of the cause, but for what they could get in personal profit from the war. Deane had already been lavish with commissions to these people, and Congress, in the true colonial spirit, proceeded to shower rank upon them merely because they were foreigners, without regard either to merit or to the effect of their action. Already there had been serious trouble from the manner in which Congress had appointed and promoted native officers without reference to the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief or to the military situation, which they comprehended very imperfectly. But their policy in regard to foreigners was much worse, and meant the utter demoralization both of organization and discipline. Washington, who was not colonial in the slightest degree, simply because he was too great a man to be so, and who judged foreigners as he did all men, solely upon their merits, at once saw the mischief of the Congressional practice, interposed, checked, and stopped it. As a consequence, much hostility arose among the "hungry adventurers" and their friends and admirers; so they all joined together in their envy of the General, and began to weave a plot against him. The leader of the movement was an Irish adventurer named Conway, who is remembered in history

solely by this intrigue against Washington. He desired to be made a major-general at once. Washington objected on grounds both general and particular, and said that "Conway's merit and importance existed more in his own imagination than in reality." Conway was rendered furious by this plain-spoken opposition, and set himself to work to secure both revenge and the gratification of his own ambition. He turned to Gates as a leader, and one of his letters in which he spoke of a "weak general and bad counsellors" came to the knowledge of the Commander-in-Chief. This was absolute insubordination, and Washington wrote a curt note to Conway, who tried to apologize and then resigned, and also communicated with Gates, who passed several months in trying to twist out of his uncomfortable position while Washington held him relentlessly to the point. This exposure only added fuel to Conway's anger, and the intrigue to get control of military affairs went on. The Conway party was strong in Congress, where they succeeded in having the Board of War enlarged, with Gates at the head of it, and Thomas Mifflin, another opponent of Washington, a member. This Board appointed Conway Inspector-General with the rank of Major-General, a direct blow at Washington, and Gates set himself to hampering the movements of the Commander-in-Chief by refusing men, and offering to him petty slights and affronts. They hoped in this way to drive Washington to resign, but they little knew their man. He had entered on the great struggle to win, and neither reverses in the field nor intrigues in Congress could swerve him from his course. He stood his ground without yielding a jot, he pursued Gates about the letter from Conway which had exposed the purposes of their

faction, and kept him writhing and turning all winter. He also received Conway with utter coldness and indifference when he visited the camp, which was very galling to a gentleman who considered himself not only important but dangerous. The plotters in short could make no impression upon Washington, and even while they plotted against him, their schemes went to pieces, for they were not strong enough in ability or character to be really formidable. They failed in their plan for an invasion of Canada, and, what was far worse, they broke down utterly in the commissariat ; so that, although they could neither frighten nor move Washington, they succeeded in starving his soldiers and adding to their sufferings, something which he felt far more keenly than any attacks upon himself. The failures of the cabal, however, could not be concealed but soon became apparent to all men, even to a committee of Congress when they visited Valley Forge. Such confidence as had ever been given to the new Board of War vanished, the members fell to quarrelling among themselves and telling tales on each other, and the intriguers and their party went to pieces. As spring drew near, the end of the "Conway cabal" came. Wilkinson resigned the secretaryship of the Board, Mifflin was put under Washington's orders, Gates was sent to his command in the north, and Conway, resigning in a pet, found his resignation suddenly accepted. He then fought a duel with General Cadwalader, a friend of the Commander-in-Chief, was badly wounded, wrote a contrite note to Washington, recovered and left the country. The cabal was over and its author gone. Washington had withstood the attack of envy and intrigue, and triumphed completely without the slightest loss of dignity. It must have been a

trying and harsh experience, and yet there were other things happening at that very time which he felt far more.



*HOUSE IN ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
WHERE BETSY ROSS MADE THE FIRST
AMERICAN FLAG FROM THE DESIGN
ADOPTED BY CONGRESS.*

He looked upon his suffering men and knew that at that moment, in Philadelphia, the enemy were warmly housed and amply fed, amusing themselves with balls, dances, and theatrical performances. The bitter contrast touched him to the quick. Yet even then the Legislature of Pennsylvania thought that he did too much for his army by hutting them in Valley Forge, and that they should keep the open field, live in tents, and try to attack the enemy. This thoughtful

criticism was too much even for Washington's iron self-control. He wrote a very plain letter, setting forth bluntly the shortcomings of the Pennsylvanians in supporting the army with troops and supplies, and then added :

"I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold,

bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity their miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent."

So we get the picture. There are the British, snug, comfortable, and entertaining themselves in Philadelphia. There are the members of Congress and foreign adventurers intriguing and caballing for military control, with Pennsylvania legislators in the background growling because the army is not camping out in the open and marching up and down in the wintry fields. All around there are much criticism and grumbling and wounding comparisons with the exploits of the northern army. And there, out in Valley Forge and along the bleak hillsides, is the American Continental army. All that there is existent and militant of the American Revolution is there, too, just as it was during the previous winter. In the midst is a great man who knows the grim facts, who understands just what is meant by himself and the men who follow him, and whose purpose, the one thing just then worth doing in the world, is to keep, as he says, "life and soul" in his army. He is a man to whom courage and loyalty appeal very strongly, and it wrings his heart to watch his brave and loyal men suffer; yes, wrings his heart in a way that well-meaning gentlemen in Congress and legislative assemblies, self-seeking adventurers and petty rivals cannot understand. It makes his resentment against injustice stronger, and his determination to win sterner and more unyielding even than before.

We see in imagination, but Washington saw face to

face, his soldiers huddling around the fires at night while the huts were building. He saw them hungry, half-dressed, frost-bitten, hatless, shoeless, struggling to get a shelter. Then the huts were built, and still he was struggling to get them clothes and food and blankets, as well as medicine for the 3,000 sick. He levied on the country; he did not stop for trifles; he meant that, come what might, he would keep his men alive, and in some fashion they lived. With March, Greene became Quartermaster-General, and then the clothing and the food came, too. The weather began to soften and the days to lengthen. The worst had been passed, and yet, through all that darkness and cold, more had been done than keep "life and soul" in the troops, marvellous as that feat was. In their huts on the bleak hillsides, upon the trampled snow of the camp-streets, Washington had not only held his men together, but he had finally made his army. Excellent fighting material he had always had, and he had been forming it fast under the strain of marches, retreats, and battles. But still it lacked the organization and drill which were possessed by the enemy. These last Washington gave it under all the miseries and sufferings of Valley Forge. Good fortune had brought him a man fit for this work above almost any other in the person of Baron Steuben, a Prussian soldier, a distinguished officer of the Seven Years' War, trained in the school of Frederick, the most brilliant commander of the time. A man who had followed the great King when he had faced all Europe in arms against him, knew what fighting was and what discipline could do. All he needed was good material, and that he found at Valley Forge. So Washington brought his army out of this awful winter not only with "life and

soul " in them, but better equipped, thanks to Greene and the French loans, than ever before, increasing in numbers, owing to the new levies which came in, and drilled and organized in the fashion of the King of Prussia. Early in May came the news of the French alliance, which was celebrated in the American camp with salvoes of cannon and musketry, and with the cheers of the troops for the King of France and for the United States of America. This event, so anxiously awaited, cheered and encouraged everyone, and with his army thus inspirited, disciplined, and strengthened, Washington took the field and assumed the offensive.

Meantime the British lingered in Philadelphia. As Franklin truly said, Philadelphia took them, not they the city ; but this fact, clear at the outset to Franklin and Washington, was not obvious to others for some time. At last glimmerings of the truth penetrated the mists which overhung the British Ministry. They vaguely perceived that Howe had consumed a great deal of time and lost a great many men, while all that he had to show for these expenditures were comfortable winter quarters in Philadelphia, where he did nothing, and where Washington watched him and held him cooped up by land. So the Ministry decided to recall Howe and give the command to Clinton, an entirely unimportant change, so far as the

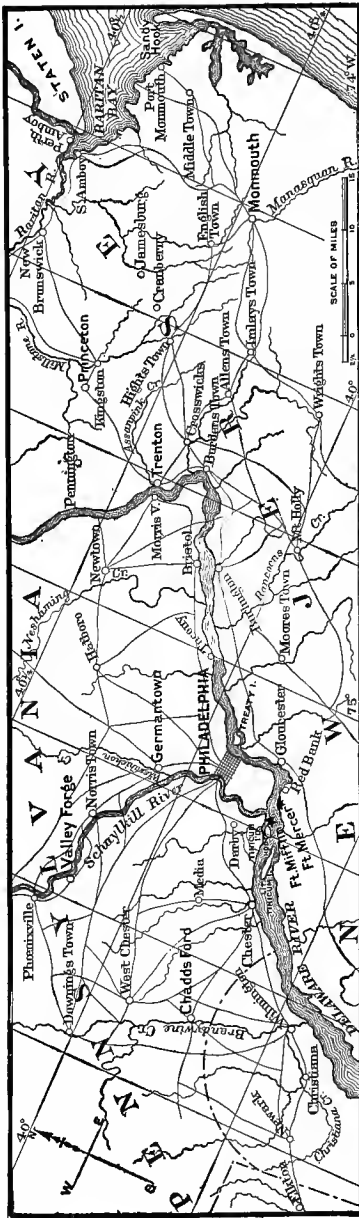


BARON STEUBEN.

Painted by C. W. Peale, in 1780.

merits of the two men were concerned. It seemed, however, a very serious matter to the British in Philadelphia, and a pageant called the *Mischianza* was held in Howe's honor on May 18th. There was a procession of boats and galleys on the river, moving to the music of hautboys, between the lines of the men-of-war dressed in bunting, and firing salutes. Then followed a regatta, and after that a mock tournament, where "Knights of the Burning Mountain" and of the "Blended Rose" contended for the favor of a Queen of Beauty. In the evening there were fireworks, a ball, and a gaming-table with a bank of two thousand guineas ; all in honor of the General, whom the tickets described as the setting sun, destined to rise again in greater splendor. Stimulated by this pasteboard radiance and blaze of millinery, Howe waited for a last touch of glory, which was to come by surprising Lafayette, whom Washington had sent forward to observe the enemy at Barren Hill. The attempt was well planned, but the young Frenchman was alert and quick, and he slipped through his enemy's fingers unscathed. It being now apparent that the time for rising in greater glory had not quite arrived, Howe shortly after took himself off, out of history and out of America, where Clinton reigned in his stead.

The change of commanders made no change of habits. Clinton tarried and delayed, as Howe had done before him. It was obvious that he must get to New York, for he was isolated where he was, and the French alliance would soon produce fleets, as well as fresh troops. Yet still he lingered. The Peace Commission, with Lord Carlisle at its head, was one fruitful cause of hesitation and delay, but like every conciliatory movement made by Eng-



land, this also was too late. The concessions which would have been hailed with rejoicing at the beginning, and accepted even after war had been begun, were now utterly meaningless. Washington was determined to have independence; he would not sheath his sword for less, and he represented now as ever the sentiment of Americans. The only peace possible was in independence. The colonies were lost to England, and the sole remaining question was, how soon she could be forced to admit it. So the Peace Commission broke down, and not having been consulted about the evacuation of Philadelphia, and having failed conspicuously and rather mortifyingly in their undertaking, retired in some dudgeon to England, to add their contribution to the disapproval and disaffection fast thickening about the King's friends who composed the Ministry.

Clinton, for his part,

gradually got ready to carry out his orders and leave Philadelphia. Having made all his arrangements, he slipped away on June 18th, so quietly that the disheartened and deserted loyalists of Philadelphia hardly realized that their protectors had gone. Washington, however, knew of it at once. He had made up his mind that Clinton would try to cross New Jersey, and he meant to attack, although he was still inferior in numbers; for the British, notwithstanding the fact that they had been weakened both by desertions during the winter and by losses in battle during the previous autumn, appear still to have had 17,000 men against 13,000 Americans. Despite this disparity of force, Washington had entire confidence in the instrument which he had been fashioning at Valley Forge, and he meant to use it. General Lee, who, unfortunately, had been exchanged and was now again in the American camp, had but one firm conviction, which was, that the British army was invincible, and that our policy was simply to keep out of its way. He argued that the British would never yield Pennsylvania, and that they were in fact intending to do everything but what they really aimed at, a speedy march to New York. Washington quietly disregarded these opinions, and as soon as the British left Philadelphia, broke camp and moved rapidly after them. At Hopewell a council of war was held, and Lee now urged building bridges of gold for the enemy and aiding them to get to New York. A majority of the council, whom Alexander Hamilton scornfully called "old midwives," still under the spell of an "English officer," sustained Lee. But Washington had passed beyond the time when he would yield to councils of war which stood in the way of fighting, and supported by active men like

Greene, Wayne, and Lafayette, he firmly persisted in his plans. He detached Wayne and Poor with their forces to join Maxwell and the New Jersey militia, who were to engage the enemy, while he brought up the main army. Lee, entitled to the command of this advanced division, first refused to take it, and then changed his mind most unluckily, and displaced Lafayette, to whom the duty had been assigned when Lee declined.

Meantime, Clinton, much harassed by the New Jersey militia, and with his men suffering from heat and thirst, and dropping out of the ranks, was slowly making his way north. At Crosswicks, which he reached just in time to save the bridge, he found Washington on his flank. To escape, he had to take a quicker route ; so sending ahead his baggage-train, which was from eight to twelve miles long, he swung toward Freehold, making for the Never-sink Hills and the coast. On the 26th he encamped at Monmouth Court-House, while his left was still at Freehold. The American army was now only eight miles distant, and the advance under Lee but five miles away. Washington sent orders to Lee to attack the next day, as soon as the British resumed their march ; but Lee made no plan, and the next morning did nothing until the militia actually opened fire on Knyphausen's rear-guard, who turned to meet them. As the militia retired they met Lee, who engaged the enemy and then began to fall back and move his troops about here and there with the intelligent idea of cutting off isolated parties of the enemy, an unusual way of beginning a general action. His men were ready and eager to fight ; but they became confused by Lee's performances, lost heart, and finally began to retreat, while Clinton, seeing his advantage, pushed for-

ward reinforcements. Washington, hearing that Dickenson and his New Jersey militia were engaged, sent word to Lee to attack and that he would support him. He was pressing on with the main army, the men throwing away their knapsacks and hurrying forward through the intense heat, when word came to him that Lee was retreating. He would not believe it. He could not conceive that any officer should retreat as soon as the enemy advanced, and when he knew that the main army was hastening forward to his support. Filled with surprise and anger, he set spurs to his horse and galloped to the front. First he met stragglers, then more and more flying men, then the division in full retreat. At last he saw Lee, and riding straight at him, asked, with a fierce oath, as tradition says, what he meant by retreating. Self-control was gone, and just wrath broke out in a storm. The dangerous fighting temper, so firmly kept in hand, was loose. Lee, impudent and clever as he was, quailed and stammered. The question was repeated. There was and could be no answer. Lee went to the rear, to a court-martial, and to private life, sinking out of history, not without a strong suspicion of treason clinging to him, to join Conway and the rest of the unenviable company of adventurers who wanted to free America by obtaining high rank for themselves and admiring the enemy.

This particular scene was soon over and the real work then began. The master had come at last. Like Sheridan at Cedar Creek, the retreating men rallied and followed the Commander-in-Chief. The broken division was reformed in a strong position, the main army was brought up, the British were repulsed, and Washington, resuming the offensive, drove the enemy before him and occupied



BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

Oswald's artillery, which had drawn two additional guns from Varnum's brigade, was exchanging shots with the enemy.

the battle-ground of the morning. Then night fell, and under cover of darkness Clinton retreated as fast as he could, dropping men as he went, and finally reaching his fleet and New York before the Americans could again come up with him.

Contrast this fight with Long Island, and it can be seen how an American army had been made in the interval. Thrown into disorder and weakened by the timid blundering of their General, the advance division had been entirely rallied, the main army had come up, the battle had been saved, and a victory won. Had it not been for Lee, it would have been a much more decisive victory, and Clinton's army would have been practically destroyed. As it was, he lost some 500 men at Monmouth to the 229 of the Americans. Along his whole retreat he lost nearly 2,000. "Clinton gained no advantage," said the great soldier at Sans Souci watching events, "except to reach New York with the wreck of his army."

Washington was victor at Monmouth, and had lost Brandywine and Germantown, but he had won the campaign. The British had been driven from the Middle States as they had been expelled from New England, for they held nothing now but the port of New York, which was actually covered by the guns of their fleet. They had tried to reach Philadelphia from the north, and had been baffled and forced back by Trenton and Princeton. They had approached and occupied it from the south, but it was worthless and a source of weakness unless they could establish a line to New York which would enable them to control both cities and the intervening country. This Washington had prevented by holding Howe fast in Philadelphia and checking any movement by land. When

spring came it was evident that to attempt to hold both cities, isolated as they were, required two armies, and under existing conditions was a source of weakness which threatened a great disaster. Clinton had no choice but to retreat; he lost a battle and 2,000 men in doing so, and reached New York with a beaten and broken army. New York he continued to hold, Newport he held for a time, and that was all. There were some affairs of outposts, some raids here and there, some abortive invasions, but the Middle States had gone as New England had gone from the British, swept clear by Washington's campaigns.

As the evacuation of Boston closed the British campaign for the control of New England, so the battle of Monmouth ended all effective military operations to recover English supremacy in the Middle States. The victory at Monmouth also marks the beginning of the best work of the American army, finally made such by hard fighting and by the discipline and drill of Valley Forge. Never again did the Continental Army under Washington suffer defeat. From the victory at Monmouth, the last general engagement in the north, to the surrender of Yorktown, the army of Washington endured much, but they were never beaten in action when he led them. This was the result of two years of victory and defeat, of Trenton, and of Germantown, of steady fighting and patient effort. But, above all, it was the outcome of two bitter winters and of Valley Forge, when the man sneered at in those days as "Fabius" not only kept "life and soul" in his army, but in the American Revolution, which that army represented when it faced alone the power of England.

